Fashion Number

PICTORIAL REVIEW

APRIL
1925

FIFTEEN
CENTS

FORTY YEARS WITH "MARK TWAIN",

being the memories of Katy Leary his servant and friend ~ recorded by Mary Lawton

12/23

"Do yourself proud" with the wash!

There are lots of women who get an extra cleanliness in their clothes—a brighter, sweeter cleanliness. For they use Fels-Naptha, and have its *extra* help.

Some women keep on with just soap. Others frequently switch from one form of soap to another. They haven't yet realized that by using Fels-Naptha they can get such beautiful results with less work. But the millions who do use it, know that nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha.

With *naptha* and splendid soap working together in Fels-Naptha, you get extra washing value that you cannot get in any other form. Easier work. Clean, sweet, wholesome clothes. And a feeling that you've done a wash you'd be proud for your neighbors to see!

When you prove the *extra* helpfulness of Fels-Naptha you'll want to use it for everything—from sheets and shirts to your finest things. For general household cleaning, and dishwashing, too.

The first step is to get a bar or two from your grocer. Then, like the millions of women who already "swear by" Fels-Naptha, you can prove for yourself the extra helpfulness of the Golden Bar.

TEST Fels-Naptha's extra cleaning ability. Send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

Smell the naptha in Fels-Naptha

What temperature for wash water?

Use water of any temperature with Fels-Naptha. *Boil* clothes with Fels-Naptha, if you wish. You are bound to get good results. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.

The original and genuine naptha soap in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© Fels & Co. Philadelphia

PICTORIAL REVIEW

(Registered in the U. S. Patent Office)

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS

Pictorial Review is 15 cents a copy; $1.50 a year by subscription, postage paid, in the United States, Alaska, Mexico, Panama, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Guam, the Philippines, and Canada. Postage to other foreign countries, $1.00 extra.

BRANCH OFFICES

Boston 11, Mass., 116 Bedford Street
Chicago, Ill., 200-206 South Market Street
St. Louis, Mo., 1627-1631 Washington Avenue
San Francisco, Cal., 989 Market Street

Edited by ARTHUR T. VANCE

THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY

William Paul Ahnelt

President and Publisher

PICTORIAL REVIEW is printed in the U. S. A. and published monthly by The Pictorial Review Company, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York, and 163-165 Great Portland Street, London, W. 1, England. William Paul Ahnelt, President and Treasurer; Chas. W. Nelson, First Vice-President; Everett D. Trumbull, Second Vice-President: Jay A. Weber, Secretary; Paul Block, Advertising Director; B. A. Mackinnon, Circulation Director; Max Herzberg, Art Director.

VOL. XXVI. No. 7

APRIL, 1925

RENEW PROMPTLY

The demand for Pictorial Review keeps on growing and growing. We have use for every copy we print these days. Therefore please send your renewal promptly and give your old address as well as the new one when writing us of a change.

BRANCH OFFICES

Atlanta, Ga., 82-84 North Broad Street
Toronto, Ontario, Canada
263-267 Adelaide Street, West
London, W. 1, England
163-165 Great Portland Street

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
135696B
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
B 1941 L

Gertrude Atherton

Gertrude Atherton's Long-Awaited New Novel Is Even Greater than "Black Oxen"!

You Can Begin It in Pictorial Review for May

WHEN Gertrude Atherton wrote "Black Oxen" it became the most talked-of novel in the whole country. From that day to this the world has eagerly awaited the next startling and original book from her. And now it is Pictorial Review's privilege to announce that in the May issue Mrs. Atherton's latest novel, "The Crystal Cup," will begin. This new story is destined to create an even greater sensation than "Black Oxen" itself!

"The Crystal Cup" is the amazing story of *Gita Carteret*, the most fascinating and at the same time the most puzzling of all modern heroines. Beautiful yet frigid, alluring yet aloof, she made men wonder whether she was capable of any human emotion or not. Did her cold exterior hide a heart of tumult and passion? Many tried to find out if she were really ice or flame. *But only one man solved that riddle!*

This straightforward and absorbingly interesting novel of modern life will create excited discussion everywhere.

Begins in Pictorial Review for May and completed in three big instalments after that. Why not suscribe now? You may find it difficult to obtain copies of these issues later.

A Table of Contents for this issue will be found on the last page

Copyright, 1925, by The Pictorial Review Company, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada.

Entered as Second-class Matter September 26, 1899, at the Post-office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry as Second-class Matter at Chicago, Ill., at Columbus, Ohio, at Council Bluffs and Des Moines, Iowa, at Denver, Colo., at Galveston, Tex., at Indianapolis, Ind., at Kansas City, Mo., at Los Angeles, Cal., at Louisville, Ky., at Milwaukee, Wis., at Mobile, Ala., at New Orleans, La., at Pittsburgh, Pa., at Saginaw, Mich., at St. Louis, Mo., at St. Paul, Minn., at San Francisco, Cal., at Savannah, Ga., and at Seattle, Wash.

Don't Try to "Find Yourself" By the Touch System

An Editorial by Ida Clyde Clarke

"STUDY stenography," says some one to Mary, "and I'll help you get a job." Immediately Mary visualizes herself beautifully gowned and gracefully poised before a Circassian walnut desk in a luxurious office, nonchalantly taking dictation from some princely man. Heavenly vision! She borrows the money, sticks to the course as long as the money lasts, and then learns that all stenographic jobs are not heavenly, nor are all employers princely. Mary may have a Circassian walnut soul, but if she lacks the necessary training, experience, and poise she fails, and becomes the proverbial square peg in a round hole. And Mary's name is legion.

Every year hundreds of thousands of girls come trooping from high school and college, eager and expectant. Many more never reach high school or college. Practically all of them want jobs. Some of them seek work because "careers" are fashionable and idleness entirely out of date. It is interesting to note *en passant* that questionnaires circulated among young men have shown that the majority of them believe that the technique a girl acquires in holding an average position will be a valuable asset when she becomes a wife and mother. But the majority of the girls who seek work are motivated by economic pressure.

Whatever the motive, few of these girls take any serious thought as to the kind of work for which they are fitted by temperament, talent, or training. They try to "find themselves" by the touch system—feeling rather than seeing their way. If they lack education and live in industrial centers they gravitate into industry. If they live in rural districts they eventually drift to cities where, for lack of training, they are forced into domestic service.

The statement has been recently made that 25,000 girls and young women are economically adrift in the City of New York alone, victims of the room-shortage and the temptations which constantly beset the unhappily housed. A recent nation-wide study made by the National Council of Catholic Women reveals an appalling situation as to the number of country girls who are adrift in cities without money and without training of any kind.

Girls who have been graduated from high school and college usually turn to stenography, teaching, nursing, or whatever they happen to hear most about through relatives and friends. But with them also the touch system prevails.

Have You the Millinery Mind?

MANY a girl with imagination enough to design gowns or sell oil stock drudges away at filing or card-indexing when even trimming hats would be more congenial. And, judging by some of the hats we see, many are doing millinery work who should be dropping corn or running a machine. Not that card-indexing isn't fascinating, restful, and satisfying to the girl with the card-index temperament. Some women look as if they were brushing angels' wings when they are filing.

Many creative, imaginative, and highly intelligent women are in domestic work. We all know them. Of course they are successful, because it takes imagination to put oneself in the place of another and anticipate her wants. But the tragedy of it is that the same amount of intelligence and creative energy expended by many of these women in some other line of work would bring far higher returns through personal satisfaction in the joy of work, to say nothing of increasing their earning capacity.

Nothing is so destructive to happiness and health as the necessity of grinding at uncongenial tasks. And nothing tends more definitely to develop character and open the mind and the heart and the soul than work joyfully done.

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, choosing a vocation was like choosing a husband—that is, it always involved some chance. But now it is nothing short of stupid for a girl to go into a blind-alley job. There are many ways in which she can get scientific assistance and friendly guidance in choosing her work, and there are many opportunities for training for her chosen vocation. Also there are many good positions waiting for specially trained women.

The first thing a girl should ask herself is, "What kind of work am I best fitted for?" And then, "How shall I go about preparing for that work?"

As to the choice of a profession or vocation the modern girl has a wide range, and if she has any doubt as to her fitness for the work she thinks she would like, there are many national and local agencies on which she can call for help and be sure of getting it. Training of every kind is easily accessible in every State in the Union, and even financial assistance is provided for ambitious girls who are in earnest about their careers.

Opportunity Everywhere

IT HAS been estimated that approximately 1,700 different kinds and grades of work are represented in Government establishments, and practically all of them are open to women. The United States Civil Service Commission reports an estimate of 25,715 women in the postal service outside the District of Columbia. Within the past few years thirteen women have been appointed to first-class offices where salaries range from $3,300 to $6,000.

Fifty-six cities now have women police. Special training for this work is provided by the Training School for Public Service in Boston, the University of California, and the New York School of Social Work.

Thirty-nine State Health Departments reported three years ago that women had been appointed to professional administrative positions, and the number has undoubtedly been increased by this time.

Several State universities now have courses in practical dry cleaning, among them Iowa State College and the University of North Carolina. Due to the initiative of the Oklahoma State Association of Cleaners and Dyers a short course in cleaning and dyeing is offered by the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College.

The profession of dean of girls in junior and senior high schools is comparatively new, yet the State of Illinois alone now has 139 deans. One out of every three high schools in California has some one in school serving as an especial adviser to girls. Courses in this work are given at Smith College School for Social Work, Teachers College of Columbia University, and the University of New York.

The Association of Bank Women already lists five bank presidents among its members, and courses in finance and banking are given at practically every college and university.

A resident university course in training for hotel management is offered at Cornell University, Northwestern University, and the University of California, and hotel work for women is coming rapidly into importance. Correspondence courses in hotel management are offered by several schools.

These are only a few of thousands of vocations open to women. No matter what her taste or temperament or talents may be, the modern girl can not only find work that is congenial and remunerative, but she can be especially trained for this work if she is really ambitious and alert.

The Bureau of Vocational Information, 2 West Forty-third Street, New York City, is one of the great national agencies

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

© Strauss-Peyton

BORI
Victor Artist

© Arnold Genthe

McCORMACK
Victor Artist

© Strauss-Peyton

ALDA
Victor Artist

"It is one thing to hear a beautiful singer by radio, another to be able to hear that singer sing to you when you want to be sung to."

Victrola No. 400
Mahogany, $250
Victrola No. S 400 (Special)
Mahogany, $265
Specially designed to accommodate radio receiving sets
Catalog sent on request

TRADE MARK
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

There is but one Victrola and that is made by the Victor Company
Look for these Victor trade marks

TRADE MARK
Victrola
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N.J.
Victor Talking Machine Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal
Canadian price-list on request

A silken chemise *and a* kitchen apron *should never meet in the hamper*

It was naturally a fastidious woman who made this important discovery.

At first, the thought of her dainty undersilks in a damp, dark hamper with all the other household laundry was merely an unpleasant idea.

Then she learned that *it* actually shortened the life of her fragile things *by months* to expose them to the action of perspiration acids. Such garments should *never* lie in a damp, stuffy hamper for days after they are worn. Perspiration and dampness together rot silk, and wool, too. And there is perspiration in all garments that come into contact with the skin —even though they may not *look* soiled.

More and more women are coming to realize this. Considerations of personal daintiness, added to this danger, require for their delicate garments a quick tubbing in a bowlful of Ivory suds as soon as possible after being worn. This takes only a few minutes and results in the luxury of fresh garments every day—and in longer wear from them.

The choice of the soap for this quick, pleasant task is vitally important. Simply ask yourself, "Would I consider it safe for my face?" In the case of Ivory, cake or flakes, your instant answer would be, "Yes".

Ivory suds, from Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes, are distinctively suited to this daily tubbing because they are *pure*—the delicate skin of millions of women records Ivory's purity and gentleness. So, of course, an Ivory sudsing, no matter how frequent, will injure nothing that water alone will not harm.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Have you ever considered this?

A great many women do their entire household laundry with Ivory Soap — for their hands' sake, as well as for the sake of the clothes. Why not try Ivory for *your* weekly wash and other household tasks?

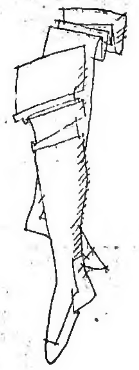
Your PERSONAL laundry

Every one of the modern garments listed below requires the care and protection provided by Ivory (cake or flakes).

silk stockings *
silk lingerie *
silk nightgowns *
silk blouses *
sweaters
scarves

dresses
handkerchiefs
ties
cuffs and collars
sport skirts
silk negligees

* *The garments indicated thus should be tubbed in Ivory suds as soon as possible after being worn.*



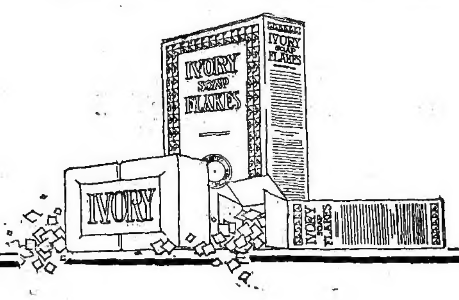
IVORY *Flakes*

For a very special need
*—a sample—*FREE

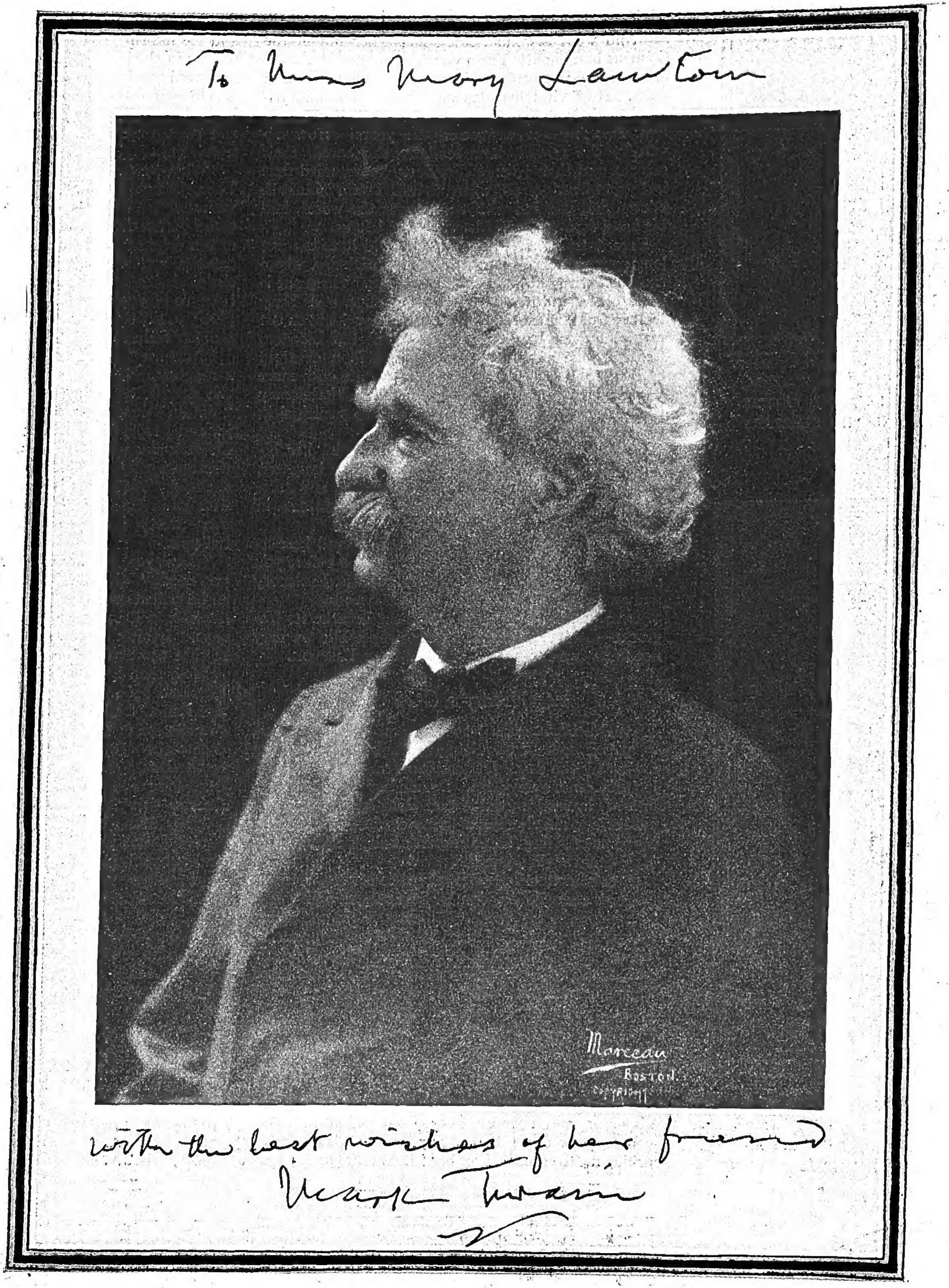
If you have a particularly precious garment that will stand the touch of pure water, let us send you a sample of Ivory Flakes to wash it with. With the sample will come also a beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," which is a veritable encyclopaedia of laundering information. Address a post-card or letter to Section 10-DF, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IVORY SOAP

CAKE *or* FLAKES
It Floats ↳ 99 44/100 % Pure



© 1925, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati


To Miss Mary Lawton

with the best wishes of her friend

Mark Twain

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

The Memories of Katy Leary, for Forty Years the Faithful Servant and Friend of America's Greatest Humorist

Recorded by
MARY LAWTON

A Really Great Human Document

PART ONE

Foreword

IT WAS Katy Leary, I remember, that opened the door on my first and unforgetable visit to that enchanting Clemens household, where afterward I spent so many joyous days. I can see her now as vividly as she stood then—a handsome, smiling, stalwart, unique, and very kindly figure—on that gracious threshold. Her flashing black eyes still flashed, altho behind large spectacles. Her thick, wavy hair, that must have been, in the days she will tell you about, as black as the proverbial "raven's wing," was iron-gray. A fine, ruddy color burned in her welcoming face—a face that was firm and round and happy as a girl's.

In fact, the first impression that Katy Leary gave was one of happiness, bubbling happiness, and after that the flash of her humor was the thing that struck one most, and made one feel that it would be an amusing and enlivening experience to talk with Katy Leary. She seemed so a part of the household—so vital and yet so unobtrusively a factor in the life of the family—that, as Mr. Clemens himself once said of her, "Why, Katy is like the very paper on the wall—she's always there." Indeed, one could not picture the house without her. Even in that first glimpse I could not imagine the door being opened by any one else.

And that is Katy Leary as she looked; but when she spoke—ah, then it was that you began to laugh with and to love Katy Leary. The things she said, in her soft, deep, and rather quiet voice, were inimitable! The Irish wit of her, the Irish quickness of her, the Irish deftness of her, and sometimes, when necessary, the Irish blarney of her, was something to think over, something to laugh over, and something sometimes, alas, to weep over!

And how it all came tumbling out—her funny stories and quaint sayings, her searching observations of life, her lightning-like perceptions of people! What a riot of words! And words unforgetably her own—funny, humble, gay, illiterate—as she herself tells you—eloquent and searching, and so magnificent when occasion warranted! What a mixture it all was, and what a language!

From the very beginning of my intimacy in the Clemens household Katy and her sayings were an everlasting joy to me. Long before it actually grew into a resolve, the idea was vividly in my mind that Katy Leary's story of "Mark Twain" and all the doings of that delightful Clemens family would be something to reckon with.

What a romance it was! How unlike anything else! One glimpsed another world; one breathed a better air. It was something too precious to be lost. I felt sure even then that that eager, devoted public of "Mark Twain's" would love it as much as I did. Something must be done about it. My youthful imagination soared gaily at the thought. Some day it must be told.

How often in our talks together Clara Clemens—the best-beloved of all my friends—has said to me, "Oh, Mary, if only Katy's story of my father's life could be written just as she tells it!" And how often I have answered back, "Oh, Clara, if only Katy would tell it and I could write it in her own words!" And then the day when "Mark Twain" himself said to me, "Now, if Katy could only write the doings of this family we should indeed have a document worth having!"

Perhaps it was that—those fateful words of his—I like to think so—that swept my flickering hope into a full-grown resolve that some day I'd find a way, and Katy would tell the great tale. Well, the "some day" came, the psychological "some day." It came and Katy with

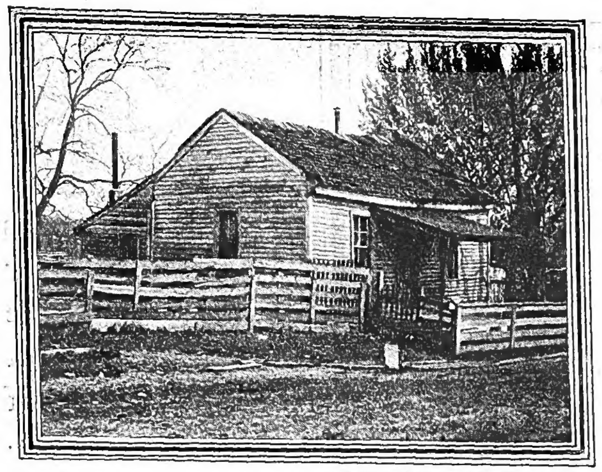


Photo by Underwood and Underwood

THE BIRTHPLACE OF "MARK TWAIN" IN FLORIDA, MO. HERE ON NOVEMBER 30, 1835, THE FUTURE CREATOR OF "TOM SAWYER" AND "HUCKLEBERRY FINN" WAS BORN

Photo by Gurney

JOHN T. RAYMOND, WHO PLAYED THE PART OF *COLONEL SELLERS* IN "THE GILDED AGE," WAS A WARM FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR OF THE PLAY AND A FREQUENT VISITOR AT HIS HOME

it—Katy ready to tell it to me, and I ready to write it. And what a wonder-story it is—her life in the Clemens household! From youth to old age she stood at her post—in storm and in stress, in laughter and in tears. How vital her sharing of their joys and triumphs, their sufferings and losses, as they came! How stanchly she weathered the years! How devotedly she served, how tenderly she cared, their servant and their friend! For forty years, until that last great break of all, when "Mark Twain" himself, adored and laughed with throughout the world, laid his hand forever on our hearts—and left us.

Here is the story—just as Katy told it to me not long since, sitting in her little house in Elmira, where she was born more than sixty years ago. There she is now, older, sadder, I must admit, but still Katy Leary of old. The telling of it then brought back the magic of those happy, laughing days. She bloomed under it like a sturdy old rose-bush in a deserted garden. She flowered and flamed into life once more—the life of those incomparable days in that lovely Clemens household, so charming and so vanished in this time of stress and loss.

In her little quiet room they lived again, her beloved "family." Mr. Clemens and his laughter, Mrs. Clemens in her gentleness and beauty, and Susie and Clara and Jean, little children again, children in Katy's arms.

It is all here—the dear funny story; and here at last it lives and speaks again. I lay it now before you all—on the Altar of Affection—in cherished memory and grateful tribute to these peerless friends.

Take it, and for a happy moment breathe its fragrance—a lovely, humble flower, whose like we may not know again.

MARY LAWTON.

Katy Leary's Own Story

I WILL begin when I got my first position. Well, at this period I was living in Elmira and went out sewing by the day. I was seventeen years old, earning fifty cents a day then. I could sew very good, you know (I learned my trade as dressmaker), and I went out sewing, mostly making baby-clothes. I was copying some of Mrs. J. Sloat Fassett's baby's clothes when Mrs. Stanchfield came in.

Mrs. Stanchfield was a great friend of Mrs. Clemens. She was the wife of John B. Stanchfield, who got to be a very smart lawyer. Well, she came in and looked at my sewing and admired it very much and said, "Why, Katy, wouldn't you like to leave Elmira?" And I said, "Why, yes, I would; I've nothing chaining me here!" So she says, "I know somebody would love to have you. She lives in Hartford, and Hartford is a very beautiful place; she has three children and her name is Mrs. Clemens. She is a perfectly wonderful, lovely woman, and you would like her and I think she'd like you."

She said she would see Mrs. Clemens and tell her about it and I would hear from her later. In a couple of weeks I had a letter from Mrs. Clemens asking me to come and see her (she was at Quarry Farm then) and she would go to her mother's, Mrs. Langdon's, and see me there on a Sunday evening. So I did. I was setting in the library and this wonderful, wonderful woman appeared, and she startled me with all her beauty; she was like an angel, almost. She wore a white-silk dress and her hair was perfectly plain, you know, combed down plain and done in a coil; but her face and her manner was wonderful.

"Why, is this Katy?" she says. I told her "Yes." Then she says to me, "Wouldn't you like to come and live with me?" "Oh!" says I. "Yes, I would." "Well, when could you come?" and I said, "Well, I need about a week or ten days to get ready." "Why," she says, "you could come about" (I don't know what time in the month, but she made it the 19th), and I said, "Yes, I'll be ready; I'll come to Hartford then." So she said, "Mr. Langdon will give you all the details of the traveling." (Mr. Langdon was her father.)

Of course I never traveled anywheres. I was green as a monkey. Well, she said Mr. Langdon would give me the details, and then she called somebody in the hall, "Youth, Youth, dear, will you come in here?" and he came in, and I looked at Mr. Clemens for the first time. But I didn't know who Mr. Clemens was, never knew that he wrote a book, nor didn't know anything about him; but she said, "Now, this is Katy Leary that is coming to live with us in Hartford." Well, then, he gave me the once-over pretty quick—looked at me pretty sharp, I can tell you.

"Have you got any money?" he said. "How much will you need?" Of course I didn't know how much I needed, so he pulled out five dollars. "If that isn't enough you can charge it to us when you come to Hartford; but," he says, "I think maybe that will buy your ticket anyway," so that was the end of that.

Well, then I went to Hartford. I left here Sunday and I arrived Monday morning, and when I got to the house, you know, I kind of thought I would have a brass band to meet me (I was so set up with my new job—I was in a dream almost), but I didn't! I got a carriage to take me to the house and my trunk too, and I went to the front door, and the butler opened it (he was a colored boy, George—his name was "Colored George").

"My name is Katy Leary," I says. "I'm expected here. Didn't you know it?" "No," he said, "I didn't know anything about it." "Is Mrs. Clemens in?" "No," says George, "she ain't!" "Well," I says, "I've got my trunk out here on this cab, and I want it brought in, and I don't know how I am going to get it in." "Well," he said, "I don't know neither." But he called somebody—I don't know who it was—and they said, "Why, yes! It's Katy Leary! She's coming to live with us. Take her trunk right into the kitchen." (You see the kitchen part was in the front of the house.) Then we told the cabman to take it in there, and I set down for a while to rest myself, and this colored boy stood looking at me and staring and wondering, "Well, what sort of a thing is she, anyway?"

Pretty soon Mrs. Clemens came in, and of course made me feel right at home and happy. First thing she did was to take me up-stairs to the nursery to show me the children, and the three of them were there, huddling in a group, Susie, Clara, and Jean was a baby in the nurse's arms.

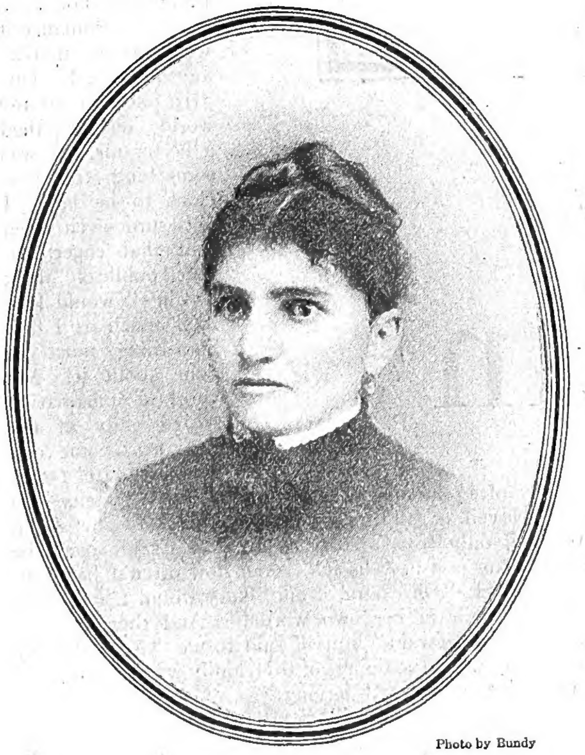
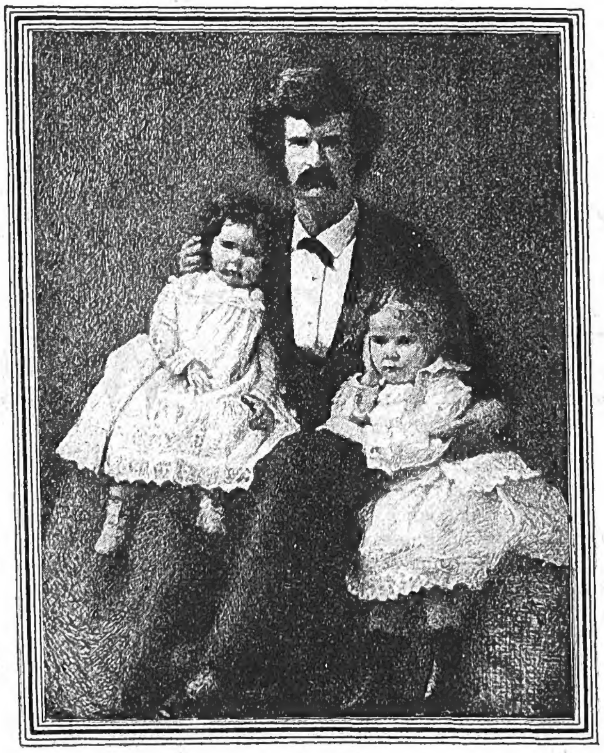


Photo by Bundy

KATY LEARY AS SHE APPEARED WHEN SHE FIRST BECAME A MEMBER OF THE CLEMENS HOUSEHOLD



"MARK TWAIN" WITH HIS TWO LITTLE DAUGHTERS, SUSIE AND CLARA

Photo by Underwood and Underwood

CLARA, NOW A YOUNG LADY, ENGAGES HER FATHER IN A QUIET GAME OF CARDS

So I saw the children, got acquainted with them, and then Mrs. Clemens took me to my own room and left me there.

Well, after I had been there a while (I think I will put this in now because it was the first time that Mr. Clemens said what I looked like), he said to Mrs. Clemens, "So you hired that girl after me giving you the money?" "Yes," she says. "Well, did you notice them thick black eyebrows of hers?" Mrs. Clemens said, "No, I didn't." "Well, you know," he said, "she's either got a terrible fierce temper or else she hasn't got any temper at all; nothing half-way about it—one of those things—and I think you'll find she *has* a temper. She's Irish!" And Mrs. Clemens said, "Yes, maybe; we'll see."

Well, after that first day, I began my regular work. I was Mrs. Clemens's maid. I used to comb her hair every morning. Such beautiful hair! Beautiful long hair, dark brown it was, and she combed it perfectly plain, as you see in her picture. I liked to comb and brush it for her. Oh, I loved to do that! I used to comb and brush it every night, too, when she went to bed, and then I used to sew the rest of the time.

Well, the day would begin like this: We had breakfast about half past seven, and at that time the family, meaning Mr. and Mrs. Clemens, never came down for their breakfast till about 'leven o'clock, and then Mr. Clemens (he never eat any lunch, you know), he'd go to his billiard-room to write. He left strict orders not to have anybody disturb him. Oh, for nothing! Some days he worked harder than others; but every day not to disturb him as he was a very busy writer! Well, he would appear again about half past five (they had dinner at six o'clock in those days); he'd come down and get ready for dinner, and Mrs. Clemens would get ready too.

Mrs. Clemens always put on a lovely dress for dinner, even when we was alone. Then they always had a music-box in the hall, you know, and George would set that going at dinner every day. Played nine pieces, that music-box did, and he always set it going every night. They brought it from Geneva and it was wonderful. It was foreign. It used to play all by itself; it wasn't like a phonograph, you know. It just went with a crank. George would wind it up, and they would have pretty music all during the dinner.

Afterward they all gathered together in the library and set around the great open fireplace if it was in the Winter-time. Mr. Clemens and they all set down in big chairs, or even set on the floor sometimes (that is, Susie and Clara did), and Mr. Clemens would have Browning or Dickens and would read aloud to them.

Well, Clara, she wanted to read like her father too, she was so ambitious. So she'd get a big book (tho she couldn't read English at all nor anything much), but she guessed what was in the book. She'd get this book in front of her—she was so little you couldn't even see her on the big chair—and she'd set way back with her feet all curled up, and read away in her broken English, pronouncing all the big words wrong.

When her father had stood it as long as he could, I guess, he'd tell her to lay down the book and listen to *him* read. He used to read until nine o'clock.

The children were very nice about going to bed—didn't make any fuss when they went to bed—and after that he'd have his hot—I think I'll tell this—he used to have a hot Scotch every night at nine o'clock. The butler would bring in a pitcher of hot water and a bottle of the best Scotch whisky, and Mrs. Clemens would have her tea at the same time. That was English then. That was foreign too. They had just come from the other side at the time. After they'd had the tea and the toddy they would set and talk, and then they'd go to bed about ten o'clock, and that would finish the day.

AFTER the children were a little older Mrs. Clemens taught them herself. She began to get up a little earlier when she started giving lessons to them, and she'd have breakfast about half past eight, teach them all morning, you know, every morning from nine until twelve in the schoolroom. The schoolroom was right off the nursery, and Mrs. Clemens taught them herself. She taught them for a couple of Winters like this and then got a governess called F. She was a nice girl then; she wasn't Christian Scientist in those days nor a Spiritualist, either! She got that later. That spoiled her! Yes, Mrs. Clemens taught them for several Winters before the governess come.

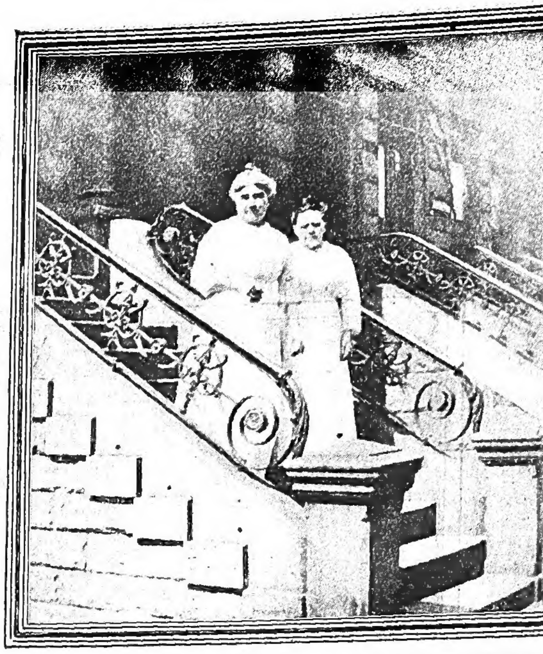
They never were home in the Summer-time, you know; they always left Hartford in June and went to Quarry Farm in Elmira, where her father lived. Mr. Clemens went right up there, and Mrs. Clemens would look after the children a little more there than she did at home. She was a very busy woman, a wonderful housekeeper, and wonderful with children. If ever they were sick she would get them out of the nursery and bring them right in to her own bed, and Mr. Clemens, well, he'd go into another room.

I'd go and set up with her, and keep the fire (they always kept the fire all night in her room) and help her take care of the sick baby. Oh, the children they'd *love* to be sick, because they loved to be taken into their mother's room.

She had a great large bed (I think Clara has that now). It was an old Dutch bed, four-poster, and there was four little smiling fat cherubs, one on each post, and the children would play with those cherubs. They used to have them taken down and put in bed with them. They'd come off the posts; unscrew them, you know. They were delighted with that and delighted to be sick, just to be in their mother's room; that is, if they wasn't too sick. Clara had croup a good deal and had to be kept covered up. Of course, then she couldn't play with the little fat cherubs, and her disappointment was something awful; she'd holler bloody murder!

Now I must tell you all about the precious manuscripts. Mr. Clemens did all his writing up in the billiard-room. He had a table there, you know, and Mrs. Clemens used to go up and dust that table every morning and arrange his manuscript and writing, if he didn't arrange it himself, which he sometimes used to do. He took good care of it (he thought he did, anyway)! He was very particular. Nobody was allowed to touch them manuscripts besides Mrs. Clemens.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132



KATY LEARY (ON THE LEFT) AS SHE WAS SHORTLY BEFORE THE DEATH OF "MARK TWAIN," WHICH OCCURRED ON APRIL 21, 1910

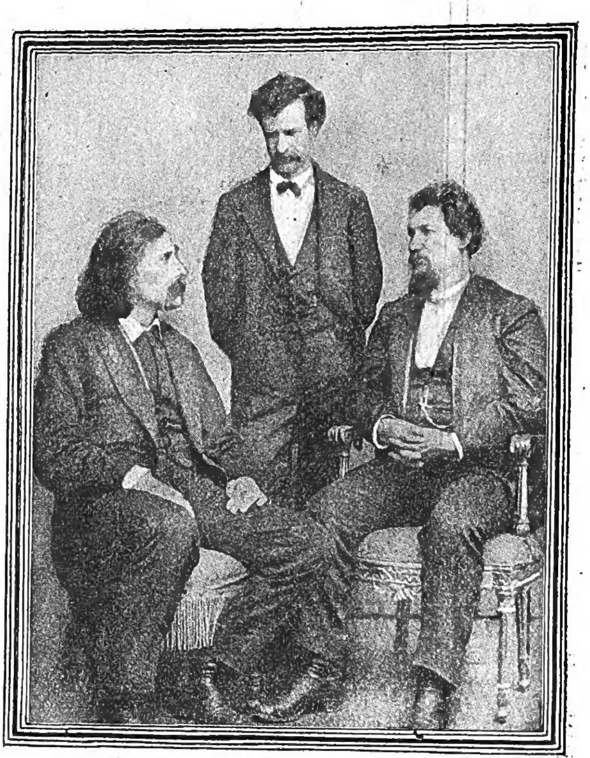


Photo by H. G. Smith

THREE OF THE MOST CELEBRATED LAUGH-MAKERS OF THEIR DAY AND AGE. LEFT TO RIGHT: JOSH BILLINGS, "MARK TWAIN," AND PETROLEUM V. NASBY

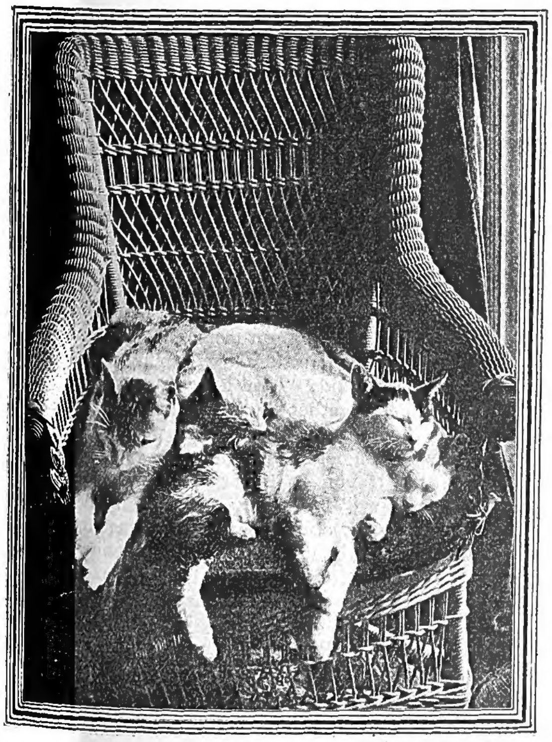
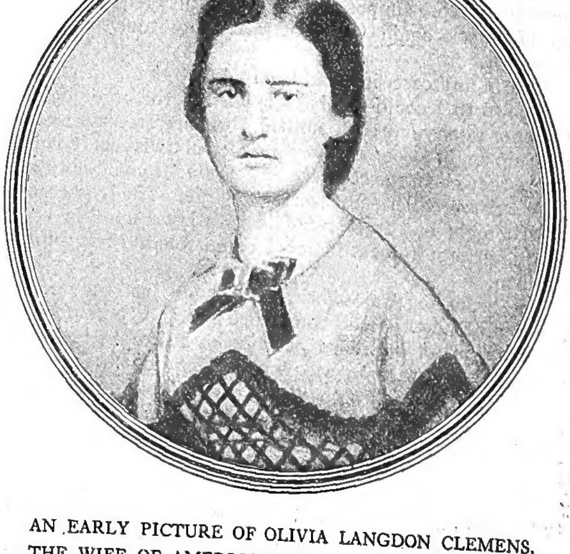


Photo by E. M. Van Aken

THE FAMILY CATS WERE NO RESPECTERS OF PERSONS AND MADE THE AUTHOR'S EASY CHAIR THEIR OWN

Photo by Whitley

LANGDON CLEMENS, FIRST CHILD AND ONLY SON OF "MARK TWAIN," WHO DIED WHEN STILL A BABY



AN EARLY PICTURE OF OLIVIA LANGDON CLEMENS, THE WIFE OF AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS HUMORIST

Miss Mary Pask

Illustrations by Harold Brett

BY EDITH WHARTON

"'I SUPPOSE GRACE ASKED YOU TO COME? IT'S AN EVENT—QUITE AN EVENT! I'VE HAD SO FEW VISITORS SINCE MY DEATH, YOU SEE'"

IT WAS not till the following Spring that I plucked up courage to tell Mrs. Bridgeworth what had happened to me that night at Morgat.

In the first place, Mrs. Bridgeworth was in America; and after the night in question I lingered on abroad for several months—not for pleasure, God knows, but because of a nervous collapse supposed to be the result of having taken up my work again too soon after my touch of fever in Egypt.

But, in any case, if I had been door to door with Grace Bridgeworth I could not have spoken of the affair before, to her or to any one else; not till I had been rest-cured and built up again at one of those wonderful Swiss sanitariums where they clean the cobwebs out of you. I could not even have written to her—not to save my life. The happenings of that night had to be overlaid with layer upon layer of time and forgetfulness before I could tolerate any return to them.

The beginning was idiotically simple; just the sudden reflex of a New England conscience acting on an enfeebled constitution. I had been painting in Brittany, in lovely but uncertain Autumn weather, one day all blue and silver, the next shrieking gales or driving fog. There is a rough little whitewashed inn out on the Pointe du Raz, swarmed over by tourists in Summer, but a sea-washed solitude in Autumn; and there I was staying and trying to do waves, when some one said: "You ought to go over to Cape something else, beyond Morgat."

I went, and had a silver-and-blue day there; and on the way back the name of Morgat set up an unexpected association of ideas: Morgat—Grace Bridgeworth—Grace's sister, Mary Pask— "You know my darling Mary has a little place now near Morgat; if you ever go to Brittany do go to see her. She lives such a lonely life—it makes me so unhappy."

That was the way it came about. I had known Mrs. Bridgeworth well for years, but had only a hazy, intermittent acquaintance with Mary Pask, her older and unmarried sister. Grace and she were greatly attached to each other, I knew; it had been Grace's chief sorrow, when she married my old friend Horace Bridgeworth, and went to live in New York, that Mary, from whom she had never before been separated, obstinately lingered on in Europe, where the two sisters had been traveling since their mother's death.

I never quite understood why Mary Pask refused to join Grace in America. Grace said it was because she was "too artistic"; but, knowing the elder Miss Pask, and the extremely elementary nature of her interest in art, I wondered whether it were not rather because she disliked Horace Bridgeworth. There was a third alternative—more conceivable if one knew Horace—and that was that she may have liked him too much. But that again became untenable (at least I supposed it did) when one knew Miss Pask: Miss Pask with her round, flushed face, her innocent bulging eyes, her old-maidish flat decorated with art-tidies, and her vague and timid philanthropy. Aspire to Horace——!

Well, it was all rather puzzling, or would have been if it had been interesting enough to be worth puzzling over. But it was not. Mary Pask was like hundreds of other dowdy old maids, cheerful derelicts content with their innumerable little substitutes for living. Even Grace would not have interested me particularly if she hadn't happened to marry one of my oldest friends, and to be kind to his friends. She was a handsome, capable, and rather dull woman, absorbed in her husband and children, and without an ounce of imagination; and between her attachment for her sister and Mary Pask's worship of her there lay the inevitable gulf between the feelings of the sentimentally unemployed and those whose affections are satisfied.

But a close intimacy had linked the two sisters before Grace's marriage, and Grace was one of the sweet, conscientious women who go on using the language of devotion about people whom they love happily without seeing; so that when she said: "You know it's years since Mary and I have been together—not since little Molly was born. If only she'd come to America! Just think. Molly is six, and has never seen her darling aunty—" when she said this, and added: "If you go to Brittany, promise me you'll look up my Mary," I was moved in that dim depth of one where unnecessary obligations are contracted.

And so it came about that, on that silver-and-blue afternoon, the idea "Morgat—Mary Pask—to please Grace" suddenly unlocked the sense of duty in me. Very well; I would chuck a few things into my bag, do my day's painting, go to see Miss Pask when the light faded, and spend the night at the inn at Morgat. To this end I ordered a rickety one-horse vehicle to await me at the inn when I got back from my painting, and in it I started out toward sunset to hunt for Mary Pask.

As suddenly as a pair of hands clapped over one's eyes, the sea-fog shut down on us. A minute before we had been driving over a wide, bare upland, our backs turned to a sunset that crimsoned the road ahead; now the densest night enveloped us. No one had been able to tell me exactly where Miss Pask lived; but I thought it likely that I should find out at the fishers' hamlet toward which we were trying to make our way. And I was right. An old man in a doorway said: Yes—over the next rise, and then down a lane to the right that led to the sea; the American lady who always used to dress in white. Oh, *he* knew—near the Baie des Trépassés.

"Yes, but how can we see to find it? I don't know the place," grumbled the reluctant boy who was driving me.

"You will when we get there," I suggested.

"Yes—and the horse foundered meantime! I can't risk it, sir; I'll get into trouble with the patron."

Finally an opportune argument induced him to get out and lead the stumbling horse, and we continued. We seemed to crawl on for a long time through a wet blackness impenetrable to the glimmer of the old cariole's only lamp. But now and then the pall lifted or divided; and then our feeble light would drag out of the night some perfectly commonplace object—a white gate, a cow's staring face, a heap of roadside stones—made portentous and incredible by being thus detached from its setting, capriciously thrust at us, and as suddenly withdrawn. After each of these projections the darkness grew three times as thick; and the sense I had had, for some time, of descending a gradual slope now became that of scrambling down a precipice. I jumped out and joined my young driver at the horse's head.

"I can't go on—I won't, sir!" he whimpered.

"Why, see, there's a light over there—just ahead!"

The veil swayed aside, and we beheld two faintly illuminated squares in a low mass that was surely the front of a house.

"Get me as far as that—then you can go back if you like."

The veil dropped again; but the boy had seen the lights and took heart. Certainly there was a house ahead of us; and certainly it must be Miss Pask's, since there could hardly be two in such a desert. Besides, the old man in the hamlet had said: "Near the sea"; and those endless modulations of the ocean's voice, so familiar in every corner of the Breton land that one gets to measure distances by them rather than by visual means, had told me for some time that we were making straight for the shore. The boy continued to lead the horse on without answering. The fog was thicker than ever, and our lamp merely showed us the big round drops of wet on the horse's shaggy quarters.

THE boy stopped with a jerk. "There's no house—we're going straight down to the sea."

"But you saw those lights, didn't you?"

"I thought I did. But where are they now? The fog's thinner again. Look—I can make out trees ahead. But there are no lights any more."

"Perhaps the people have gone to bed," I suggested jocosely.

"Then hadn't we better turn back, sir?"

"What—two yards from the gate?"

The boy was silent. Certainly there was a gate ahead, and presumably, behind the dripping trees, some sort of dwelling. Unless there were just a field and the sea—the sea whose hungry voice I heard asking and asking, close below us. No wonder the place was called the Baie des Trépassés! But whatever had possessed that rosy, benevolent Mary Pask to come and bury herself there? Of course the boy wouldn't wait for me—I knew that—the Baie des Trépassés indeed! The sea whined down there as if it were feeding-time, and the Furies, its keepers, had forgotten it.

There *was* the gate! My hand had struck against it. I felt along to the latch, undid it, and brushed between wet bushes to the house-front.

Not a candle-glint anywhere! If the house were indeed Miss Pask's she certainly kept early hours.

Night and fog were now one, and the darkness as thick as a blanket. I felt vainly about for a bell. At last my hand came in contact with a knocker and I lifted it. The clatter with which it fell sent a prolonged echo through the silence, but for a minute or two nothing else happened.

"There's no one there, I tell you!" the boy called impatiently from the gate.

But there was. I had heard no steps inside, but a bolt shot back, and an old woman in a peasant's cap pushed her head out.

She had set her candle down on a table behind her, so that her face, aureoled with lacy wings, was in obscurity. But I knew she was old by the stoop of her shoulders and her fumbling movements. The candle-light, which made her invisible, fell on my face and she looked at me.

"This is Miss Mary Pask's house?"

"Yes, sir." Her voice—a very old voice—was pleasant enough, unsurprized, and even friendly.

"I'll tell her," she added, shuffling off.

"Do you think she'll see me?" I threw after her.

"Oh, why not? The idea!" she almost chuckled. As she retreated I saw that she was wrapped in a shawl and had a cotton umbrella under her arm. Obviously she was going out—perhaps going home for the night. I wondered if Mary Pask lived all alone in her hermitage.

The old woman disappeared with the candle and I was left in total darkness. I heard a door shut at the back of the house, and then a slow clumping of aged sabots along the flags outside. The old woman had evidently picked up her sabots in the kitchen and left the house. I wondered if she had told Miss Pask of my presence before going, or whether she had just left me there, the butt of some grim practical joke of her own. Certainly there was no sound within doors. The footsteps died out; I heard a gate click—then complete silence closed in again.

"I wonder—" I began within myself; and at that moment a smothered memory struggled abruptly to the surface of my mind.

"But she's *dead*—Mary Pask is *dead!*" I almost screamed it aloud in my amazement.

It was incredible, the tricks my memory had played on me since my fever! I had known for nearly a year that Mary Pask was dead—had died suddenly the previous Autumn—and tho I had been thinking of her almost continuously for the last two or three days it was only now that the forgotten fact of her death suddenly burst up again to consciousness.

Dead! But hadn't I found Grace Bridgeworth in tears and crape the very day I had gone to bid her good-by before sailing for Egypt? Hadn't she laid the cable before my eyes, her own streaming with tears while I read? "Sister died suddenly this morning requested burial in garden of house particulars by letter"—with the signature of the American Consul at Brest, a friend of Bridgeworth's, I seemed to recall. I could see the words of the message printed on the darkness before me.

As I stood there I was a good deal more disturbed by the discovery of the gap in my memory than by the fact of being alone in a pitch-dark house, either empty or else inhabited by strangers. Once before of late I had noted this queer temporary blotting out of some well-known fact; and here was a second instance of it. Decidedly, I wasn't as well over my illness as the doctors had told me. Well, I would get back to Morgat and lie up there for a day or two, doing nothing, just eating and sleeping.

IN MY self-absorption I had lost my bearings, and no longer remembered where the door was. I felt in every pocket in turn for a match; but since the doctors had made me give up smoking, why should I have found one?

The failure to find a match increased my sense of irritated helplessness, and I was groping clumsily about the hall among the angles of unseen furniture when a light slanted along the wall of the stairs. I followed its direction, and on the landing above me I saw a figure in white shading a candle and looking down. A chill ran along my spine, for the figure bore a strange resemblance to that of Mary Pask as I used to know her.

"Oh, it's *you!*" she exclaimed in the cracked, twittering voice which was at one moment like an old woman's quaver, at another like a boy's falsetto. She came shuffling down in her baggy, white garments, with her usual clumsy, swaying movements; but her steps on the wooden stairs were soundless. Well—they would be, naturally!

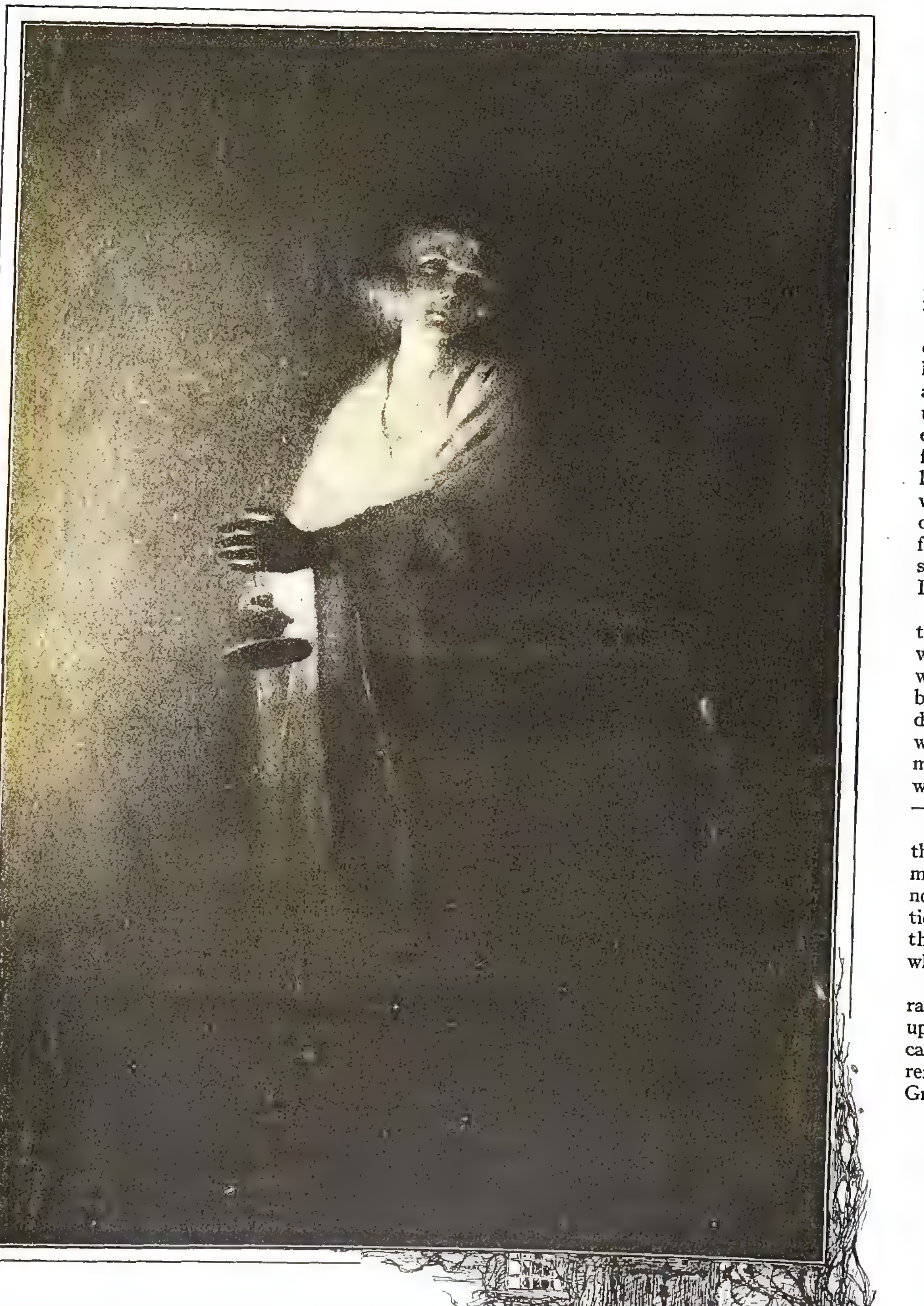
I stood without a word, gazing at the strange vision, and saying to myself: "There's nothing there, nothing whatever. It's your digestion, or your eyes, or some darned thing wrong with you somewhere——"

But there was the candle, at any rate; and as it drew nearer, and lit up the place about me, I turned and caught hold of the door-latch. For, remember, I had seen the cable, and Grace in crape.

"Why, what's the matter? I assure you, you don't disturb me!" the white figure twittered; adding, with a faint laugh: "I don't have so many visitors nowadays——"

She had reached the hall, and stood before me, lifting her candle and peering up into my face. "You haven't changed—not as much as I should have thought. But *I* have, haven't I?" she appealed to me with another laugh; and abruptly she laid her hand

CONTINUED ON PAGE 75



"SHE CAME SHUFFLING DOWN IN HER BAGGY, WHITE GARMENTS, BUT HER STEPS ON THE WOODEN STAIRS WERE SOUNDLESS. WELL—THEY WOULD BE NATURALLY!"

A Drama with a Setting of Nature, Winged Villains, and a Four-Footed Hero

"IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON. UNTIL AFTER DARK THE MAGPIES AND CROWS MASSED IN FRONT OF THE CAVE ENTRANCE, WAITING FOR HIM TO COME OUT"

TZAGAN

By Clement Wood

Illustrations by
Charles Livingston Bull

MIDWAY of the mountains that bound on the northwest the demon-land of Mongolia rises the stiff peak Jagisstai. On an icy August morning a troop of wild dun horses cantered briskly along the undulating road that led from its crest to the river valley below. This was the last herd of the tarpans, the wild horses of Tatary, ancient children of the untamed steppe, who have never known bit or bridle.

At their head loped Tzagan, the white stallion, undisputed lord of the herd. He was the only white tarpan within the long memory of wild horses; the rest were dun-colored, or at most mouse-colored, with dark mane and tail and legs. Tzagan's mane and tail were shining jet, his legs a suave black; but his soft white coat was a thing new to them. Soon after he was foaled he had been recognized as a prodigy, and shielded tenderly. He had grown agile and strong, a hand taller than most and heavier in build.

Old Taiga, the Forest One, the head stallion for long cold years, grew old as the white colt matured; at last his cunning dozed. The day came when Tzagan rubbed an inquisitive white muzzle against the graying one, then drew back, to neigh out the challenge for combat. A few bitter rushes and the age-withered head horse moved aside; young Tzagan swaggered to the van of the line and gave the signal for the advance. The tarpans at once looked to the White One to lead them; and a shrewd leader he had made.

Down the rocky road from Jagisstai, with its thick crust of snow, the horses hastened. The frozen whiteness crunched under their tread; at times the icy balls that formed on their hoofs broke loose, and rolled away over the brittle surface with a sound like crackling twigs. Around the shoulders of the ridge, in and out of the descending ravines, the trail zigzagged. Squirrels chattered from the squat green cedars, bullfinches flew with flaming breasts over their heads, white partridges whistled by. They passed scanty herds of bighorn and antelope, busily digging through the snow to the nutritious grasses below. To the side of the road writhed great balls of snakes; an occasional hare thumped casually away; a brown bear below giant boles of larches stared stupidly at their snow-cloudy passage.

As they reached a ravine that fed one of the headwaters of the river, Tzagan stopped abruptly, large head raised, nostrils twitching. His ears grew tense. They caught a far, faint whinny of distress, almost of despair. Across the ravine his keen eyes made it out at last—a cloud of black in a grassed clearing, a winged cloud, stridently squawking. Again the pitiful whinny.

A sharp neigh from the leader and the horses swerved into a steeper path that led into the very heart of the ravine. Across fallen larches they leaped and floundered, then over a burned area beneath leafless skeletons of trees. They forded an open stream, began a stiff climb. There was no sight or sound from the grassed clearing above; but they knew what they would find there.

Long before they had neared the place other eyes discovered it. On the top bald crag of Jagisstai, all morning, had sat a living thing, hunched and huddled toward the brooding east, facing away from the shrieking devil-winds that whirled over the Siberian steppes. His far eyes could pick out the lazy sources of streams that writhed through all enchantments to the drowsy swell of the Pacific.

Had he looked north he could have seen the headwaters of the river that crept under frozen horror to the frozen Arctic. An easy day's journey to the west and he would have found a stream that made its way through the locked Caspian and more populous seas, beyond the very Pillars of Hercules. A day's travel to the south and he would have encountered water that would know the Indian Ocean, and wash at the end the final polar floes. He sat brooding above the vast highland whence all the waters of earth are fed.

Good for them that no hunted Mongols, no avenging Tatars, came upon that lone living thing huddled high upon Jagisstai. They would have fallen to their faces in the snow in holy terror. "Demon of Jagisstai!" they would have cried. "Spare us, spare us! We will build you an *obo* of branches—we will build you a tower of rocks. Spare us!" And Zaberega, the living thing, the great hunched mountain-eagle, would have turned his eyes again to the swimming horizon, and at last vaulted upward to cleave heaven.

In frigid isolation, this icy morning, he held his peak. His hooded eyes, which could see beyond what men call sight, had observed the cantering passage of the wild horses down his valley road. Now they fixed upon the stir far down the rich head-plain of the river. The great throat lifted unconsciously, the eyes blinked rapidly. What should be moving in his domain?

It had been a long time since trespassers had disputed his suzerainty. In younger days he had had to fight back full-grown hawks from the fringes of the Gobi Desert; ponderous erns, the sea-eagles from the edge of the northern ocean. He had now no rivals. And yet this stir.

As if flung by springs of steel he catapulted into the air. His wings beat upward in a long slant, then sloped in an easy spiral down toward the grassed height. As he neared the ground, they dug more savagely into the stinging air. He knew now what he had to face—that blatantly cawing cloud of black bodies. His hurled passage warmed the air as he made the last low swoop and burned his tornado way into the noisy swivet of jet wings and red beaks.

Just before he struck, a few of them saw him—a wandering Indian pie, his black beak stained crimson; a great gray shrike, larger and more murderous; an evil old chough, claws gripping the poor horse's torn flank. There was red blood too on the chough's vivid red beak—she had hardly time to open it for a sharp scream of warning, when the eagle was upon her. One slash with powerful talons—the dead bird hurtled through the air. Right and left they rose in flying panic, all the hateful flock of pies and crows, ancient foes of the eagle folk. Zaberega, the winged demon, slanted and slashed left and right, with startling activity taking bird after bird in its flight.

"OUT OF THE MENACING AIR IT CAME—THE WHIR OF GREAT BEATING WINGS, AS THE DEMON-BIRD, ZABEREGA, SWEPT DOWN AMONG THE COWARDLY KILLERS"

The last one shrieked out of vision. Tired, deeply pleased, the eagle swung slowly back and lit on the ground a score of feet from the drooping horse.

It was a tarpan mare, he saw at once—a mare with a reddish-dun coat. Her bleeding back, where the dreadful birds had troubled her, was one vast spreading sore. Zaberega knew how these cowardly killers, that hunted only in winged clouds, fastened themselves to any horse or bull whose back showed the slightest wound, and scratched and pecked at it until it was an incurable thing; how they kept at their hateful killing until at last they gorged themselves upon the splendid creature.

He preened his ruffled feathers and muttered deep in his throat.

The mare was too drooping to raise her head and see her rescuer. She stood, patiently awaiting horrid death.

Zaberega turned to make a meal of the black bodies scattered over the ground. Ah! A wounded shrike, dragging itself below the grasses. One powerful pounce—one more foe gone. Here were glossy choughs, like feathered balls of jet with ruby beaks and feet; here were ungainly crows, glittering magpies. His curved beak tore cruelly into the warm meal.

He raised his head in sharp surprize; something drip-dripped from the beak upon a stone. Out of a dense cedar covert topping the rise broke the white head of Tzagan, the head stallion, his black mane streaming behind him. Another—a third—a dozen of the tarpans all at once appeared out of the fringing forest. Their feet clicked together; they poised uncertainly.

After a moment's scrutiny Zaberega continued his feeding.

TIMIDLY Tzagan led the way closer. His black feet were printed deftly together, his black tail swished against his snowy coat. He neighed a salutation to the great demon-bird.

Grasping a dead chough in each claw, the eagle lifted from the grass, and flew back to the wind-bedeviled height of Jagisstai.

Tzagan's head drooped slightly. Delicately, whinnying a soft greeting, he neared the wounded one.

His sensitive eyes widened as he recognized the mare: a softer note sounded from his throat. This was Ulan, the Red One—once his favorite. She had been driven from them less than two months ago.

At the familiar whinny the mare lifted her tired head. She answered as well as she could—a feeble, discouraged response. The other horses thronged around her, exchanging their greetings. With horror they observed the evil thing on her back—the wide, bleeding wound.

A sudden unease shook Tzagan: he remembered his duty.

Head lifted, black mane stringing out on the chill wind, he trumpeted the call for the onward journey.

It was the time of the last Summer migration—you could have told that by the thinned hair of the horses. In Winter their coats were thick and soft, almost like a bear's; but as the warmer months came this fell away, until their underbodies were almost hairless, and only a sparse covering remained on back and flanks. It was now midway of the thinned season.

Again Tzagan neighed the advance.

They trotted after him, hoofs clicking on the rounded rocks.

Ulan, the red mare, started feebly to follow. She saw the herd drifting past her; she strained to keep up. The blood woke afresh on her back; her limbs would not respond to the commands of her will.

Out of the distant forest the menacing caw of shrike and chough sounded; the heavy black birds began to near the place again.

She struggled forward; a pitiful whinny died in her weakness.

Tzagan stopped, sensing the breach in the herd. He parted the others, cantering between them until he reached her side again.

As Ulan lifted her tired head to greet him, the first of the choughs flew greedily up; it lit on her unprotected flank. Her teeth showed in sickly fashion; the head sagged again. Dispiritedly her tail shook, a menace no longer.

Tzagan was different. Eyes blazing, the white head snapped at the first bird. An untasty mouthful of black feathers was his reward.

The chough flew mockingly out of reach, cawing derisive hatred.

More and more of the birds circled around Tzagan's head.

The other horses surrounded the mare again. They sought to nudge her on with them; feebly she responded. As she moved, her escort of death continued. The whole troop of horses slowed to her painful gait; several of the angered dun heads curved above her sick flanks, keeping the pies and crows at a safe aloofness. They came constantly from every direction, swirling above in a dense flock, jeering just out of reach of the snapping teeth.

At length there was grumbling among the foremost horses.

Tzagan sensed it as soon as it began. They must go forward with all speed to the northern grazing-place, the mutters told him; they had delayed too long already. He knew that his part was to direct this powerful will of his followers, or that they would choose another stallion to lead. A leader must lead, not his own way, but the way of the herd.

Again he tried to hasten Ulan's progress. The Red One drooped more and more.

The grumbling among the horses grew more open.

He could face them, and stay with the wounded mare. Let them go away without him—abandon his leadership. No. His place was at the head of the herd.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

Some Men Take to Matrimony Like the Proverbial Duck to Water, While Others—

"When a Man Marries"

By

Morris Gilbert

Illustrations by
H. Weston Taylor

"'STRIKE ME PINK!' CRIED BEEKMAN. 'WHAT IN PERDITION BRINGS YOU TO TOWN?'"

THE wedding-party—a rout of dainty, laughing girls and brisk young men, domestic and imported—swept in motors with much gaiety through Middledale's snowy streets to the church for the rehearsal. Five-thirty in the afternoon was the hour set, to accommodate the local business men and the late arrivals who were expected from other cities.

The procedure was quite familiar to Luke. Half a dozen times in the past he had made the same trip, escorting one or another of his comrades to the altar, devoting himself to one or another of the out-of-town bridesmaids. He had enjoyed weddings; they loosened the heart and the spirits; there was a festal ring to them, a note of respectable carnival. But this—this, somehow, was a little different!

Somehow, even at that late date, Luke couldn't quite bring himself to realize that it was he—he—who at eleven o'clock the next morning was to be a bridegroom! Somehow this particular wedding-party didn't seem to be quite as much fun as the others. He didn't like the encouraging slaps on the back his male friends kept giving him—the appraising, cruelly judicious glances of the girls. ("Bear up, old man; when you come out of the ether you won't know anything's happened." "My dear, I wonder if he really can support Millicent! He has such a weak chin, you know.")

Middledale's funny old street-lamps seemed to bow to him as they swished by; the snow-banked hedges wore a stuffy, prim expression; each familiar corner seemed to have taken on a gesture of farewell. "Turn to the right here!" Luke shouted to the chap in the front seat—a stranger who had driven over from Lockport. "It's half a block farther, on the left." What a strange, lugubrious quality his voice had!

Car after car drew up in front of the church, and the merriment of the party was suddenly lulled as they all clattered, stamping fur-lined carriage-boots and great brogues, into the vestibule. With the opening of the inner vestibule door the dark composure of the empty church seemed to flow to meet them, to envelop them in a rich and mysterious solemnity. Their spirits shriveled in the serene blackness.

"Gosh!" whispered one of the men, "I haven't been in church since I was confirmed, except Easter. It's all strange to me."

"Wait a minute; I'll turn on the lights," cried the rector's son. He was busy scratching matches and groping for the switches that would throw the building into light. His was the self-imposed task of popularizing and interpreting the faith, according to his lights, among his little group in Middledale.

The rector's son was a pallid young man who stammered. Apart from the labor of holding up his father's arms in the face of a materialistic generation, he was often busy explaining himself and his affliction.

"I don't stutter," he would say. "I stammer. Stuttering is when you trip after you start talking. Stammering is not being able to start. That's what I can't do sometimes."

"Go ahead—laugh," he would say. "I don't mind. I think it's funny too." And he would laugh so hard his eyes would become red.

Luke sauntered up the middle aisle by himself. He had been much affected by the transition from the thronged motor in the lighted streets to the blue-dark interior of the church. The rector's son was still groping for the switch. Luke's sight lost itself in the blackness above. Pillars seemed to be prolonged indefinitely in satin space. Pallid light entered by a clearstory window.

Suddenly Luke's memory was carried away to another saintly interior. With a swift expansion in the region of his breast, he recalled saunters in another church—a spacious, echoing edifice in another land—saunters when his hand would be closed in another hand, merrily, audaciously, while pious, plainly gowned women knelt before the statues, and in the chapels around the apse when little bells were rung men and women knelt in prayer.

Luke sensed again the mingling of emotions, half condescending, half wistful, when his companion would kneel sweetly before the astounding black-ebony "Virgin of the Pillar." He sensed again the strange, half-fantastic impulses that caused him to enjoy buying candles and placing them, lighted, on the bristling spikes of the candelabras that sparkled before the marble statues. Unbidden, riotous, stabbing with a thousand little electric daggers, other memories of that placid cathedral town attacked him: the quiet house of the widow and her daughter.

Nights in that house! Precious stolen moments in the fragrant moonlit garden when they seemed to be alone in the world. His ear almost caught again the door softly opening, the tiny sound in the hallway, the creaking floor that told him her mother slept and once more they could whisper together in the moonlight.

Angels and ministers of grace! Luke gasped and ducked his head. He experienced an acute sense of pain. He ordered his mind to forget, to erase. Out—out! those thoughts!—stamp on them, kill them, the visions!

They must fade—they *had* faded in a last flash of

"'I BET SHE KICKS BACK WITH HER RIGHT FOOT memory as Luke stood there. How different this new life would be—with Millicent! The other—gay, tender, sweet, irresponsible in the frank loyalty of a transience shared. This—what would be the word? Ah, it would come to him presently—presently.

"It must be a ridiculous feeling," said a voice beside him. At the same instant the rector's son found the switch, and light suddenly existed as it must have on the first day, leaving no memory of darkness. The voice belonged to a man he hardly knew—a cousin of Millicent, from Milwaukee.

"What must?" inquired Luke.

"This business of getting married," said the cousin.

Luke was faintly amused. The crowd, its composure regained by the dominance of electricity over the dim interior, was making its way, merry again, into the vestry-room through the big choir door. Luke sat down with the cousin from Milwaukee in a pew near the front of the church.

"Why, exactly?" he asked.

The cousin was polishing his horn-rimmed pince-nez.

"The demands—the demands," he responded. "I can never help thinking of something else when, for example, I am required to kiss somebody. Tnere doesn't seem to be much spontaneity about the solemnization of matrimony."

He paused and looked about him reflectively.

"A handsome reredos," he observed with a wave of the hand. "Perpendicular, in the coldest manner. But the nave seems to be Romanesque." He turned to Luke with a wrinkle in his forehead. "One expects architectural discrepancies," he said, "in old-world churches that took centuries to finish; but how we can jumble three modes in one building in six months only an American could explain to you. And of course the orientation is wrong—the building faces the west—most uncanonical." He was silent.

"But you were speaking of marriage," said Luke. The cousin interested him.

"Ah, yes," said the cousin. "It's a feminine interpretation of man's nature, after all, isn't it?"

"Possibly," Luke responded.

"As for me," the cousin continued with a candid stare at Luke as he adjusted his pince-nez, "I've given up anything that verges on the elemental—on account of my mustache, really. Mussy, you know—nothing more ridiculous than one end up and one end down. Makes amorous contacts really impossible."

Luke laughed. He felt drawn to this man, who continued with a serious shake of the head.

"The things I've done for my hair," he said. "You wouldn't believe it!" Luke nodded sympathetically.

"Two years ago," said the cousin, "I went to Labrador." He spoke with the utmost gravity and conviction. "To Labrador," he repeated, stressing the words as if they were unbelievable. "I spent six months there in some kind of a mission—I never quite clearly understood what kind of a mission it was—I spent my time doing good among the natives, but I went solely on account of my hair!"

He thrust his face close to Luke's and repeated combatively:

"Solely on account of my hair! I want you to believe me."

"I do," said Luke with tremendous gravity. The cousin leaned still closer.

"I—clipped it!" he confided, and drew back, watching Luke intently to take in the effect of the speech.

"You don't say," said Luke with just the proper intonation, and clicked incredulously with his tongue.

"I do say," cried the cousin triumphantly. He sank back in the pew with an expository gesture. "That's just what I went to Labrador to do—one can't clip one's hair in Milwaukee.

"Personally," he continued, "I don't care—except, of course, generally speaking—if all the beggars in Labrador are Shintoists or head-hunters. I'm not much distressed by the knowledge that they, in company with all of us, have the toothache. They are much better equipped constitutionally to stand pain than we are. Just give them iodin and castor-oil and they'll live forever. You follow me?"

"Yes," said Luke.

"Burly devils they are, you know—great, strapping women, monstrous, beefy men. But—about my hair——"

He leaned close again, and his eyes grew wide.

"I began to fear that I was losing it," he said. "In fact—between you and me—I *was* losing it!" Then he spoke with a rush. "So I went to Labrador, and the day before I got there I told the ship's barber, 'Clip it! Clip it all off!' "

Luke made a gesture of incredulity. The cousin continued.

"It was clipped three times—three times in six months," he said. "Look at it now!"

He suddenly ducked his head and pushed it almost into Luke's face. He began to tug violently with both hands at it.

"See?" he cried. "See? Air—tonic for the scalp—pores breathe—hair in forever now!"

His head was still in Luke's chest and his hands were pulling at great locks of hair when a brouhaha of sound rose from the vestry.

"Where's Luke? Page the happy bridegroom. Mr. Whittakah, the lady waits" (this in falsetto).

The rehearsal was about to commence. Luke and the cousin rose as the group in the vestry-room emerged, augmented by a sprinkling of dowagers and the rector.

"IT'S barbarous!" Dan Bentham was crying with vigor as they began to organize the procession. "The custom antedates Christianity, as most Christian customs do, and it is present to-day in all primitive societies—the preparation of the virgin bride with pomp and sacrifices for her new state—the propitiation of the gods—in the rites the groom of course is used as the sacrifice. He simply——"

"Dan! Stop! You're perfectly disgusting," shrilled a bridesmaid. "You're just jealous of Luke, that's all."

"I am nothing of the kind," responded Bentham with heat. "I pity him."

A horrified murmur played among the rehearsal guests. Bentham went on hastily.

"Not that I don't love Millie—of course I *do*—but I feel sorry for any man going through what Luke is."

Bentham was known in Middledale as a cynic. "Oh, you're cynical," summed up any feminine argument against him. It was a label that would have fitted in Middledale any one who preached anything from expressionism to the Arian heresy. It had no definite meaning, but stood generally for intellectual leprosy. It was the most convenient way of condemning anybody who didn't think as Middledale thought.

Luke turned a speculative eye on Bentham. Luke had never liked him, but at that moment he somberly felt that he would enjoy having a talk with him. Impossible, of course—too many things to think about—too much to do.

Luke had never seen Millicent in her present mood before. Her rather diffident manner had dropped from her. In its place was dominance, the authority of an executive, complete assurance.

She knew everything—just who was to march up the aisle with whom—which arm the ushers were to pilot the guests to their seats on—where everybody was to sit. She had twenty different lists and never lost one—lists of the family of the bride; lists of the family of the groom; lists of the friends of the bride; lists of the friends of the groom. She was the priestess of a cult.

Millicent, Luke noted, was entirely calm and serious. This was the most important work then being done in the world; that was clear. She revealed the genius that is inherent in looking after detail, and her judgments were instantaneous—this must be so, that mustn't be so. The terrible, righteous, absolute soul of the female, the woman-spirit, was ascendent. Luke felt appalled.

Millicent, with a rapt look, took her father's arm and paced primly up the aisle. Luke noted that she was even practising facial expression. She ducked her chin, and then raised it again, and turned her eyes largely, placidly forward. Her mouth she made just a little winsome, but still sanctified. Millicent was especially good in explaining how to walk. There was a little trick in bringing up the back foot and pausing to balance an instant before going on with the stride. This was of vital importance to the little flower-girls, who would totter, regardless. Soon all the bridesmaids were practising in the back of the church—teetering forward on various paths, heads thrown a little

CONTINUED ON PAGE 79

WHEN YOU KISS HER AT THE ALTAR,' WHISPERED BENTHAM. LUKE SNARLED AT HIM"

THE FAIR GIRL OF WU

By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JOHN RICHARD FLANAGAN

MYSELF, who was so accustomed to the splendor of my uncle Valentine, reined in and stood still with admiration. I knew he was practising his pair of harness-ponies for the Dublin Horse Show in August. I knew the ponies. I knew the trap. I knew my uncle Valentine. But all these made a picture any horseman would have loved.

There were the beautifully matched bay ponies, under fifteen hands each, with the exact melodious movement of ballerinas; there was the trap, its gleaming wood, its polished leather, its shining silver mountings; there was my uncle Valentine in his clothes that smacked a little of Georgian elegance—the long brown coat, the brown trousers that ended in a strap over the instep of the varnished boot, the fob with seals, the black-satin stock, the brown high hat perched a little to the side of the head, the seamed, weather-beaten forehead and aggressive eyes, the immense fan-shaped red beard.

One could easily see him in fancy trotting in the enclosure at the horse show, the blue ribbon of the championship of Ireland fluttering from the off-pony's bit, the audience of the most horse-knowledgeable people in the world rising and cheering. There the turnout would be in its element, but to meet it in the lanes of Destiny Bay, heavy with the scent of lupines and wild roses, and none there to see——

"I don't drive abroad from emptiness or self-conceit," I heard my uncle Valentine once explain, "but to exhibit to the common people the fallacies of democracy."

They are wonderful sights, the King's coronation, the procession of the Lord Mayor of London, and the driving abroad of my uncle Valentine. And that they make for stability of government I can not but believe, for the King-Emperor (whom God preserve!) still wears crown and wields scepter, and the Lord Mayor quietly sups turtle soup out of a silver tureen, and no official official in the wide stretch of Destiny Bay, from Member of Parliament to village sexton, holds office but by the grace of God and my uncle Valentine.

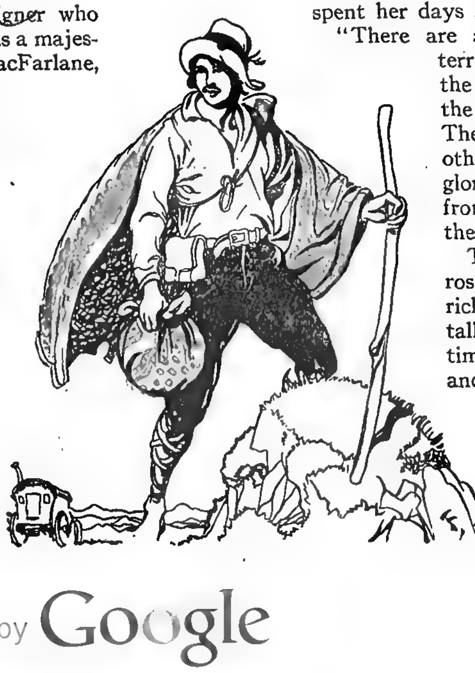
My uncle had stopped his trap outside the vicar's house, beside our lovely old church of St. Columba's-in-Paganry, and was talking to the new parson. The new parson was a frail, martyr-like man, with an eager ascetic's face and a long cassock. He was a very High-churchman, who had been sent to us because he was killing himself in the slums of Derry. His ritual was elaborate and his sermons were short, but he was a very disappointed man.

There is no sin to combat in Destiny Bay. There is not a little drinking of sound, mellow Irish whisky, and there is some unconventional love-making, and whole parishes have been known to put off the flax-pulling for a tournament at cards. But there is no sin. None of us cheat in Destiny Bay, and none of us tell lies—we are a big, muscular folk and don't have to—and none of us are traitors. God's ocean and God's mountains teach us dignity, and God's birds harmony, and the deep, clear mountain streams teach us cleanliness. No, there are no sinners in Destiny Bay.

Romany and Irishman and foreigner who have abode with us all regard God as a majestic and infinite Sir Valentine MacFarlane, Who will wither the mean man, and see fair play to the good fighter in difficulty, and pass the worthy into His heaven with a feeling of satisfaction.

I had thought that my uncle Valentine and parson were passing the time of day with each other, or discussing some trivial parochial affair. But when I rode up I found parson white with anxiety and looking like some timid thing of the woods, as a deer, before the bulk of the lordly elephant or other majestic monster.

"I can not, Sir Valentine," he cried.



My uncle Valentine's voice was low and gentle. When my uncle Valentine bellows like the great yellow lion, stand your ground, but when my uncle Valentine's voice drops a note and is silky, flee. Flee like blazes!

"You are a stranger here," said my uncle Valentine, "and so I will pardon you for doing what no man has ever done before—for saying he could not do a thing when I have desired it done in Destiny Bay."

"Sir," said the parson, "on this point the church is most explicit: that the unbaptized and the excommunicate shall not be admitted to the communion of saints. This woman was a woman of strange if any gods, and how shall I admit her into this quiet Christian burial-ground, the quiet of which shall not be intruded on? Sir, your saintly brother, the Bishop of Borneo——"

"Blast my saintly brother," said my uncle Valentine quietly, "and blast you! If this service is not taken pack your duds and get out of St. Columba's-in-Paganry to-night. And tell your Bishop I chased you, and tell your Bishop, too, to send me no more parsons. I am sick of parsons. In the future the services will be conducted by me, or by my nephew Kerry here, or by my valet, James Carabine——"

"Sir," cried the agonized parson, "you give me no option but to do this unchurchly thing."

"Option!" bristled my uncle Valentine; "do I look as if I gave options?"

"At three, then, sir," surrendered the clergyman.

"At three of the clock," said my uncle Valentine.

IT WAS by my uncle's command that I went to the funeral that afternoon—that sunny afternoon of Destiny Bay. There was my uncle Valentine, burly, majestic, and grave; there my aunt Jenepher, who is blind, but has a beautiful, merry face, and looks like some princess of a mellow royalty, leaning on her gold-headed ebony cane: there was my cousin Jennico, from Spanish Man's Rest, with his dark, passionate, puzzled features.

"Behold, Thou hast made my days as it were a span long; and mine age is even as nothing in respect of Thee . . ."—the parson proceeded with the words that are like music, and that are not to be said for the unbaptized or excommunicate, so insist the Bishops, but my uncle Valentine's insistence was otherwise.

"For I am a stranger with Thee, and a sojourner . . ."

There also was James Carabine, my uncle's valet and our butler, and a hero of my youth. There he was, half Romany and half Irish, with his great height and shoulders, his flattened prize-fighter's nose, his broken prize-fighter's hands, his black side-whiskers, like a Spanish grandee's, the small gold rings in his battered ears. There was Duncan, our head gardener, who could neither read nor write. And there—God bless him!—was the little Roman priest, with his clerical waistcoat spattered with snuff, his head more concerned with Platinus than Thomas Aquinas, for a Salamanca man was he. There they all were, to pay respect to this poor Chinese woman who had spent her days and ended her life among us.

"There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial," went on the service; "but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead."

The brown bees droned, and the wild roses nodded, and everywhere was the rich yellow of lupines, and foxgloves tall and dainty like ladies of the Stuart times. Near us chimed the sea, green and white, apple-green and silver-white, and around us was the glory of the mountains, the mountains purple with heather. Everywhere was peace, but nowhere more peace than in the graveyard of St. Columba's-in-Paganry.

The parson might intone the words that argue townfolk into the belief that being dead, we live. For us of the mountains and the sea there is no need of argument, we know. Around the little lichened church was a sense of welcome. The communion of saints, much as the parson feared, did not refuse hospitality to the alien sister. For the dead, with few exceptions, are a nice and kindly folk, else where is the profit in being dead?

I knew suddenly we would miss this woman from the countryside. We have a strange, transient population in Destiny Bay, going to or coming from the lowlands of Ireland: Gipsies in their caravans, Lovells and Heines and Petulengros; mad Highlanders from Scotland, leaving rocky Argyll for fertile Fermanagh and Tyrone; Donegal men going to America, some who have never had a shoe on their foot or a word of English in their mouth.

But the hard-faced, bitter, black-eyed, black-haired Chinese woman stood above their strange unharmony like a tower. I can always, and always will, remember her in her little cottage, a mile up the road from the great house, a figure in blue trousers and tunic digging in her garden, or sitting by the rose-covered porch smoking a long churchwarden pipe, with her unwinking jet eyes. Whither she came I had not known. I always thought she was something brought by Gipsies and left there, but her upkeep and cottage and all were a charge on our family.

Against all of our house, except possibly against my uncle Valentine, and against James Carabine she had a black hatred. Whenever I rode past she stood and cursed me in her black, guttural speech. When my aunt Jenepher went by the Chinese woman writhed in an agony of anger against that lovely lady who was so helpless that all the world must feel warm toward her, as to a child, and so beautiful that all the world must love her. At one time too she loathed my uncle Valentine. He will carry to his grave the marks of her teeth in his left hand. Very quietly but very efficiently he throttled her until she was black in the face. She let go and she didn't try it again.

In a measure they became friends, as much friends as a great Irish baronet and a poor Chinese woman can be, neither of whom understands a word of the other's language. Now, my uncle's friendship is potent as strong wine, and just as dangerous when taken in excess. My uncle Valentine reading somewhere that the Chinese of both sexes are addicted to opium much as we smoke cigarets, procured a large quantity for her, which she probably thought was medicine. At any rate it took the local doctor and a specialist from Dublin a week to bring her to.

My uncle Valentine heard somewhere that the Chinese are fond of fireworks, so he had come to the house a worker in pyrotechnics to display his art. All around her cottage withes and frameworks were set up, and that night such an orgy took place as brought out the police, the coast-guards, and the local militia under the impression that the French had landed. The poor Chinese woman was found cowering in a corner of the house, white and trembling with terror.

My uncle Valentine, coming once from Dublin, brought her two little orange-trees in pots, at the sight of which, for the first time we had known her, she burst into such a paroxysm of tears that she shook from head to foot. She passed her hands over the glossy leaves as over the head of a child, and hugged the red pots to her breast. Such grief I have never seen before, nor, I hope and pray, may I ever see again. What recollection it stirred, I do not know. But my uncle Valentine, when he returned to our drawing-room, blew his nose, like a trumpet of Joshua's, loudly and severally, and:

"Curse my soul!" he said. "Curse my soul!"

"If you ask as fervently as that, Brother," said my aunt Jenepher tartly, "God probably will."

But then my aunt Jenepher, who is blind, could not see my uncle Valentine's eyes.

"THERE is only one thing I could have wished, Kerry, my boy," said my uncle Valentine, "and that is that your saintly uncle, the Bishop of Borneo, had taken that service this afternoon."

It was after dinner, and over his full formal dress, and under his immense red beard, my uncle Valentine was adjusting the broad sash of the Orange Order. To-night he would drive to Williamstown, that was seven miles away, to make arrangements in our old lodge for the celebration of the Twelfth of July of glorious memory.

Outside, Jimmy the Whistler was in the dog-cart with the beautiful bay mare, Kilkenny Belle.

"But why, sir?"

"Because it would have served your saintly uncle, the Bishop of Borneo, —— well right!"

Carabine was helping him into his great frieze coat, adjusting the muffler, standing back now and then like a modiste before a manikin.

"Where's my speech?"

"'Tis in Your Honor's right-hand overcoat pocket, Sir Valentine. The newspaper fellow from Derry is after finishing writing it in the kitchen."

"Is it a good speech, Carabine?"

"'Tis a bit on the mild side, Your Honor, but 'twill do."

"'Tis a mild year," said my uncle Valentine.

"But why should the Bishop of Borneo take over the burial service for the heathen woman?"

"Carabine will tell you," answered my uncle Valentine.

"WELL?" I asked.

We had gone into the gun-room, and James Carabine was making flies for my uncle's and my fishing. He sat by the table under the lamp with his tray of feathers, plover's and moor-hen's and woodcock's and some eagle's feathers the Raghery fishermen had got for him; sheep's wool, pure white, and wool that was dyed red and brown and black; the small dainty hooks, the shining catgut. His broken boxer's hands were adroit as a fiddler's at this work. James Carabine's flies would make a fish's mouth water.

"You know your uncle Cosmo's picture?"

"SHE IS THE FLOWERING BRANCH OF THE ALMOND-TREE, HEAVY WITH HONEYDEW"

"I do." There is a famous picture of my uncle Cosmo in cassock and surplice, holding his episcopal crozier, his fierce aquiline face like a sentry's of Christendom against the powers of darkness. My uncle Valentine is like a great two-handed Crusader's sword, but my uncle Cosmo is like a deadly Latin rapier. My uncle Valentine is generous in victory, but my uncle Cosmo is merciless at all times. There is something of Torquemada in his face. One can easily understand his meteoric rise in the church. One can also understand why the Most Reverend His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury had him translated to the see of Borneo. Nobody of sense would leave an archiepiscopal miter and seat in the House of Lords lying around anywhere my uncle Cosmo was.

"You see him now, Mr. Kerry," said Carabine, "with his eagle's face and the look in his eyes as if he were riding the heathen on the curb; but twenty years ago he was looking older than he is now, and there was no surplice on him or crozier in his hand, but an old shooting-coat on him, and a gun under his oxter, and a stubble of gray beard on his chin, and always drink in his eyes."

"I can hardly think, James Carabine, that any of our family dishonored themselves by drink, hard drinkers tho they are."

"A MacFarlane can not dishonor himself save by treachery or cowardice," said Carabine, "which none ever did. Your uncle Cosmo did not dishonor himself through drink. I would put it this way: he overhonored the drink by constant consumption of it.

"Your Uncle Cosmo was the wildest of them all, aye, and maybe the most gifted. At school he couldn't be kept. So your grandfather put him in the navy. And right away he was sent to China to help fight the river pirates. For there's pirates still in China, it being an old conservative country," said James Carabine.

"But after three years of it he was ordered back, and in a while he came back to Destiny Bay."

"With the Chinese woman?" said I.

"With none but himself," said James Carabine. "But he was through with the navy for good. In London he went to see the Lords of the Admiralty, for your uncle Cosmo could go anywhere on account of his connections. And he asked them was there to be any more fights like Camperdown or Trafalgar Bay.

"'We survey Europe from east to west,' said the Lords of the Admiralty, 'likewise America, North and South, and we see no great fights in the future.'

"'Then you don't want fighting, tearing Ulstermen,' said your uncle Cosmo; 'you want tactful, seagoing police.'

"'True for you,' said the Lords of the Admiralty.

"'I'm no —— peeler,' said your uncle Cosmo, and he came home.

"Well, for ten long years your uncle Cosmo did nothing but drink steadily and read and enjoy the sport of the country. He was always in this village shebeen or that, barring when he was out shooting or

hunting or fishing, and then always he had a silver flask would hold nearly a quart of whisky in his pocket. He could ride better drunk than he could sober, and fish better, but he couldn't shoot as well. And everybody about the countryside would say what a great pity it was about him, that he was the greatest genius in Ireland, and could rise to anything, as he has proved since, if it weren't for the drink.

"He was never obnoxious drunk, if you know what I mean, Mr. Kerry, but always steady on his feet, tho crazy in the eye. With women he had the courtliness of a king.

"Tho he could discourse on any subject under the sun with ease, tho maybe not with accuracy," said James Carabine, "his favorite topic was China. He considered them to be the most civilized people in the world. He would speak about their poetry and customs, and he would tell how if two Chinese gentlemen met each other they wouldn't talk about ignorant subjects like the weather and the crops, but sit down and discuss the movements of the stars and the shapes of trees. He would tell Duncan, the gardener, that his sea of roses was an agglomeration of vulgarity. The only virtue he could find in Destiny Bay was the hanging together of the family, which he said was a great virtue and much practised by the Chinese.

"At times he would take it into his head he would go and live in China, and he would go and ask your uncle Valentine to lend me to him to pack his bags, and off he would go to say good-by while I was packing them. But when he would come back he had forgotten all about it.

"'What have you been doing to my things?' he would shout. 'Is it trying to get rid of me you are? Unpack those traps and don't touch them again.' He was a terrible *hembscald* in those days, was your uncle Cosmo," said James Carabine, and he bit off a piece of catgut with his strong Gipsy teeth, "but maybe he was loved better than now, Bishop and all as he is," added James Carabine.

Another Full-Page Art Feature

THE May issue will be unusual and interesting in many respects. One of the outstanding features of this number will be a remarkable full-page reproduction in original colors of the celebrated painting

"A Cottage by the Sea"

By T. Moelsmith

This picture is another of the series of famous paintings which will appear in Pictorial Review for an indefinite period.

"THERE was an old fellow living near Toberdive, and he had a young wife," said James Carabine, "and this old fellow was mad. He was a black-hearted man would lose all control of himself in anger, so that he'd come roaring at you. There was a Romany man, a cousin of my mother's, Anselo Loveridge by name, and he was sweet on this fellow's wife, and she on him. How far into this the pair had gone, devil a one of me knows, Mr. Kerry. But no matter how far, I'm not for blaming them. She was a copper-haired, apple-like young woman, and her husband was a mad old man, with spittle-covered gray beard. And this Anselo was a tall, fine-looking fellow. He was a breaker of horses by trade. He was a tall fellow, dressed in corduroy trousers, bound at the knee with horseman's straps, and a gray shirt, with a velveteen waistcoat. He wore a Romany *diklo*, the red Gipsy handkerchief around his neck, and a hat I never saw on him. He was as brown as a coffee-berry and his hair and eyes were like black ink. He was a grand, upstanding fellow.

"This fellow was a horse-breaker by trade, as I told you, Mr. Kerry. But poaching was his hobby. Many's the moonlight night he would go out with his gun-barrels chalked, for tho your uncle Valentine didn't mind a little poaching, he insisted it should be done discreetly. If a hog or greedy fellow went too far, Uncle Valentine wouldn't put him in jail, but he'd ride down with a hunting-lash and take the skin off his back. And everybody would say: 'Serve him right!' There is great appreciation for your uncle Valentine in the countryside.

"One fine morning they found the old fellow, him that had the young wife, dead on the roadside with a charge of shot in the head. So knowing the liking Anselo had for the girl and knowing he had a gun, the sergeant of police comes around.

"'We want you,' said the sergeant of police.

"'What do you want with me?' said Anselo.

"The sergeant of police made a motion to put a halter around his neck, and 'K-k-k-k-k!' says he, like a man choking, and he winked, for he was a great wit. 'Just to draw your trapple,' said the sergeant of police.

"Your uncle Cosmo at this time was bad, taking a little more than even he could hold, so that he was imagining things to be there that weren't there at all—horses with horns and peacocks with human faces; so your uncle Valentine persuaded him to take a trip on the sea. Myself I would think the sea bad for a drinking man, for the salt water induces drought, but 'twould seem otherwise. The morning your uncle Cosmo left for a voyage to Greece they took Anselo. And the morning he came back the jury had retired to consider his case. It was assizes at Londonderry, and a cousin of the House was Lord Justice. Your uncle Cosmo read the newspapers and went straight into Derry.

"When he got into the court there was the jury, glum and white, for 'tis no easy thing to find a man guilty of murder. And there was the Crown Prosecutor pleased as Punch himself. And there was Anselo hanging onto the dock rail with both hands, but saying nothing, for he was a brave fellow. And there was your uncle Cosmo's cousin, Lord Justice Grant, putting the black cap on his head, and blue in the jowl, for weeks after you sentence a man to death there is no sleep for you, nor much taste to your food.

"'Take that thing off your head, Cousin Grant,' said your uncle Cosmo, 'for the Gipsy didn't kill the old man at all.'

"'Order! Order!' called the clerk of the court.

"'Aye!' said your uncle Cosmo, 'the like of you prefers order to justice any day in the week.'

"'Well, if the Gipsy didn't, who did?' asked the Lord Justice.

"'I did,' said your uncle Cosmo.

"Instead of cheering up, the whole court looked sadder than ever, for bad as it is to hang a man, a Gipsy is only a Gipsy, but a MacFarlane of Destiny Bay is a jewel in the nation's crown.

"'The man was crazy and came at me with a scythe,' explained your uncle Cosmo, 'so there was nothing for me to do but let him have it with the gun.'

"'Oh, that's different,' said the Lord Justice; 'but there was no scythe there.'

"'Do you think I'd leave a scythe in the road for people to hurt themselves on, maybe children themselves? No, I chucked it in the ditch alongside, where you'll find it if you look.'

"'But you never said anything about it,' said the Lord Justice.

"Your uncle Cosmo up and gives a cool, hard look around the court. 'It passed out of my mind,' said your uncle Cosmo. And nobody said anything, for they knew what had happened. Your uncle Cosmo had drunk that night to such an extent that he forgot.

"Well, the upshot of it was that your uncle's story was found to be true, and the Gipsy was set free."

"I suppose he married the copper-haired girl, Carabine."

"He did not, Mr. Kerry. What with the spilt blood and the shadow of the rope, and all the trouble, their love was killed. No, she married the sergeant of police that was such a witty fellow.

"MR. KERRY, my dear son," said James Carabine, "I've taught you a lot about life. I've told you that a clear conscience, a kindly heart, and a punch in both hands will land you in the kingdom of heaven. Add this to your store of knowledge. You can put money in the Bank of England, you can buy a green field in America, but for a really good investment you can't beat a kindness done to a Gipsy or a Jew. It's got to be a real kindness out of the heart, and not studied, for that would defeat itself.

"You wouldn't call what your uncle Cosmo did a kindness, for it was but justice, and you, or your uncle Valentine, or any Irish gentleman would have done it. The Romanies are more accustomed to French or Spanish or Hungarian gentries—and a foreign gentleman wouldn't rise from his rubber of whist, or courting his lady, if you were to hang all the Gipsies in the world, for to him the wandering people are only bloody ruffians and great rogues. Not that foreigners haven't their good points—we mustn't be narrow, Mr. Kerry!—but what they are I can't remember," said James Carabine.

"Well, all the Gipsies of the countryside and the new arriving Gipsies treated your uncle Cosmo as if he were King of Egypt. This fellow Anselo became a sort of body-guard to him. In Winter they were with him on the bogs, helping him bring down the jack-snipe and the wild duck. In Summer they were always finding out for him where the fattest, cunningest old trout lay. They would never let him be alone, for wherever he went a young Gipsy man followed on moorland or by bog or river, tho the Gipsy mightn't be visible, for these people are like ghosts or like the hare in the grass when they want to be.

"They all knew, Mr. Kerry, that with his tremendous gifts of brain and personality, he had this little fondness for the silver flask. And they weren't going to have a false step by the river or a slip into a bog-hole deprive them of their friend. Also, at nights in the public houses there would always be Anselo or some caravan brother of his standing by to see that your uncle Cosmo got home safe.

"It's a funny thing, Mr. Kerry," said James Carabine, "but if you treat a Gipsy like a rogue he will be a rogue. It's his way of getting back at you. But if you treat him like a gentleman there isn't a greater gentleman alive."

CARABINE was sewing his flies now. He had needle and fine thread in one hand, and thimble on finger, and out of the tails of his long butler's coat he had fished a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles, and what with these on his nose and his black side-whiskers, and the gold rings in his ears, he looked incongruous and amiable and very nice, and dignified, too, I would have you know.

But it was hard to see in that strange old man the great fighter who had done fifty rounds, London Prize Ring Rules, with the Limehouse Leopard for a gold belt and a purse of one hundred guineas in gold, and who had smitten MacDonald, the Jamaica black man, so hard between the eyes that as he lay on the ground blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils.

"They are a very ancient folk, Mr. Kerry, and, tracing them back, they came from the snowy mountains in the north of India, and their tongue is like the Indian speech. But India may have only been a stopping-place on their way from the heart of the world. The Romany gentleman, Mr. Kerry, may have a genealogy as long and as fine as your own. And they are a wise folk, not with the wisdom of books, which is second-hand wisdom, and which is like second-hand clothes—it may be shoddy or it mayn't fit or suit the buyer at all. They know these things: by the moon they know what weather will be in it, and how soon after the rising of the west wind the rain will come; the diseases and fancies of the horse, and the playing of music; they know if a man is true, and a woman is virtuous, and other valuable things to know.

"They understand freedom. They are not prisoners of the pocket or of the market-place. Oftentimes you'll pass a caravan and see an old man smoking in front of the open-air fire, and you'll figure he's thinking of the hare that's grilling before him, or the trout stretched on a stick. But the old man may be admiring God's mercy or have his mind on the jagged edges of the stars.

"The common man, Mr. Kerry, will treat the Romany as a rogue, and the Romany in his wisdom and contempt will be a rogue and catch the common man in his own snare. But your uncle Cosmo was a wise man and a gentleman, and he treated Anselo Loveridge as a gentleman, and never did a man have truer, loyaler friend.

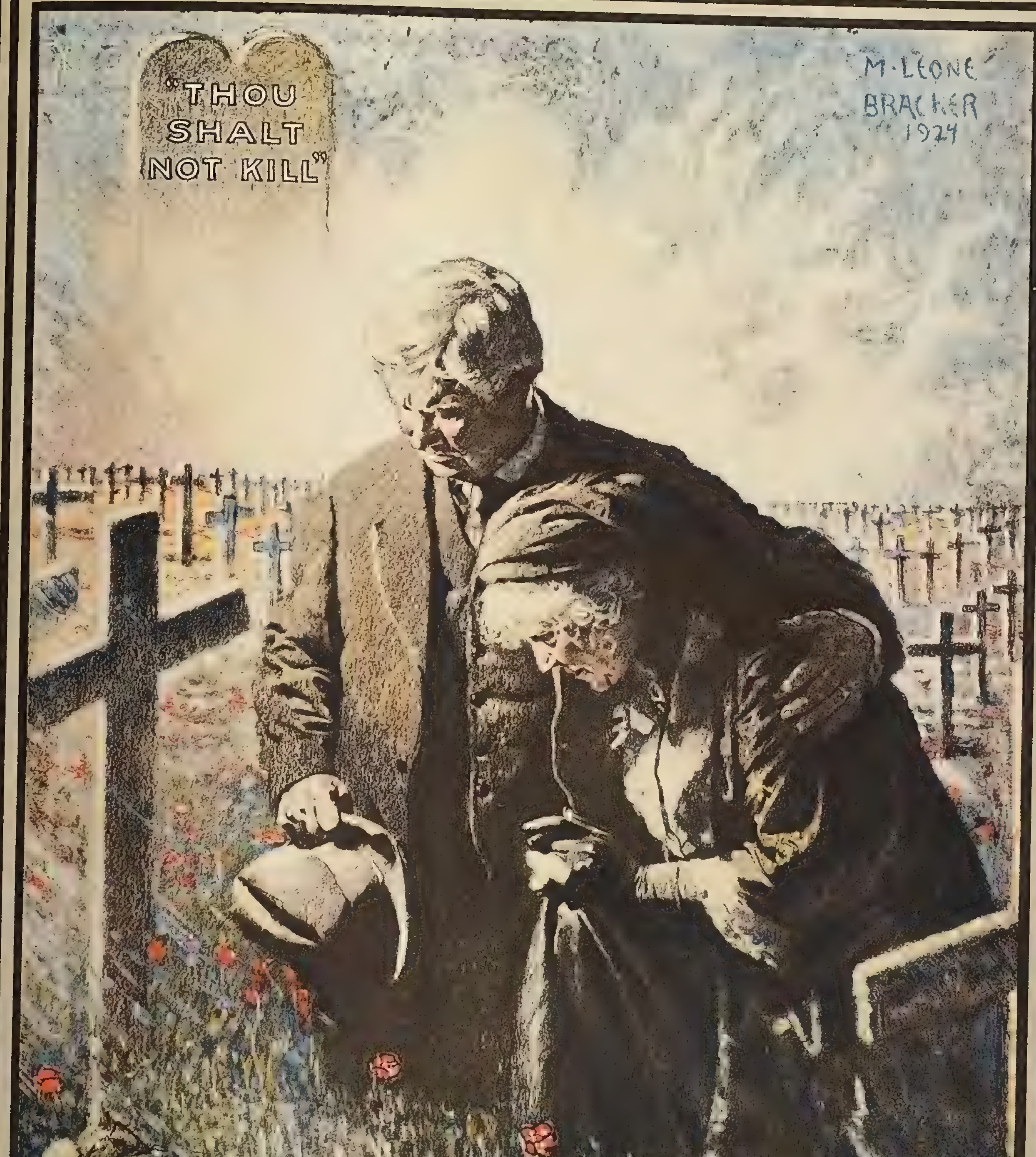
"Your uncle Cosmo's mind was like this, Mr. Kerry, in respect to the drink: You've seen the sun going down and some high green hill catching the last light of it. All about the foot of the hill is darkness. And the darkness creeps up the hill, little by little, while the top gets more brilliant and brilliant, and the higher the darkness creeps, the more shining and grand is the peak. Your uncle's mind was like that. He had many discourses. He would talk for hours on the state of the country, arguing from the times of the Normans to John Howard Parnell. Also he would talk about the inhabitants of England being the lost tribes of Israel, and bring out pieces of the Bible, prophecies and the like, would set your mind working like a mill-wheel in the stream. He would talk about the future of America, a most instructive discourse.

"As the drink rose in him, it would be like the darkness on a green hill. But the most brilliant discourse of all was on China. China was the peak of the hill, where the sun was shining. It was, Mr. Kerry, as if every part of his brain were dead but that which spoke of China. That was the last part of his brain to die, when the sun went down on the lush green hill. He would talk about the immense intricacy of Chinese card-games, and of the great wall of China, and of the man that builded it, Ta-Wah, the master mason.

"He would talk about Chinese religion, of something called 'The Way,' and of Confucius, that was hoary with wisdom—and both religions were sensible, but intricate and very Chinese. He would talk about Chinese poets—a lad called Li Po, the chief song-maker of his time, and a heavy drinking man, and Tu Fu, an ascetic hard worker whose love-poems were better than whisky for chills, and whose philosophy was a grand cure for fever. As a matter of fact, Mr. Kerry, it was an eye-opener to know, after the way the parsons do be talking of the heathen, that

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

PAINTED BY OTTO MENGELBERG



THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

"Thou Shalt Not Kill"

SIXTH COMMANDMENT

Drawn by M. LEONE BRACKER

Copyrighted 1925 by Pictorial Review

Steadying the New Generation

"What Kind of a 'Brake' Does Speedy Modern Life Really Need?" Asks the Professor of Biblical Literature of Amherst College

By James Gordon Gilkey

SPEAKING at a recent gathering in New York city, one of the local judges made this significant statement: "The United States is the most lawless nation in the world to-day. Here in New York city we average a murder a day, and in Chicago, tho the population is smaller, the number of murders is even greater. To a judge the most disheartening element in the situation is the extreme youth of the average modern criminal. Here in New York we find the average age is only seventeen or eighteen."

Facts like these—and records of contemporary American life are full of them—make some of us wonder whether our national morality is beginning to break under the new strains of modern life. Just what are we coming to?

These moral difficulties are not limited to any single class in our population. We find them among the underprivileged boys and girls of the slums, and we also find them among the young people of wealth, social position, and educational opportunity. Some time ago a girl who had been graduated from one of our best New England colleges announced, to the consternation of her friends, that she had decided to leave her husband and her two children in order to find "fuller self-realization" with another mate. The dean of the college wrote her a final letter of protest which eventually found its way into print:

"I know I can not mention the word duty to you. You say the very sound of it turns you cold and stony. You are like so many girls of a still younger generation. Only the other day one of them, here in college, said to me: 'Yes, I admit that such and such a thing is my duty. But you see that word means absolutely nothing to me.' So in dealing with you, as in dealing with her, I must discard the old appeal to moral obligation. I must try to reach you both in some other way."

Incidents like this—and they are far more frequent than many of us like to admit—deepen our anxiety about this new generation. What will these young people do with America in the coming years?

Before we give up hope, however, we ought to recall at least two pertinent facts. The first is that generalizations about the morality of large groups are very hard to make and are usually inaccurate. In the desire to point out the blackness of a few sheep in the flock, most observers overlook entirely the whiteness of the majority. Granted that some members of the new generation give us cause for genuine concern. We must also remember that there are thousands of young Americans in whose character and attainment the nation may well take pride. Let us look at both groups before we pass verdicts on the entire generation.

Last year the members of a class that had been graduated in the nineties from one of our oldest universities held an unusual father-and-son banquet. Seventeen fathers were present, and their twenty-two sons who were then undergraduates at this same university. Afterward one of the fathers made this interesting statement:

"When we compared the two groups we noticed at once that every one of the sons was a better physical specimen than his father. In every case the boy was taller, straighter, better set-up physically. Thirty years of progress in medicine, hygiene, and athletics had left their mark. Then we found that the boys were better speechmakers than their fathers. The old men tried to talk on indefinitely; the young men knew enough to be brief. The next morning some of us went down to the police-station to ask about moral conditions in the college of to-day. The chief looked up the record for us. When we were in college thirty years ago about two hundred students were arrested annually for drunkenness. At the present time, in spite of all the difficulties incident on prohibition, the police arrest only about twelve students per year."

Before passing verdicts on the morality of the new generation let us remember that vice always gets more publicity than virtue. There is little "news value" in the boy who does his work quietly and lives his life decently day after day. Generalizations, which usually overlook the well-mannered majority, ought to be made and listened to with great care.

We ought also to realize that some of the situations which alarm us to-day alarmed the older people of the past. There were heartburnings in the seventeenth century, just as there are in the twentieth. But somehow or other the troublesome boys and girls of yesterday grew into a respectable maturity. Consider this record of life in Harvard College in the so-called "good old days":

"June 5, 1644. Two of our ministers' sons, being students in the college, last night robbed two dwelling-houses of some fifteen pounds. Being found out, they were ordered by the governor of the college to be whipped, which was presently performed by the president himself. Afterward they were brought into court and ordered to give twofold satisfaction, or else serve so long for it. As yet we had no punishment in the college for burglary."

There were unruly students then, as there are now. The young people from whom most was expected sometimes proved a disappointment then, as they sometimes prove one now. And yet that generation survived. It even won a reputation for excessive piety.

Similarly the unconventionality that disturbs the parents of to-day seems to have disturbed the parents of the past. In the year 1700 some of the boys in Boston began to cut off their hair and disport themselves in wigs. This action greatly shocked their elders. Samuel Sewall, one of the Boston divines of the day, left in his diary this record of a session with one of the obstreperous youths in his congregation:

"June 10, 1701. Having heard last night that Josiah Willard had cut off his hair and put on a wig, I went to his house this morning. Told his mother what I had come about, and she called Josiah. I inquired of him what extremity had forced him to put off his own hair and put on a wig. He answered: 'None at all,' but went on to say that his own hair was straight and parted behind. Then argued that men might as well shave the hair off their head as off their face.

"I told Josiah that wigs had been condemned by a meeting of ministers in Northampton, and prayed him to read the tenth chapter of the third book of Calvin's 'Institutions.' . . . Josiah's father told me that if he had known it, he would have forbidden Josiah to cut his hair. Josiah's mother said she had heard Josiah speak of it, but was afraid positively to forbid him lest he should cut his hair none the less and so be more faulty. God seems to have ordained our hair as a kind of test to see whether we will be content at His finding, or whether we will be our own carvers and come no more at Him."

Hair-cutting seems to have disturbed the peace of more than one generation. But apparently America survived the first disturbance. It will probably survive the second.

Where there is a serious moral problem among young people, the reason is not far to seek. If you will think back to your own youth you will remember that there were two sets of forces contending within your personality. One was made up of all those propulsive energies which appear generation after generation in all normal young people. The hunger for excitement, the longing for new and untried experiences, the passionate desire to follow new and wild instincts regardless of convention and consequence —all these forces united within you during the teens and early twenties to create a stream of propulsive power. It was this power that carried you forward from youth to maturity. It is this power—controlled and directed, of course—that gives some of the men and women of your generation their strength, ambition, and evident leadership.

But in your life these propulsive forces were controlled, a generation ago, by several important stabilizing powers. One was the influence of your home. From the first you were conscious of a rigid discipline that held you steady more than once.

Carlyle described many of the American homes of an older day when he gave this picture of his childhood home in Scotland a century ago: "An inflexible element of authority surrounded us all. We felt from the first—and it was a useful feeling, too—that our wishes often had little to do in the matter."

ANOTHER stabilizing force in your life was the restraining influence of a generally accepted code of manners. You had been brought up with the idea that there were certain things which people of your type never did. You saw, as you grew older, that these things were really not done. You thought of doing them, of course. But the restraining influence of the social code stifled the idea before it went far on the road to action. Probably the most influential stabilizing influence of all in your life was religion. You had been trained by your parents and your church in a clearly defined system of moral convictions. They had been given for you the highest sanction imaginable—the sanction of God Himself. In some homes of the past century this religious and moral training began long before children realized what was going on. William Newton Clarke gives this picture of the home of his boyhood, in the days before the Civil War:

"There were five of us, and after breakfast every day we sat down with our Bibles in our hands and read in turn three verses apiece. There was very little explanation, usually none. The reading was followed by solemn prayer, all of us kneeling together. The body of the Scripture was thus presented to my childish mind, and whether I understood it or not it made its impression."

Here were the stabilizing forces that controlled the life and thought of youth in the generations behind us.

During the last half century the situation has changed radically as far as thousands of American homes are concerned. The propulsive energies in young people have, of course, retained their ancient power. They are just as strong now as they were fifty or five hundred years ago. But in many homes the stabilizing forces have grown noticeably weak. Consider the obvious loss of religious interest in scores of families, particularly younger families in and around our large cities.

Some time ago a young business man in a New England city was talking with a local minister whose services were being broadcast. "Heard you beautifully last Sunday," the young man was saying. "I fixed the ear-phones inside the horn of the phonograph, and even our three youngsters could get the service. They stood there in front of the machine, heard your talk to the children in church, and then actually

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

The Ten Commandments

"Thou Shalt Not Kill"

SIXTH COMMANDMENT

IN THE touching interpretation of the Sixth Commandment on the preceding page, Mr. Bracker eloquently portrays a scene that is being enacted every day in thousands of soldiers' cemeteries throughout the world. As we watch this grief-stricken father and mother, who can keep from praying and hoping that peace on earth may become so firmly established among nations as to prevent them from doing in the aggregate what men are punished for for doing individually?

The Novel That Shows the Inside of Life in the Motion-Pictures—The Story You Have Always Wanted to Read

Complete in Four
Instalments
Part Three

"MINNIE WAS PHOTOGRAPHED LYING IN STUDIED RELAXATION UPON A SATIN-PILLOWED CHAISE-LONGUE READING BERNARD SHAW'S 'MAN AND SUPERMAN'"

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

BY FRANCES MARION

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

The Story of the Story

MINNIE FLYNN had been a shop-girl earning nine dollars a week in the basement of the "Odds and Ends" until she met Al Kessler, a movie actor, at a dance one night and was persuaded to let him introduce her to his producing company. Her father was a plumber, her sister a sickly sort, her mother a drudge. Her two brothers, one a loafer, the other a prize-fighter, were light contributors to the household's expenses. All but Minnie were content with their sordid surroundings.

A glimpse behind the scenes of the moving-picture world set afire her ambition to shake the department-store dust from her shoes and become an actress. She was eighteen and pretty and her ignorance was both superb and pathetic.

After several disastrous attempts to impress the producers, Minnie Flynn finally married Billy MacNally, her butcher beau, and started life over again in a furnished room. Then one day as she sat in the midst of her discontent she was summoned to the motion-picture studio. Some one to play the part of a shop-girl must be found, and Hal Deane, the clever, kind-hearted director, remembered Minnie and her absurd attempts at acting, but he had also seen a certain something in her and was sure that he could train her. Excited yet bewildered, Minnie swallowed the proposition to act for eight weeks at seventy-five dollars a week. But what about her name? It had no appeal!

Beauregard, old roué and owner of the business, fascinated by the girl's youth and beauty, called for a movie christening. Minnie Flynn she will be no longer; Miss June Day she must become! And so the beautiful Miss Day is shot upon the screen world. Can Hal Deane ever make a star of her? (*The story continues.*)

MINNIE telephoned from Fort Lee to Billy. It was several minutes before he recognized her voice. It was so high-pitched and the sentences were so fragmentary. Bewildered, he hung up the receiver. Only this much did he understand; Minnie was back in the movies. Minnie had found a hundred dollars and was spending it. She had ordered him to send word to her mother that they would have dinner there.

Two hours later the Flynn family was assembled, waiting nervously for Minnie.

"You'd be sick as a dog, Pete Flynn, if Minnie put one over, after the way you've talked about her," challenged Mrs. Flynn from her vantage-point at the window where she had been waiting since the five o'clock whistles had blown.

"She'll have nothin' to crow about—not that dirty little sneak," came Pete's surly reply, but a look from Elsie silenced him.

Billy arrived first, pale with unexplained nervousness. A strange tight pain lay under his heart. Mrs. Flynn wanted to know what was troubling him. He pressed her hand over the spot where the pain was.

"Why, Billy MacNally, it ain't nothin' but indigestion." Then she ordered Michael Flynn to nix a spoonful of soda in a glass of hot water. Billy drank it, but it didn't relieve his agony. In his inner consciousness tugged an inexplicable premonition, and he sat there, overpowered by the fear of losing his wife, fear that any success away from their humdrum existence would take her away from him. Agonizing fear!

Minnie turned the handle of the door and kicked the door open. "Hello!" she cried in a voice that rose like a sharp report. "Well, here I am!"

It had come. Minnie had won out! They read her triumph in her eyes. Mr. Flynn was awed by it; her mother hysterically relieved; Elsie and Nettie and Jimmy and Billy knew it had come. Pete knew it, too. For one fleeting moment he could have struck her to the floor and stamped upon her. He felt a pointed insult in her triumph.

"Oh, Minnie!" It was Billy's voice.

She threw down the packages that had laden her arms and, rushing across the room, hurled herself upon Billy's chest, kissing him wildly and passionately.

"Billy," she cried, "I'm almost crazy! I'm almost out of my head! What do you think has happened to me? I've been spendin' money for the last two hours. I got a hundred dollars off the director at the studio! I signed something. I got my name changed. Billy, I bought you a silver toothpick. Mama, I got a present for you. Look in my pocket! Oh, I can hardly get my breath! Seventy-five dollars a week, for eight weeks, and I'm to be a star with my picture in the papers. Papa, I got you a mustache-cup. I start to work to-morrow—rehearsals, he called it. Oh, I'm crazy, Billy! I tell you I'm just off my nut with it! Look at me! Ain't I shakin' from head to foot?"

They breathed with strange, rasping sounds as they crowded around her. "Minnie, lower your voice—you're screamin' so!" cautioned her mother. "I'm afraid I'll miss some of it. Tell it to us over again—please, Minnie."

"She's either drunk or cuckoo," said Pete. He leaned down swiftly and picked up a bill which Minnie had dropped as her trembling hands emptied her pockets.

"A lip-stick for Nettie, and I got a green tam like the director wanted me to—" a sob choked off her laughter. "Oh, Billy, we're rich, honey! Just think of it! For Heaven's sakes, somebody, quick—figure up what eight times seventy-five dollars is—and the old boss is goin' to give me much more work when I finish the eight weeks."

PETE had ironed out the bill. He swore when he saw that the amount was ten dollars.

"Look here, Pete Flynn!" protested his mother. "There's no reason why you should swear like that just because Minnie got all this money. I'm ashamed of you!"

"Don't get so excited, Mama. Here, Minnie, here's your dough." And Pete handed back the bill, his little jealous eyes riveted upon it.

Minnie laughed, folded it up, started to drop it into Billy's pocket, when an idea sparkled in her eyes. "Mama, what you got for dinner?"

"Lamb-stew, Minnie. Billy paid for it out of his own pocket."

"Stew nothin'. What do you say, folks, if we all go out and celebrate? Make one big night of it? I'll blow you to the whole ten! I'll take you to some swell chop-suey joint for supper, and after that we'll all go to the movies. Mama, Papa—what do you say, folks? Come on, Billy, let's stir 'em up and get out of here."

They stood there, saying nothing, their nerves jarred by the sharp staccatos of Minnie's voice. Jimmy was the one to break the silence. "I think you've got the right idea, Sis. What's the good of money if you don't spend it? Let's put on the big works. Everybody, kick over the traces. Ma, you're gonna step out and dance with me to-night!"

"But it's lamb-stew, Minnie—Billy and your pa's favorite."

"Warm it up for to-morrow night, dearie. To-night's the night, Ma. Ain't it right, Jimmy?"

For the first time Michael Flynn spoke. His voice was trembling, and he was afraid of his family. "Are you sure, Minnie, that it's not like the last time, when they promised you such a swell job and then never gave it to you?"

"Oh, Papa!" Minnie's voice whined with irritation. "Please don't be a killjoy to-night! Didn't I explain to you how different this was, that I signed something, that I got a hundred bucks from the director for just signin' it?" With studied tolerance she put her arm around her father's neck. "Didn't I make it clear to you, Papa dear, how I'm goin' to get seventy-five dollars a week, collectin' it on every Saturday night, as regular as if I was workin' in a plumbin'-shop?"

"Sure, just as regular as if she was workin' in a plumbin'-shop," repeated Jimmy. "Come on, Pa, get your shoes on. We can't spoil Minnie's good time by throwin' cold water on it. Ma, get out the old bonnet. I know the niftiest chop-suey joint that's got a good floor and a nickel piano and everything! We're goin' to step out with some little style to-night. Minnie's brought home the bacon!"

BUSTLE and confusion, and in the center of it Minnie. Several times Billy tried to get close to her, but he was pushed away by eager, grasping hands. And so they clattered down the narrow steps, stopping at each neighbor's door to tell them the news, adding to their story every time they told it, in spite of Michael Flynn's warning and Billy's embarrassed protests.

Billy felt uneasily alone, isolated from these people, whose very friendliness made them seem strangers to him. Even Minnie and he seemed to have drifted far apart. Later, in the chop-suey restaurant Billy warmed under the glow of many glasses of beer and the feel of Minnie's palpitating body against his. And they danced furiously to the whang and pulse of the electric piano, kept noisy by the succession of nickels Minnie dropped into it. Billy and Michael Flynn had figured up the sum that Minnie was going to make, and Billy breathed into Minnie's ears, while they were dancing, the almost incredible amount.

"What'll you do with it, Minnie? Six hundred dollars," he kept repeating as they danced around and around in the dizzying maze of waltz-steps.

"Oh, I dunno," and her voice trailed off dreamily. "Buy a lot of things for me and you, honey—a new overcoat, and some silk stockings, and a brass bed like that swell one we seen in the department store window the other evening, and——"

"Maybe it would be wiser if we invested it in the meat business, Minnie. There's goin' to be an opening in Hesselman's this Fall. I heard the old man tellin' it to the auditor only the other afternoon."

"I know, Billy dear, but let's wait till we get the fur coat and the brass bed. You said yourself how swell the bed was, and you was wishin' that we had one like it."

The music came to a cacophonous finale. Feet shuffled over the dance-floor, and when all were seated Minnie again made herself conspicuous by rushing across the empty space to drop, with an exaggerated gesture, another nickel in the slot. "Come on, Jimmy," she cried out. "My feet are achin' from dancin', but I've never had such a good time in all my life."

"It's gettin' so late, Minnie," protested her mother, who had called her over to the table. "It's after midnight. Papa's awful tired, and he gets up at five, dearie."

Minnie was tired, too. She had lived so fast and furiously in the last few hours. "All right, Ma. I'm ready to go home. I don't feel that it's the end of a big night, because all nights are goin' to be big nights from now on for the Flynn family. What do you say, Pete? Havin' a good time lappin' the beer and noodles?"

"Sure I am," said Pete sheepishly, "but I ain't got nothin' on the old man. Caught pa sittin' back in his chair to-night like a millionaire and smokin' a Havana. I notice that nobody else got a whack at 'em."

Minnie leaned over and swiftly kissed her father's bald head. "Pa's goin' to be smokin' two-for-a-quarters before I'm through with him, ain't you, Papa dear?"

Mr. Flynn was always embarrassed when he was the center of attraction. "Oh, go on, Minnie," he laughed softly. "Chewin'-tobacco is good enough for me. I don't know what the boss of the plumbin'-shop would say if he seen me smokin' a cigar."

Minnie squeezed his hand. "I love you, Papa," she said. And she did love him more than did any of the others. "I'll have every cent that I borrowed of your funeral money paid back to you by the end of the first week; you see if I don't."

The ten-dollar bill was in Billy's pocket. His fingers had gone swiftly to it many times during the evening and then drawn away, as if the bill were a live coal. He didn't know why he should feel that way about money that Minnie had given him, but he did. To take that money and invest it for her was one thing, to spend it was another.

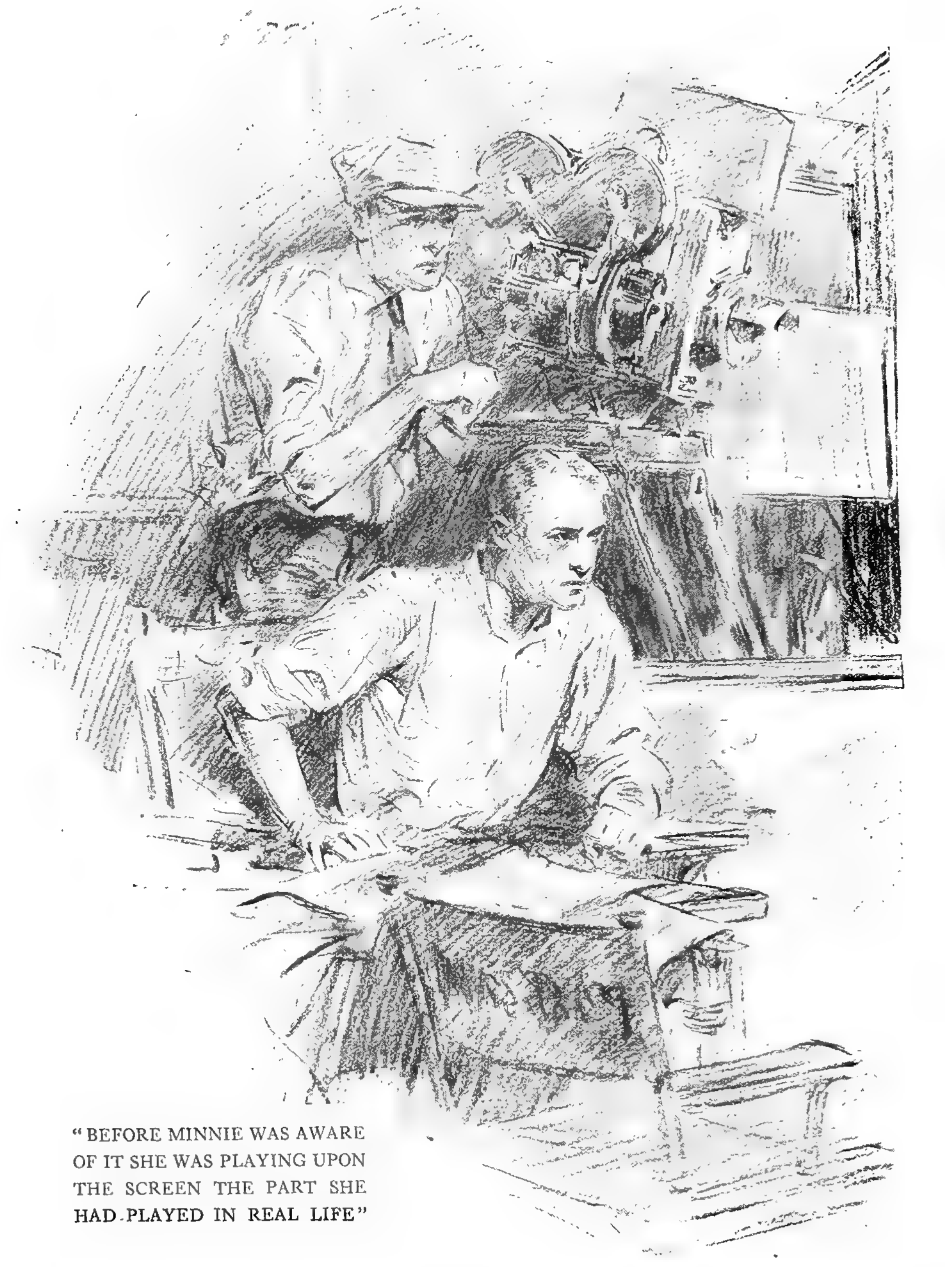
"Hey, chinky!" Minnie's voice had jarred on him all evening. Now it was raucous, shrill, even cutting above the din of the electric piano. "Bring us the bill, and pronto. Savvy?"

When Michael Flynn had thought about the bill, he cringed as if expecting a physical blow. He had noted every order that went forth from the table. He had been counting all evening the glasses of beer set in front of Pete and Jimmy. "It's gonna be pretty steep, little girl," he said to her nervously. "You went on orderin' all those funny names, and I never seen you once look to the right side o' the bill of fare."

"Oh, Papa, you're a scream! All my life I've been wishin' that I could eat a meal without havin' to look at the right side o' the bill and order from the prices instead of the dishes. And now that time has come, don't you see, Papa? We'll never have to look at the price-list first."

The bill was eight dollars and twenty-five cents. It was madness to Michael Flynn.

When they filed out, through the ornate Chinese door, Minnie linked her arm through her father's. It pleased Michael Flynn and flattered him. A faint blush mounted to his graying temples. "The old man's steppin' out," he said, attempting to make light of it, but his arm trembled when Minnie tightened her grasp.



"BEFORE MINNIE WAS AWARE OF IT SHE WAS PLAYING UPON THE SCREEN THE PART SHE HAD PLAYED IN REAL LIFE"

"Let's fall behind the crowd a bit. I got somethin' to tell you," Minnie whispered in his ear.

"Sure, Minnie; what is it?" The quiver in his voice revealed a new concern.

"Don't worry; it's nothin' to be scared about." She watched and waited until Billy, swinging off in a stride with Jimmy, was out of hearing.

"Papa."

"Yes, baby."

"I gave the studio your telephone number instead of Billy's. They're gonna call me some time to-morrow and leave a message for Miss Day. You know that's what I told you they're gonna call me, Papa—Miss Day. I don't want Billy to know I gave 'em your plumbin'-shop instead of the butcher-shop."

"Aw, Minnie, why did you ever do such a thing as that?"

"Sh! Papa, they'll hear you. It's hard to explain now, but I couldn't tell 'em over at the studio that I was married."

"Why, Minnie MacNally!"

"Papa dear, you're old-fashioned and you don't understand."

"I'm glad I don't, Minnie. This is gettin' to be a terrible world if girls is ashamed of their own good husbands."

"It ain't because I'm ashamed of him, Papa, honest it ain't, but I've heard a lot of girls at the studios say that you'll be queered the minute they find out that you're married. You see, Papa—" groping blindly for some excuse to cover her cheap cowardice—"you see, dearie, there are so many girls lookin' for work, they won't give the married girls a chance if they got husbands to support 'em. That's fair, ain't it, Papa?"

Michael Flynn could not understand it at all. Life had always seemed so simple when the children were little: work in the plumbing-shop, the children's quarrels, moral relations, friendly neighbors, church twice a year. It was becoming so complex with the children growing up.

"Minnie, you're takin' a wrong step. The minute you start any kind of crooked business you're gonna make everybody unhappy. It's as bad as stealin', and that never did nobody no good. You remember that smart young fella who got a job at our place and began hidin' out bolts and locks and brass screws on the boss, stealin' a little here and stealin' a little there—" Minnie's sudden, unexpected laughter came as a startling interruption.

"Oh, Papa," she was saying, "you certainly are a funny one. No matter what we're talkin' about you always drift around to the plumbin' business. I'm gonna let you walk with mama now. She's listened to it for thirty years, and she's got so used to it by this time that it goes in one ear and out the other. This ain't no right time for lecturin' me; I'm too happy."

"I'm sorry, Minnie, but Billy's a good boy, and don't you forget it."

"I won't, Papa. I'm crazy about him, honest I am."

That evening when Billy's strong arms held her close she protested her love for him more warmly than she had ever done before. "Kiss me, Billy. Kiss me a lot to-night. I'm awful nervous. My heart's shakin' my whole body. Feel it? Gee, I'd just die if I didn't have you. You're like that big red sofa in the parlor at home. It's been there ever since I can remember. I'd hate that place if it wasn't for that sofa. It sounds terrible silly, I know, but you *are* like that sofa, Billy."

Billy never had any answer for such talk as this. He stroked her hair with his clumsy hand, and wondered what a sensible woman like Hesselman's dead wife would have thought about a girl like Minnie. As he lay there looking off into the impenetrable darkness, he was thinking, he knew not why, of this strange comparison. He was thinking of the bread that Mrs. Hesselman had made, of the children she had borne and buried, how she had helped her husband in his work. And he was ashamed of it; but he was thinking also that Minnie had never even cooked a breakfast for him.

"A penny for your thoughts, sweetheart!" Minnie said, interrupting them.

"Oh, nothin', honey."

"Well, there is somethin' more than that to my thoughts. Guess what I'm thinkin' about, Billy dear."

"I dunno, honey."

"All the things I'm gonna buy you!"

"Me?"

"Yeh, you."

"But I don't want you to buy me anything, honey. I got everything I want."

Minnie laughed, and buried her face into the curve of

his neck. "You old silly. Why, I know a dozen things that I'm gonna get you. It's all gonna be a surprize; you just wait and see. There won't be a fellow in our set that's gonna have classier vests than you're gonna have, Billy MacNally. You're gonna make Al Kessler look like thirty cents—that's what you are!"

"But I can't afford it, Minnie!"

"That's just it, but I can. I'm gonna begin to help you, Billy. Think of that six hundred dollars the first crack out of the box. Six hundred dollars, darling! Oh, I'm so excited, Billy! It all seems too good to be true. Kiss me, kiss me hard! I want to make you so happy, Billy, honest I do."

Finally Minnie fell asleep, exhausted by the play of her imagination, as her dreams shuttled back and forth from Tenth Avenue to the studio, from the studio to Tenth Avenue. But Billy lay awake long into the night, the burden of Minnie in his arms, his own hands in a tight lock as if to hold her there, her face glowing even in her sleep with this new-found happiness, and one of Billy's tears glistening upon a strand of her loosely braided red hair.

The Flynns had only one bitter regret about Minnie's success—the changing of her name. Even the consolation of her picture in an evening journal couldn't lessen their disappointment. Michael Flynn, who alone remained passive through these swift-moving changes, commented upon it. Flynn was no name to be discarded—a good name that stood for good, honest people.

To Minnie this hectic new life had assumed distorted proportions: her days too short, her nights too long. Her days were filled with hard work, little triumphs, often unhappy conflicts; her nights restless, made unpleasant by the realization that Billy MacNally would never fit into this new scheme of things. His stolid patience soon became a mockery to her. She resented his silent martyrdom, and tried to stir up an antagonism, feeling that with this she would be better able to cope.

WHEN night came she was physically exhausted by the hard day's work. The excitement, the effort to succeed, lashed her brain with little, sharp, stinging blows. She would sink back, her body aching from the mental strain as if from physical punishment. Then Billy would come to her and in his dull, droning voice recount in maddening detail all that had passed during the day: who had come to the shop, what they had bought, the success of the new block and cleaver. But never once did he ask her what the day had held for her, never once demanded an explanation about the character of her work, never once talked about the possibilities of her success. He ignored it as completely as if their life held only his work and his future.

Minnie resented the lack of interest in her career, chafed under his dry recital, and despised him when he smiled upon her with patronizing tenderness. She wanted sympathy for her disappointments, praise for her triumphs.

Her family gave her the mental support she so missed from Billy. They followed her through the maze of every step, groping wide-eyed after her, their minds too dull to grasp comprehensively the glittering half realities that Minnie pictured. The money—that was what terrified them—the fear that it should prove utterly unreal. Like gaunt, half-starved birds, they hovered around her, all greedy for their portion of position and riches.

To give to them, to buy and spend, became a passionate vice with Minnie. Her father and Billy alone disappointed her. They apparently had no interest in the work she was doing or the money she was receiving, once they found that money would never mean anything to Minnie but the spending of it.

Billy accepted the fancy vests she bought him. Her father was inordinately proud of his gold-banded brier-wood pipe. But her other gifts were laid away with the sentimental cards she had written to accompany them.

So Minnie concentrated her charities upon the other members of her family. Instinct warned her against the sudden warmth of Nettie and Pete. She knew it would stop if the money ceased coming; but her senses were made drunk at the sight of them wallowing before her, grunting like hungry, rooting animals. Nettie. Pete. Elsie. Her mother. Sometimes Minnie hated them when their huddling presence smothered her like foul air. But the longing to satisfy the self-vanity of generosity made it impossible to free herself from these parasites. It drew them the closer until that unhealthy group became incurably adherent to her life.

Work at the studio, after that period of readjustment which precedes each new production, settled into a fairly comfortable routine. The weeks allowed for the completion of a picture vary. There can be many unexpected delays: illness of the principals, insufficient room at the studio for the new sets, inclement weather. But Deane's company had been keeping abreast of their schedule in spite of the fact that Deane was finding it difficult to make an actress out of Minnie Flynn. Her first four or five days' work had electrified the studio. They had gathered in the projection-room to see the film run off, Beauregard more eager than any of the others, for he had been willingly blinded by Minnie's gratitude into believing that it was he who had discovered her.

Minnie photographed beautifully. The camera, relentless as it is to age, seems to find in youth, through its optical illusion, charm and intelligence which the human eye can never perceive. The camera, hearing nothing but seeing everything, passes judgment only on contours.

On the screen Minnie Flynn's pathetic yet laughter-loving mouth was full of charm of an elfin quality. Her eyes, large and rather vacant to the casual observer, seemed, under their shadow of long lashes, to possess a deep, solemn tenderness while her face was in repose—a fire and richness when the high light of a smile illuminated them. Her long, slender fingers suggested a remote patrician forebear. Her body, flexible, small, was vibrant with youth.

Beauregard was jubilant at what he beheld on the screen. "We've got the greatest bet in the business today!" he cried out, wringing his strengthless hands. "What did I tell you, Deane? Go the limit with this girl! Build up your story, give her a fatter part. By gad, she's beautiful!"

Deane smiled and said nothing. He hated hysterical enthusiasm. He alone knew how much work was to be done if this stupid little girl was to become a star. But he liked work; it was always an interesting experiment to mold raw material. Yet he dreaded the time when Minnie, like all the others, would come to believe each triumph to be the success of her own petty endeavor. Sometimes he hated her. She seemed so shallow, so lacking in womanliness.

Then a great pity for her welled up in him and he saw only the child—a spiritually undernourished child with no protective Puritanism in her inheritance. He knew that in her ancestry there were no limiting inhibitions—he could tell from the flat, brittle quality of her voice what her environment had been.

All about him in the picture business were men and women of lowly birth. Many of them, foreign-born, had made prodigal success from the spectacular growth of the motion-picture industry. Deane could see before him their dwarfed bodies, their gray, pale, pockmarked flesh, their eyes, ferret-sharp, peering at the world with a baited look, yet in mute defiance.

A few of the screen's women stars were scarred by their early environments. Like Minnie Flynn, they too had been reared in tenements and their brains were dulled by their early surroundings. But their photographically beautiful faces had brought them sudden, unexpected fame and riches.

Deane had watched them; he had seen their meteoric rise; he had watched each bitter, heart-breaking step downward; had seen the roots of their very beings wilt and rot and disintegrate back into the very dirt they had sprung from.

The men did not degenerate so quickly as the women; they were fortified by instinctive determination against failure and obscurity. And in the field of their work there was no time-limit. The very character of it did not betray them as it did the women in the picture business. The woman's charm is cruelly transient. It is a season in which the actress plants seeds of bitterness, because the beauty of her youth brings a return which is denied maturity.

"Poor little youngster," Deane checked up mentally as he sat there watching Minnie Flynn already surrounded by studio parasites. Her arm was thrown lightly over Alicia Adams's shoulder. She was smiling at Mrs. Lee's gushing praise of the scene just rehearsed. Beauregard, Bacon, Letcher, Weaver now recognized that Minnie would be an affluent success. She would soon rise to a position where she could choose her own satellites. The leeches were well aware of it. They were already showering her with flatteries.

Deane permitted himself no conscious sentimentality. But as the days passed he found himself protecting Minnie from the sly yet vicious advances of Beauregard.

There was about her an almost detached virginity, emphasized by her slender, boyish body, her studied modesty, the stimulus she found in schoolgirl flirtations, her romantic curiosity.

Altho Beauregard could have fired him for his impudence, Deane told him to keep his hands off Minnie. Beauregard accepted this as subtle flattery. At the same time a rankling suspicion was born in his mind. Minnie had been working six weeks with Deane in close proximity, and Deane was an attractive man of thirty-five. Physically he was very powerful; a stocky build, with a deep chest and sinewy arms. He was square-jawed, and there was a serious intentness in his deep-set dark-gray eyes. But his rather heavy, conventional face was transformed when he smiled; it was then his entire personality seemed changed. Minnie thought he was quite handsome. But she was afraid of him—his keen analyses, his cryptic speech, his long, intent silences. Only when he smiled did she lose this fear. Minnie would have been amazed had she known that in spite of her ignorance, by that constantly recurrent triumph of the elemental over the superficial, Hal Deane was falling in love with her.

Beauregard was planning far ahead to make Minnie his prize, and had, in spite of Deane's zealous guardianship, spent many hours with her. He warded off any active resentment on Deane's part by having a chaperon present during almost all of their meetings. Mrs. Lowell was employed as Beauregard's teacher. Her duties were to direct his reading and his speech and to write his letters. She was a personable woman, middle-aged and quiet. Her clothes seemed old-fashioned to Minnie, but Beauregard explained that her severity of dress was an expression of her refinement.

MRS. LOWELL disliked Beauregard; but she was secretly amused by his love-affairs. There was a cruel streak in her nature.

Deane was very friendly with her, but he saw through her sly prattle of philanthropy. He knew the harm of an artificial veneer, and he was eager that Minnie should acquire a sensible basis of education and culture. He spoke to her frankly about going to night-school for courses in English, history, and art. She listened attentively, aware of no hurt, for she was quick to perceive the need of education. But the course Deane outlined was a hard one. She couldn't go to night-school; she was too tired. And there was Billy—always Billy—and her people who crowded around her to hear the events of her day the moment she returned.

So Beauregard's offer of an education not only seemed more comfortable, but it was also more satisfying. During those long periods of waiting for her scenes, Minnie would go into Beauregard's office. Then Mrs. Lowell was summoned. She came into the office, walking and smiling correctly, and carrying books in one hand, a basket in the other. The basket held knives, forks, spoons, glasses, and other perquisites borrowed from the property department.

During the lesson, which was punctuated by loud titters from Minnie, Beauregard sat in his huge mahogany chair, his hands resting upon his round abdomen, his eyes half closed, the lids obliquely drawn to the outer corner, like a Chinese mandarin. He had made up his mind that Minnie Flynn should appear before the world beautiful and apparently well educated. Clever little mimic—he listened daily to the changes in her voice. It was like tuning and giving resonance to a musical instrument. The flat "a's" were losing their sheep-like bleats. Under the persistent guidance of Mrs. Lowell she would soon be freely using the broad "a's." Yes, June Day, the motion-picture actress, would be acclaimed for her beauty and intelligence, and thus would his own vanity be ballooned.

So Minnie Flynn was in the process of metamorphosis. Deane was molding her, teaching her how to express the purely artificial emotions required in any particular rôle by the tricks of facial expression. Beauregard was teaching her the artifices of social relationships. Deane's help was the more needed and substantial, tho Minnie, misled by soft kindness, was grateful only to Beauregard.

All this had happened during the making of the first picture, which, because of early Winter storms, had been held up for several weeks. Ten weeks—the most stimulating that Minnie had ever known!

Ten weeks at seventy-five dollars a week—that was its only real significance to the Flynn family. They were there, standing in line each Saturday night, their hands out and their mouths working. And alternately hating them, loving them, Minnie still emptied her pay-check upon the red-damask table-cloth in the Flynns' front parlor.

Billy stood by like a stranger looking through a window. He loved Minnie, but he wanted nothing from her. He could never be like Jimmy, recklessly finding ways to spend her money.

Minnie was his wife, and he had once felt proud of the possession, but now he seemed to be only Minnie's husband. Since he had acknowledged his miserable shame there had come into his eyes a dumb submission.

One Saturday the shop closed for the afternoon. A friend of Hesselman's had died, and Hesselman had declared it a holiday. Minnie was working. Tho Billy had never been to her studio, he knew from countless descriptions where to locate it in New Jersey. He had been planning a surprize for Minnie's birthday, but the chances were he wouldn't have a holiday then. He had turned in his old motorcycle, and paid several instalments on a second-hand one with a side-car attachment. When they were first married, how Minnie had wished for one! *How was Billy to know that in ten weeks' time Minnie's entire perspective of life had been changed?*

Before Billy reached the studio, Minnie was passing through a crisis, her first assured triumph. The completed picture had been run off for a critical group of studio and newspaper men. Every one of them had cried out his enthusiasm: here was a girl worthy of development and opportunity. Blinded by their praise, Minnie groped her way into Beauregard's office.

"Oh, Mr. Beauregard," she cried, "you should have stayed there and heard what all those men had to say to me. I was never so happy in all my life. And it's you, you!"

She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. But he recoiled as if she had struck him, and stood there, looking at her with malevolence in his eyes. How he resented this impersonal salute! He pushed her almost brutally away from him.

"Words are cheap," he flung at her. "It's always easy to talk appreciation. But when it comes right down to really proving it, then that's a different matter."

"Why, Mr. Beauregard, what do you mean?"

"That you will have plenty of chances to show how sincere you really are. You're going to make another picture here."

"Oh, am I? Am I?"

Beauregard continued with an air of generous concession. "Of course you are, little June Day. I flared up a minute ago because I meet with so many disappointments. But you will be different from the others, I know. At least I hope so, little girl."

Deane came into the office at this moment. His quick glance took in Beauregard's arm around Minnie's waist. Color rose swiftly to his forehead, but he said nothing. A break with Beauregard might separate Minnie from him forever. So he tried to make himself believe that he was thinking only of her success, which was to be his own triumph.

"I have just been telling Miss Day that she is to make another picture for me," Beauregard began in his flat, stilted voice. "Just as you came in I was going to announce to our young aspirant a substantial raise in salary."

Deane knitted his brows; he didn't believe in rapid salary increases. They were too unbalancing. But his frown disappeared when he saw the childishly eager expression on Minnie's face.

"One hundred dollars a week, covering a period of ten weeks, and possibly at the end of the second picture a year's contract—at a slight advance, of course," said Beauregard.

Minnie had nothing to say. She sank limply into

"PETE SNARLED AT HER FOR HER STUPIDITY AT NOT LETTING HIM MANAGE HER AFFAIRS"

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

a chair. At last, with an attempt at poise and lightness, she motioned to Beauregard.

"Bring in your li'l' ole contracts and I'll sign on any old dotted line that you want me to."

How drugged Minnie's senses were when she left the studio that afternoon! She hurried out through the gate, waving a farewell to the gatekeeper. She sang noisy greetings to familiar faces. She kissed Alicia and Mrs. Lee good night. She was even tolerant of an interruption from Eleanor Grant. The latter looked so red and white, so thin and haggard. She leaned from Minnie wearily.

"I'm trampling my pride into the dirt, Minnie——"

"S-sh! They'll hear you. It's June now."

"Right into the dirt, June," with a drop in her voice, "but I've got to ask help from you."

"Help—from me?"

"Sure, Minnie—June—breaking fast. I'm sick, dreadfully sick. This bronchitis is going to be the death of me. Look at me. I'm a fright. I've done nothing but eat, and I can't put enough flesh on my bones to keep me from looking like a scarecrow."

"Oh, Eleanor, really I'm sorry for you. I'll never forget how good you were to me that first day. I—well, I've forgotten all about how you pressed me for that money. But I can't blame you. I was so irresponsible then, and here, Eleanor, here's ten dollars. You can have it, every cent of it!"

Eleanor looked at her with shocked reproach. "Minnie! I'm not asking you for money. How could you think I meant a thing like that? As if I'd sunk that low, as if I were a beggar! Oh, how could you?"

MINNIE was bewildered by all these double and triple standards of virtue which she had found among the girls in the picture business. Back in Ninth Avenue, moral requirements had been the one positive thing. Matters of kindness, culture, artificial delicacy had been considered nice but secondary, whereas now morals were considered nice but secondary.

"But you said you needed help, Eleanor. I guess I don't understand you. Please tell me what I can do for you."

Eleanor fastened herself upon Minnie by pinioning her arms. She looked Minnie so long and steadily in the eyes that she was frightened.

"Minnie," and Eleanor talked quickly because she saw that Minnie was eager to get away from her, "I don't know whether to warn you or be silent and just pity you. If I do tell you what I'd like to say you'll think I'm preaching. You'll do what I did when other girls tried to steer me right. But always remember that success is so elusive! It lasts only long enough to give you a taste of the comfortable things in life and then you're kicked out again. Why, look at me, Minnie. Look what I had! But, Minnie, don't follow in my footsteps, and treasure your youth; it's all you've got." She coughed violently. "I guess, Minnie, I'll have to take the ten dollars after all if you can spare it, but, for the love of Heaven, don't let any of that gossiping crowd know that I'm down to that." They were so close that Minnie could feel the fever of Eleanor's breath.

"Minnie, you're so little and pretty! Oh, this rotten motion-picture business! It saps us so! It feeds us so much and makes us disgorge it so quickly. It's like that, Minnie, you'll find out; you're bound to. A pretty little thing like you, Minnie." Her eyes glowed like phosphorus under water. "Don't play up to an old devil like Beauregard. Don't do that to succeed. It doesn't get you anywhere. Look at me. I did! What did it do for me? They're like leeches, men like that. Bloodsuckers. What they can give you is so short-lived.

"The people at the studios, the ones with brains, who can really make you, they're prejudiced and work against you if you don't play straight. You'll see that in every studio. They get it over to the public, too. Only a few of the triflers have been successfully foisted upon the public, and they could have gotten much further in the business legitimately if they had worked hard at it, and been willing to climb slowly and decently."

"S-sh, Eleanor," Minnie interrupted her, and in her voice was a hint of trembling eagerness to escape. "You're wearing yourself out. I understand, dear. I'm no Spring chicken. Nobody can ever put anything over on me."

Eleanor's hysteria, riding on a crescendo, left her nerves broken and jangling. She shook as if palsied.

Touched, Minnie threw her arms around her friend and drew her close. She kissed her—little fumbled, half-embarrassed kisses. "Eleanor," she whispered, "I'll help you again when you need it. Call on me any time you want to. Are you sure there isn't anything else I can do for you?"

Eleanor said that Minnie could speak to Deane if she would; perhaps there would be some small part for her. "He doesn't know my work; in fact, I've never been able to get a chance with his company. But if you don't mind, Minnie, you can tell him what I've done and show him some of my photographs. I'll come over to the studio to-morrow and bring you a portfolio of them."

Then Minnie hurried away, and Eleanor lifted her face, her eyes wildly straining, to catch a last glimpse of Minnie. It was like looking into the past; Minnie was her own youth—come back.

Just then Deane's car rolled out of the studio garage. Leaning forward, he caught a glimpse of Minnie. "She walks like a young boy, arms swinging clear of her sides, head up, elastic step. She is pretty," Deane said to himself. Then he called to his chauffeur to stop.

"'WE DON'T MAKE SELFISH MOVES LIKE THAT WITHOUT PAYING FOR IT. I HAVE AND ALWAYS WILL. IN LOSING YOUR RESPECT AND FRIENDSHIP, I KNOW THAT I HAVE LOST MORE THAN I DESERVE FOR MY STUPIDITY'"

"Want to ride with me?"

"Sure I do. What could be sweeter?"

Deane didn't mind her flippancy. He began to believe that Minnie, polished, might be rather uninteresting. Then just as Deane tucked the fur robe around her, for it was an open car and the air was nipped with frost, Billy MacNally's voice penetrated her consciousness.

"Minnie!" he called. "Ooh-hoo!"

She sat there, too numb to know at once just how to cover her shame and to keep Deane from knowing that Billy was her husband.

Billy was grinning; his cap was pushed off his broad, flat, perspiring forehead; his motorcycle was churning under him.

"Good night, Mr. Deane; don't wait for me—that's a friend of mine over there to see me about something—I guess it must be awfully important or he wouldn't have come way over here." She telescoped her words as she scrambled over his feet to escape.

"Here, wait a minute!" Deane sprang out of the car and held the door open for Minnie. He was intensely curious.

Billy stopped the motor, swung off the seat, and came forward. He was beaming with breathless happiness. "Gee, Minnie, I pretty near lost you, didn't I? Well, what do you think of it, hon?" he said, looking back, his thumb pointing to the side-car, apparently unconscious of Deane's presence.

Minnie's teeth were chattering. "Good night, Mr. Deane. I'll see you to-morrow." She began backing away from him.

Billy looked up and seemed to see Deane for the first time. "I was just telling my wife how I pretty near missed her," he said in a low, embarrassed voice, as if he owed Deane an apology.

Minnie drew in her breath so sharply that it whistled through her teeth.

"Oh, Mr. Deane," she cried. She could say nothing more than that. "Oh, Billy!"

No one knew what lay in back of Deane's inscrutable smile. He walked over to Billy and held out his hand. "You're Mr. Flynn, of course. My name is Hal Deane."

Billy laughed vacuously. "Mr. Flynn!" He thought it was a sample of Deane's sense of humor. He wanted to show Deane how quickly he had got on. "You're right. I guess I'm more Flynn than MacNally at that. My wife's little, but she's the boss of our house."

Minnie could have killed him.

"Well, honey, what do you think about your birthday present!" Billy was so filled with the success of his plans he could think of nothing else. He talked because the others were silent. Deane seemed interested in what Billy was saying. He made no move to get back into his car and drive away.

"Oh, is this your birthday?" Deane finally asked, speaking in a mechanical sort of way, with a politeness Minnie had never before observed. His harshness had been far more personal.

"No, it ain't," Billy answered, "but we had an afternoon off in the butcher-shop where I'm workin', and so I came over to spring it on Minnie as a grand surprize."

Minnie!

Somehow or other, tho he never thought of it until that very moment, Deane had always known that her name was Minnie. He had always known that she was married to a man who worked in a butcher-shop, that she never would or never could be other than just what she had always been.

He laughed silently to himself all the way home. No bitterness or disappointment in the laughter. But Deane was honest enough with himself to admit that in another month there would have been bitterness. And for this Deane was disgusted with himself—the whole situation was ludicrous to a man who had counted himself so wise.

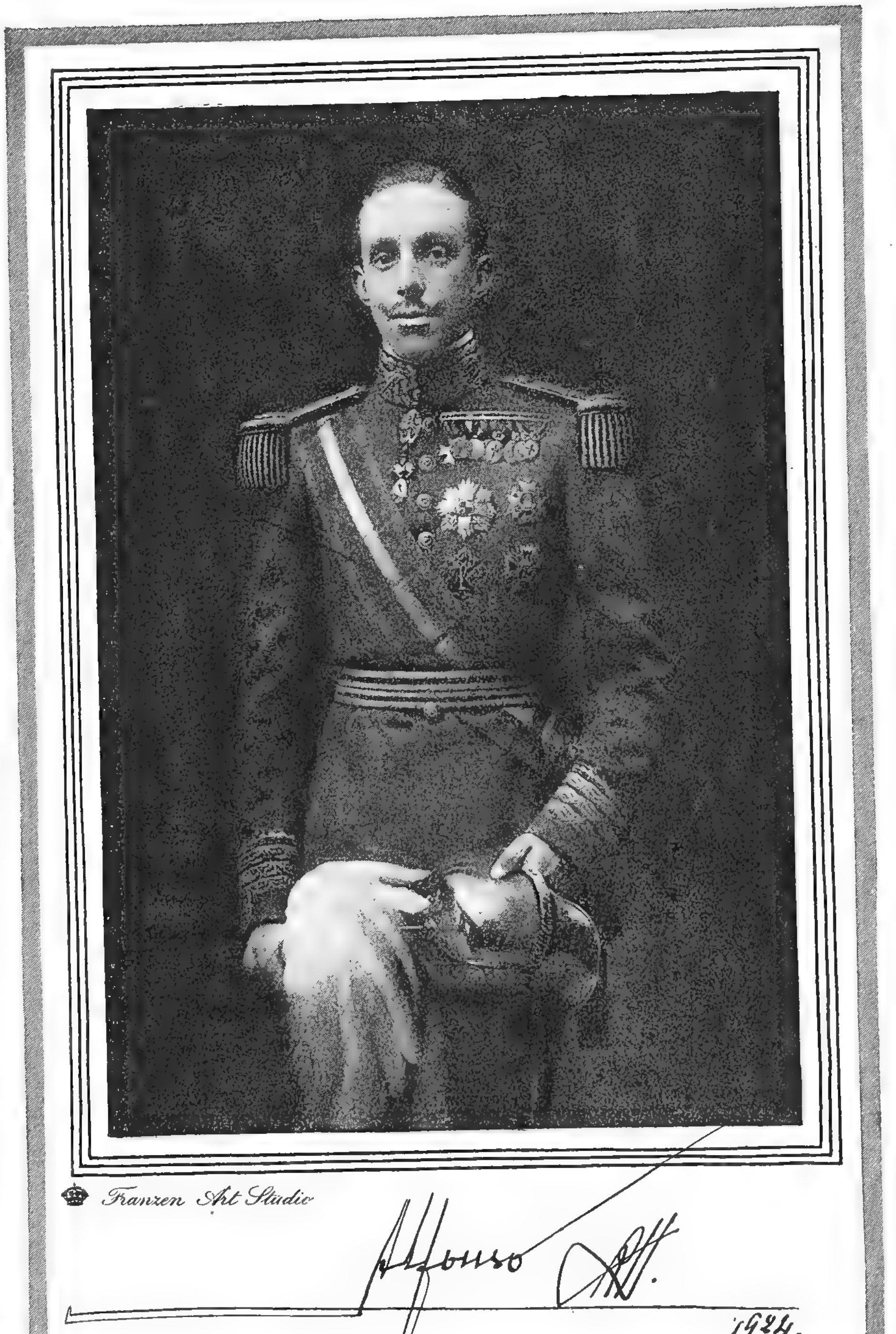
For the second picture, Deane chose a story in which Minnie played the rôle of a chorus girl. In this she was still "true to type." He had the characterization cleverly developed, and saw to it that no scenes were beyond the range of the mechanics he had taught her. A capable cast was chosen to surround her.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

A Young King on an Old Throne

BY GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

Mrs. Parkhurst Interviews the King of Spain and Is the Guest of the Royal Children at Tea in the Palace Nursery—the First American Woman Writer to Receive the Latter Courtesy



IN MEETING KING ALFONSO ONE THINKS AT ONCE OF THE VELASQUEZ PORTRAIT OF HIS ANCESTOR, PHILIP IV., WHICH HANGS IN EL MUSEO DEL PRADO. THEY ARE AS ALIKE IN FEATURES AS IF THEY WERE TWINS

REMOTE black ridges, rose-tipped by snow and cloud; genial valleys shimmering green with the velvet of young grain.

Bleak purple cañons scarred scarlet by the swift running of mad waters; serene, smiling vine-lands and olive-groves looking to far-away blue mountains and cradling gay villages alive with the crimson pageantry of Andalusia.

Silent citadels, with faded adobe walls and red-tiled roofs, crumbling on the gaunt breast of an endless desolation; bustling commercial centers, their sky-lines marked by cathedral spires and the domes of vanquished mosques, by blackened chimney-towers and the ruddy brick of fast-encroaching factories.

An ancient land, indeed, nestling close to its heart a modern white capital upon whose storied throne sits a young and dashing monarch. A perfect paradox of a land, where the old and the new strike at each other in clashing contrasts, then mingle in an odd friendliness.

This was Spain to me when, wondering what the ruler of such a land would be, I journeyed to Madrid to see her King.

I was received by His Majesty Alfonso XIII. of Spain. I was permitted to roam about the halls of the palace from which his ancestors have ruled for hundreds of years. I had tea with the royal children in their nursery. I went about a little, hither and thither, in Madrid and Toledo and the roundabout country.

I talked with the people, rich and poor, And at once I saw clearly that Alfonso XIII. can no more be disassociated from his people and his country than his people and his country can be disassociated from him. For a people and a country must reflect the spirit of their ruler, just as the ruler must reflect their needs and aspirations. King Alfonso XIII. and Spain do that typically. In meeting him one comes face to face with Spain as it is to-day—an old and mellowed civilization emerging from a tradition-bound perspective into the free air of a modern foreground.

On my way to seek an interview, I had heard conflicting stories of this picturesque young sovereign. All agreed in one point—he was picturesque. But as to his qualities of mind and heart, opinions were divided. Some praised his high zeal for his subjects. Others condemned his lack of responsibility toward them. Some said the dictatorship of General Rivera was the last straw by which he held to a swiftly vanishing kingdom. Others declared that he had united with General Rivera through a true desire to arouse Spain from the inertia to which old wars had brought her and to place her once again in the ranks of strong and powerful nations. Some marked him as a man of intellect. Others scorned him as a seeker of vanities. Some allowed him the love of his subjects. Others avowed him unpopularity.

Now, it is not fair, I know, to judge a King by what he may say, as Kings to-day may say very little. Nor is it wise to judge the state of his country by its capital, as capitals are nearly always gay. But it is logical to judge him by a happy combination of things. And meeting King Alfonso, chatting with his children when I breathed the atmosphere of his home, and going about a bit in Spain, dropping a question here, picking up an answer there, looking always for an indication of his manner, I saw truly how false the estimates of slander are.

He may be neither saint nor Solomon, but he has a keen and agile intellect, an eye for the march of events, and a mind to keep pace with them. He has also a deep sense of responsibility toward his people—one which bids him marshal them into step lest they lose touch altogether with the vanguard of progress. He is impulsive, perhaps, with the impulsiveness of youth—for thirty-eight is young to be ruler of a land as old and set in its traditions as Spain.

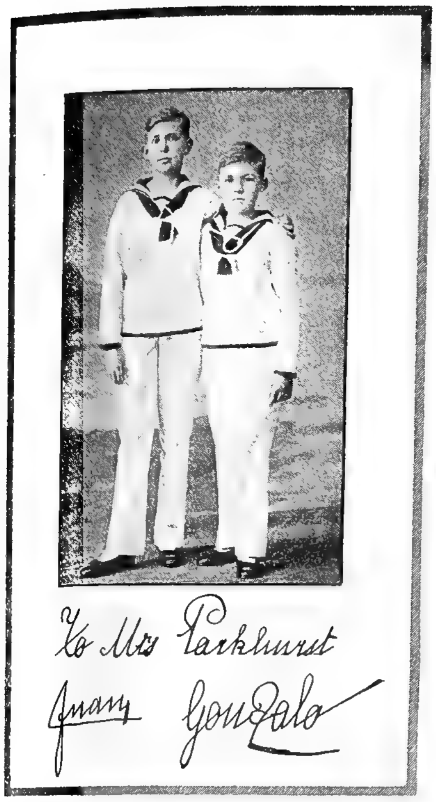
He loves freedom, and chafes at too great a conventionality. As he is neither ostentatious nor self-conscious, and cares for human beings for their own sakes, he often steps down from his throne to walk gaily among men. And he performs this modern function with an old-world grace which has made him a man of many friends, and a King beloved by his people.

HIS first gesture, as I was ushered from the magnificent outer audience-chamber, whose walls were hung with rare tapestries and the paintings of old masters, into the small and simple study where he had just dismissed his generals, was an act of grace and discernment. When the Marquesa de San Carlos, who was that day receiving those privileged with an audience, spoke my name, he came forward holding out his hand. Shaking mine, he said, in perfect English touched to music by the cadence of his mother tongue, "I am delighted to meet you, Mrs. Parkhurst, and I must apologize for keeping you waiting. But I was with my generals."

An apology from a King was more than one could reasonably expect. It was disconcerting. I looked up gratefully if somewhat uneasily to meet a most discerning and intelligent pair of sparkling brown eyes. I was given no time to falter for a response. He put me at my ease at once.

"I hear you wish to write a story about me. That is interesting," and his smile revealed a gleam of white, strong, even teeth. "Let us sit down, so we can talk better."

After that one could not be uncomfortable. So we sat down on a lovely red-leather and mahogany fauteuil, the King of Spain and I, and chatted for some minutes. Through his courtesy and understanding those minutes were as easy as if I had been chatting in any



To Mrs Parkhurst
Juan Gonzalo

Photo by Franzen

DON JUAN AND DON GONZALO, THE TWO LITTLE BOYS OF THE PALACE, HAVE ALL THE VERVE AND DASH OF THEIR ROYAL FATHER

Photo by Franzen

VICTORIA ENA OF SPAIN HOLDS RIGHTFULLY THE ENVIABLE TITLE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL QUEEN IN EUROPE

drawing-room with any cultivated man of affairs.

It had been my purpose in my interview to forego political subjects. I felt they were more or less tabu, and I did not want to put myself in the way of rebuff. Besides I did not have a definite or comprehensive enough knowledge of the Spanish situation to warrant its discussion in so short a space of time. But the King, thinking no doubt that I would be tempted to question him, forestalled such an effort by taking the bit in his own teeth.

"In America and England," he volunteered, "I am sure, Mrs. Parkhurst, they think that General Rivera and I have assumed a dictatorship to take over complete control of the people. This is not so. But there are times in the life of all nations when rulers must show a firm hand. We have found it necessary to do this here just now, not because we wish to be dictators but because it is best for the country and for the people—in spite of what our own feelings may be in the matter. I want my people to be free and unrepressed, but just at present a small element is in need of a slight restraint. It will not be for long."

The Spaniard as I had seen him was anything but repressed. In the streets of Madrid he laughs and sings the day through, and at night he laughs and sings and dances and makes love. And, too, the signs of rapid progress, which are not signs of repression, were everywhere evident in Madrid.

Throughout the city old buildings have been or are being razed and new ones erected. In the tenement districts block after block of ramshackle houses have been torn down, and airy, clean, sanitary apartments and homes built in their stead. Magnificent public buildings are rapidly going up. The streets and avenues are filled with shining automobiles of expensive make. The tramways are up to date. The underground, called the Metropolitan, is efficiently run. The shops are lively with eager buyers—not Americans, for thus far we have not made our peaceful penetration too deeply into Spain. The people have a graciousness of manner that is not a characteristic of repression.

One afternoon in the underground in Madrid I saw what would be a fantasy in the New York subway, where are crowded together our foster-brothers and sisters from all the oppressed nations of the earth. Two Spaniards, strangers to each other, stood for a moment, bowing and smiling and trying to persuade each other to take the one remaining seat. Surely there could be no imprisoned spirit there.

Photo by Franzen

ALFONSO, PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS, WHO MAY SOME DAY BE ALFONSO XIV. OF SPAIN

Photo by Franzen

DON JAIME, THE SECOND SON OF SPAIN'S ROYAL FAMILY

I told His Majesty of this, and of my surprize in finding Spain so forward-marching. He seemed pleased, and said, "We are only just beginning. For many years we were at war, gradually losing our possessions." He hesitated. There was an embarrassing pause. But he was equal to it, for he continued, "Cuba, as you know, and the Philippines. And then of course we have had trouble with the Moors. These things naturally held us back, but now we are beginning to recover, and in proper time our recovery will be complete."

We talked along pleasantly for a few minutes. I asked him if he had ever thought of visiting America. He said that he had a very dear hope of coming to see us some day—perhaps on his way to South America. When I got up to go he said, "I am sorry that you found me at such a busy time. I would like to talk longer with you, only as you saw, there are people waiting for me. I am going away this afternoon for a few days. If you are here when I return I should be glad to see you again. In the meantime, if there is anything you wish to know, I shall give my secretary, Marques de Torres, instructions to help you." He saw me to the door of the little room, and shook hands with me, repeating that he had been glad to see me. And so I went away.

While King Alfonso talked I had a good opportunity to watch him. I have never seen a more interesting race-study. Over and over again, as the light came and went in his eyes, and his smile crinkled the corners of his mouth, I was made to recall the Velasquez portraits of Philip IV. of Spain with which I had spent a happy hour the day before in El Museo del Prado, a treasury of the world's finest collection of Velasquez and El Greco paintings.

Some have attributed the slight peculiar dominance of the lower lip of King Alfonso to his Bourbon blood, others to the House of Hapsburg, from which he sprang on his mother's side. But one glance at the pictures of Philip IV. in the Prado speaks infallibly of the strong Castilian persuasion of Alfonso XIII. They are as alike in features as if they were twins, and if it were not that Philip IV. was a blond, his portrait might pass for that of Alfonso XIII. in seventeenth-century costume.

The pictures of the present King of Spain fail in justice. He is a much finer figure of a man than they portray him. An inch or two more than six feet I should judge him, with the straight, broad shoulders of the athlete. He has a suppleness in his movements, and a genial charm lights up his face as he speaks. These qualities defy the camera. He was wearing, as commander-in-chief of his armies, an

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87

Photo by Franzen

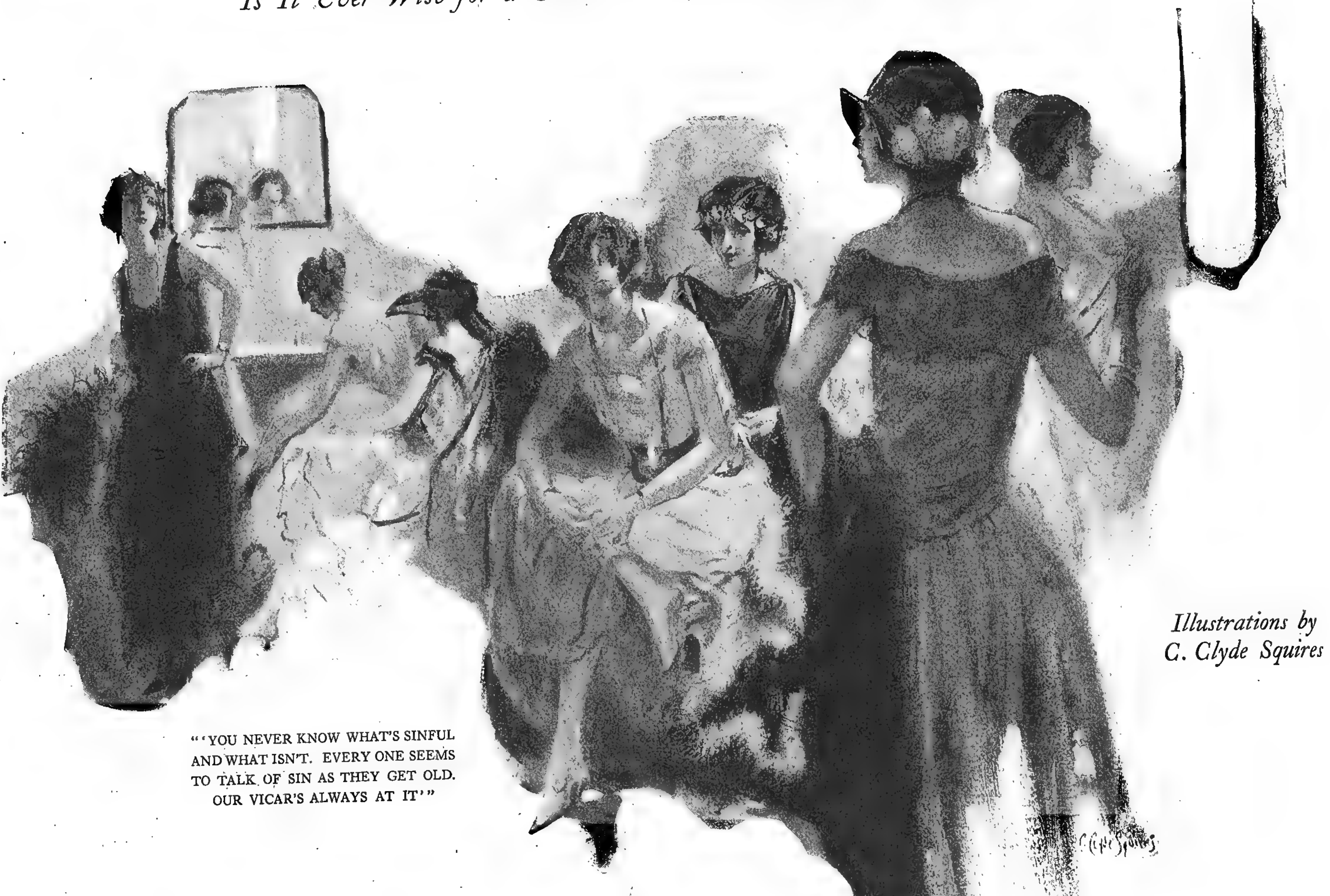
Maria Cristina Beatriz

8 de Mayo 1924

ENFANTAS MARIA CHRISTINA AND BEATRIZ, THE TWO PRETTY DAUGHTERS OF THE KING AND QUEEN

KING ALFONSO IS AN EXPERT EQUESTRIAN AND A SKILFUL POLO PLAYER

Is It Ever Wise for a Married Woman to Play with Fire?



"'YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT'S SINFUL AND WHAT ISN'T. EVERY ONE SEEMS TO TALK OF SIN AS THEY GET OLD. OUR VICAR'S ALWAYS AT IT'"

Illustrations by C. Clyde Squires

Sleeping Secrets

BY VIOLET QUIRK

THYRZA LINDLEY closed the front door softly and held her face up to the air as tho it were a kiss and she a girl awaiting it.

The moon was lemon-colored and the sky was purple. The dark was of the softest, gauziest gray. The wind was faint as a baby's breath.

To the woman with a basket walking down the road it was a very ordinary night. But she was a woman with a basket. She had been shopping and she was satisfied. She was fifty and she was mild by nature. Her days were filled with laborious details.

But Thyrza's days of late had been filled with dreaming. And what are dreams but the imagined fulfilment of wishes? And what are wishes but the unconscious expression of discontent?

Not that Thyrza would have admitted she was discontented. For Bob was an excellent husband and the children were darlings. Her house was awfully sweet and she had an "at home" day once a week. She also had a maid who lived in. Everybody thought she was a very lucky woman. And of course she was. She told herself very often that she was. She was good, too. Bob often said, "What a good little woman you are!" She *was* good. She was! Surely! But she had just told Bob a lie and she hadn't minded. She had said she was going to see an old school friend. But she wasn't. She was going to dance. She was going out alone, the first time since her wedding-day six years ago. She was going out alone and she was going to dance, she didn't know with whom.

In the circle in which she lived it was unseemly for a married woman to dance. The wedding-day branded her as a wife, a housekeeper, and a potential mother. She had no other function. Dancing was the prerogative of the unmarried girl. The ballroom was one of the stalls in the matrimonial market-place. So why should a woman enter it when she already had a husband?

Mrs. Lindley had always felt the force of these arguments and had always been arrogantly conscious of her position as a married woman. But to-night she was only Thyrza. She was without label and free of all relationships. Mrs. Lindley was a model wife, but the soul of Thyrza had secrets, unconscious and unspoken secrets, sleeping secrets. They had lain still for very long, but of late they had been stirring. That day they had awakened, and now as she stood at the door they drew her attention to the night, pronouncing it beautiful. They showed her that the moon was lemon-colored and the sky was purple. The dark was of the softest, gauziest gray. The wind was faint as a baby's breath.

She flushed, and her eyes grew humid. Her body became deliciously warm. She walked down the stone-paved street as tho she were stepping on clouds.

She took the electric car to the Pier Head and crossed over to New Brighton by the underground instead of the boat, for she wanted to get there quickly. When she reached New Brighton she could walk no longer; she had to run. She ran to the gate of New Brighton Tower, paid her shilling, and went in.

She heard the music from the ballroom, and her heart spread in her breast as tho it were a bird putting out wings. Her eyes grew still more humid. Her body became bathed in its own warmth.

She hurried to the cloak-room. It was crowded with girls of all ages, preparing themselves for the eyes of the men in the ballroom. They were powdering their faces, fixing their hair, arranging their frocks, changing their shoes, and chattering, chattering, chattering.

Thyrza pushed her way to the nearest corner and stood still, waiting for a little space to form itself. Two girls were sharing a chair. One was fastening her slippers and the other was taking her stockings off.

"Hurry up," said the first girl; "where's your other stockings?"

"Here. They're silk." She said the words reverently and drew from her coat-pocket a pair of thin gray stockings. That they contained not an atom of silk doesn't matter. They looked like silk and they felt like paradise. She rubbed them softly against her cheek.

"New!" said the other girl.

"Yes. Guess how much."

"Four 'n' eleven."

"*Three!*"

"Three 'n' eleven?"

"M-m. Aren't they a bargain?"

"You bet they are."

She spoke dreamily. "They've got such a lovely feel about them." She flung one long, slim, naked leg over the other, took one of the thin gray stockings, and persuaded it tenderly on her foot.

"Brought any powder?" said the other girl.

"I dursen't, Milly. Mother'd think it *awful*——"

"My mother doesn't know. I don't tell her everything. It doesn't do."

"Married women see wrong in most things, don't they?"

"Pf! Sour grapes!"

"You never know what's sinful and what isn't. Every one seems to talk of sin as they get old. Our vicar's always at it."

"It might be sin to be young."

"You'd think so."

"Wonder who'll we meet to-night!"

"I'd a lovely time last Wednesday at Belmont Hall. Met the loveliest boy. Such a gentleman! Kept saying

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31

Some ingredients of Campbell's Ox Tail Soup

Ox Tail Joints
Ox Tail Broth
Beef Broth
Tomato Puree
Carrots (cubed)
Turnips (cubed)
Turnips (puree)
Barley
Celery (diced)
Celery (puree)
Onion (puree)
Parsley (puree)
Leek (puree)
Wheat Flour
Rice Flour
Kitchen Bouquet
Salt
Sugar
Paprika
White Pepper
Allspice
Cloves
Bay Leaves
Marjoram
Shot Pepper
Thyme
Savory
Nutmeg

But it takes our famous chefs to blend them!

Choicer ingredients than these were never put into ox tail soup. For they do not exist. If they did, Campbell's would use them.

But even after the best ingredients are selected, it takes the Campbell's chefs to make them yield their richest flavors.

It takes their skill, their life-long experience, their enthusiasm for soup as one of the finest foods that people can eat.

Taste how deliciously they blend these meaty, marrowy ox tail joints, these tempting vegetables, these nourishing cereals, fresh herbs and dainty condiments!

Campbell's Ox Tail! A masterpiece in soup-making.

21 kinds
12 cents a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

My best strawberry and rhubarb recipes

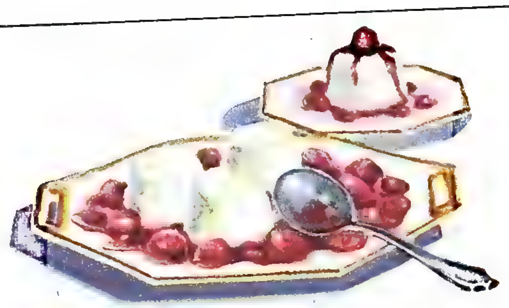
To most of us Spring means the beginning of new things. New things to do, new places to visit, new things to wear, fresh fruits to eat.

To me Spring always means new recipes to make with new fruits, first strawberries and rhubarb. I am giving you here five tested recipes for Spring desserts all made with a shortening which is just as sweet and fresh and wholesome as a shortening could possibly be.

This *vegetable* shortening (Crisco) makes the most dainty delicious things; desserts which melt in your mouth; pastry which is tender and flaky; cakes with the finest texture, light and tender which really cannot be told from those made with butter. And for frying it is ideal, for we can fry in the deep kettle or frying pan with no smoke, waste or unpleasant odor, and never the slightest suggestion of grease in looks or taste.

I find Crisco economical, too. It does not soak into the food when frying, so very little is used up and I can strain it back into the can and use it over for anything I like. It doesn't have to be kept on ice, either, and is always ready to use. You will find that Crisco is the only shortening you need in the house.

I have made all these recipes with Crisco and have had fine results. I wish you would save them and try them with Crisco, too. W.S.C.



Strawberry Snowballs

A dainty, delicious dessert; quickly made and cooked. Crisco makes them tender and light. Just a fluffy, dainty morsel which melts in your mouth.

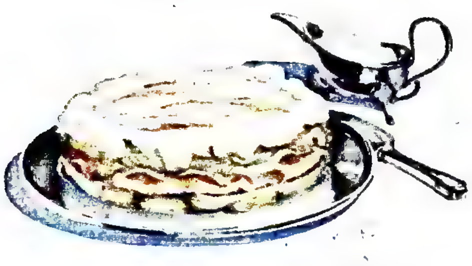
¼ cup Crisco
½ cup sugar
¼ cup milk
1 cup pastry flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
Whites of 2 eggs beaten stiff

Cream Crisco and sugar. Sift flour, salt and baking powder together. Add alternately with the milk. Last fold in the egg whites. Divide the batter into 6 or 8 small Criscoed cups and steam 20 minutes in a covered steamer over a kettle of hot water. Turn out and serve with the following sauce:

SAUCE

1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt

Mix thoroughly together. Add 1 tablespoon Crisco, 1½ cups boiling water. Stir all together and bring to a boil over the fire. Just before serving add 1 quart of strawberries cut in half.



Rhubarb Short Cake

This Rhubarb Short Cake is delicious. Even those who do not care for rhubarb like it when served this way. Substitute strawberries, if you prefer, using the same short cake recipe. It is an easy way to make it. No messy rolling. Crisco makes a short cake which is short, tender and light.

½ cup Crisco
3 cups pastry flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup milk

Sift flour, baking powder, salt four times. Cut Crisco in with two knives. Add milk. Last add egg. Spread evenly in well-Criscoed layer cake pan. For individual short cakes drop by spoonfuls the size desired on well-Criscoed baking sheet. Bake about 20 minutes in hot oven, 475 degrees F. Will serve 8 people.

Prepare Rhubarb as follows:

Wash, peel and cut into inch pieces. Cover with boiling water, cook slowly until tender. Drain off water and for every two cups of rhubarb add one cup of sugar and flavor with ground cinnamon to taste. Split the short cakes, spread with butter, put rhubarb between and on top and serve with whipped cream with a little cinnamon dusted over the top.

Rhubarb Puffs

A delicious Spring dessert for those who love rhubarb. Use huckleberries this way or green apples and serve with the same cinnamon sauce.

Use the recipe given at the left for Strawberry Snowballs to make the batter.

3 cups rhubarb cut fine
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon ground cinnamon

Mix the sugar and cinnamon together. Then mix with the rhubarb. Divide in 8 cups; cover with the batter; set the cups in a covered steamer and steam over a kettle of hot water for 20 minutes. You can bake both these puffs and the strawberry snowballs in hot oven 375 degrees F., about 20 minutes. But they are lighter and daintier when steamed. Serve hot with the following sauce:

SAUCE:

1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon

Mix together thoroughly. Add 1 tablespoon Crisco, 1½ cups boiling water. Stir all together and bring to a boil over the fire.

Strawberry Tartlets

Crisco makes ideal pastry for tartlets—crisp, tender and flaky, and most attractive to look at. Wholesome, too.

PASTRY

1½ cups Pastry flour
½ cup Crisco
1 teaspoon salt
Cold water to mix

Sift flour and salt. Cut Crisco in with two knives. Add water to hold. Roll; cover the bottom of inverted muffin pans greased with Crisco. Prick with fork to prevent bubbles. Bake in hot oven, 450 degrees F. about 15 minutes. Slip off, turn pans over, and put the tart shells inside.

FILLING:

1 quart strawberries
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon granulated gelatine
¼ cup water
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Whipped Cream

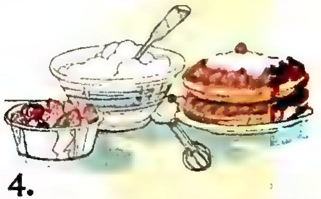
Wash and drain berries. Take one half, cut in half, mix with ⅓ cup powdered sugar. Let stand a few minutes; then drain off juice. To the remainder of the berries add sugar and lemon juice. Mash all together; then add the gelatine which has been mixed with the cold water and melted over boiling water. Mix all together thoroughly. When mixture has started to set, fill the tart shells; then put on the top of each tart a few of the berries which have been cut in half. Set on ice to harden. When cool, make a border of whipped cream around the edge of each tart and serve. Makes about 12 tarts.

TO MAKE A DELICIOUS OLD-FASHIONED SHORT CAKE WITHOUT A ROLLING PIN

1. Use the short-cake recipe given under the picture of rhubarb short cake. Lay out on your work table and measure accurately all the ingredients the recipe calls for. Get out all utensils needed.

2. Cut the Crisco into the flour with two knives instead of rubbing it in with the fingers. We do not touch the short cake with the hands until it is ready to serve.

3. The method saves time in two ways. No rolling is necessary as we simply spread the batter into the shallow pan or drop it by spoonfuls for the individuals. No messy table, hands and rolling pin to clean up afterward. No flour wasted.



4. Now that you have learned this easier, quicker way to make a short cake, use it with rhubarb, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, pineapple, peaches, apples, bananas and oranges.

Delicious cakes, pies and fried foods

I use Crisco for everything that requires a fat. It makes my pastry crisp, tender and flaky, my cakes light and dainty and in both deep and pan frying it puts a crisp brown crust on foods. It fries without smoke, too.

© 1925 by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

Crisco is the trademark for a superior shortening manufactured and guaranteed purely vegetable, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

Free! "Miss Olive S. Allen's 200 Tested Recipes"

Miss Olive S. Allen, a real home cook of many years experience gathered and tested hundreds of recipes from all over the world; from famous foreign chefs, from old fashioned home cooks; from luxurious hotels and little inns; even from trappers and hunters. From these many hundreds she selected the best two hundred and put them in this little cook book To secure it free, simply fill in your name and address and mail coupon to Section N-4, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, O.

Name..

Address..

City....................................... *State*.......................................

'Excuse me!' every other minute. I did wish I'd been brought up with more manners."

"I do love gentlemanly boys. Don't you feel lovely when they take their hats off to you?"

"Nicer than nodding, isn't it?" She broke off, seeing Thyrza still standing waiting, and offered her a small looking-glass, saying engagingly, "You'll never get a look-in at the big ones."

"Quite a common girl," thought Thyrza, "but very nice."

She was pleased with herself for thinking a common girl nice. Coming of common people herself, she was always fiercely anxious to divide herself from them. But tonight she felt tender toward all humanity.

She took off her hat, held up the little looking-glass, and straightened her hair. She fixed her frock at the neck and disdained to powder her face. She crinkled her toes in her satin shoes and grew strong with the sound of the music.

She entered the ballroom, certain of adventure; gave a swift comprehensive look at the men and dismissed them all as being quite unsatisfactory. She hadn't come to dance with rough and red-faced youths or with pale, attenuated clerks. She found a seat and waited, expectant The music was glorious, full and swift and mighty; the sort of music she loved. It had no thought in it; it didn't wander. It was allurement; it was ecstasy; it was dance.

Her cheeks throbbed. She thought for a moment of Bob and the children and grew troubled in a dim, undisturbing fashion. They had absorbed her for so long. They had fulfilled all her requirements, used up all her energies. But managing the house had become a mechanical task, not a duty that demanded thought. The children had grown beyond the troublesome years. She now had time on her hands. Her spirit was taking breath. She was restless.

She recognized the restlessness. She had experienced it often before, but before she was married. And she had imagined it would automatically disappear when she "settled down." It had, till lately.

There was her sister Margery. She could find rapture in books. Life, for her, could never be monotonous as long as there were libraries in the world. But she, Thyrza, wasn't fond of reading. She liked little tales all right and paragraphs in the picture papers, but not great, heavy books with long chapters in them, unbroken by any conversation. But Margery could read the heaviest book and would sit poring over it, absorbed and elated, forgetful of Jack and the twins. Her face would wear an enthralled expression.

And Emmy, the eldest girl. She had always puzzled Thyrza, she was so self-dependent. She had gone with her to an opera once and could hardly sit through it. But Emmy had listened so, absorbed and elated, as Margery was when reading her books. And her face, too, had worn that enthralled expression.

WHY wasn't she like Margery or Emmy? Why couldn't she assuage her restlessness with books or music? Music disturbed her; it didn't satisfy. Why was it that the only thing that could enthrall her was the company of —of—her mind balked at the word, but her lips half said it, "men"?

That was all right when you were single. But she was a married woman with a good husband and two lovely children. What was the matter with her? She was afraid of herself. Why did the dancing stir her?

Her cheeks were throbbing still. She put the palms of her hands against them. They were small hands, short and dimpled at the knuckles. They were rather pinkish, too, for in spite of the maid who lived in, she had to help with the housework. But they were cool and they calmed her throbbing cheeks.

"Too warm to dance?" said a voice beside her.

She turned her head, looked up, and beheld Adventure. He was slim and courteous, dark and faintly smiling, and he possessed that quality women call manliness when they really mean manness.

She said, "No, it is never too warm for me to dance."

"Nor for me. Shall we have it? It's actually a waltz."

She got up and they danced together, and she experienced the cessation of that torment which is endured by all dance-lovers when they hear dance-music and have to sit still. It was a glorious sensation. She abandoned herself to it.

When the dance was finished he took her to the balcony, and they leaned over it, looking at the river.

"I enjoy coming to a place like this," he said. "It's good to see youths and maidens enjoying themselves without restraint. I love vulgarity, it's so healthy."

She didn't understand him, but said, "Yes."

"You've to be tied to a workshop or counter all day to be able to yield to enjoyment with complete surrender. The music's top-hole, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said, "top-hole." She was shy at using the word, for as Mrs. Lindley, possessing an "at home" day and a maid who lived in, she had avoided slang as "something indicative of the lower classes." But he said it beautifully, she thought, "Top-hole."

"HE PAUSED, LOST IN THE INTOXICATION OF WORDS, AND BENT HIS HEAD FOR A KISS"

"Look at the lights of Liverpool. They're like fallen, curious stars. They watched the Mersey so long that they had to come down to get a closer look."

She didn't know what to say, so smiled dimly.

"There's the music again. It's a one-step."

"I can't do it."

"You can. You can do anything in the way of dancing."

She could. She discovered that she could. She danced unfamiliar dances as tho she had known them a thousand years. When the last one came to an end she wanted to cry.

"I'll wait for you," he said, "at the door."

Mrs. Lindley wished to say primly, "Please don't, thank you." But Thyrza smiled shiningly and said, "I won't be very long."

When she came out he offered her his arm and she took it. The feel of it was unfamiliar. She hadn't leaned on any other arm but Bob's for six years. Bob's arm was strong and heavy; his arm was strong and slim.

They walked down the promenade to the pier, down the pier to the ferry, where a small crowd was waiting, dim in the darkness. The crowd was divided into people and lovers. The people looked impatiently out to the river for the boat which was overdue. The lovers pressed together in couples, grateful to the overdue boat for postponing their moment of parting. They didn't look out to the river; they looked at each other.

The boat came in with a swift and swishing sound, as tho subdued by the solemnity of night, she had to control her daytime splashing. The gangways were lowered. The people rushed on board, making for the nearest seat. But the lovers drifted slowly along the gangways, moved up the stairs, and lost themselves on deck.

Thyrza was among them. She had never been on deck before after dark. She had thought it common. "Common" had been one of her favorite words. She and her friends had often said how *awful* it was the way couples behaved on the top of the New Brighton boat. It was most *unrefined*. Spooning was all right in the drawing-room and when you were engaged, but on a boat and with *any one!*

"What a night!" said the man.

"Oh, it's beautiful!" said Thyrza, in a tender voice.

"Isn't the Mersey thickly waved! It always reminds me of that type of woman who is plain in the daytime and mysteriously beautiful at night. Have you ever seen such a green? And look at that black patch over there!"

"It's beautiful," said Thyrza again.

"It's moving in rhythm. I know a poem that goes with it as an accompaniment goes with a song. Shall I say it?"

"Oh, say it," said Thyrza.

> Speak, O desolate city! Speak, O silence in sadness!
> Where is she I loved in my strength, that spoke to my soul?
> Where are those passionate eyes that appealed to my eyes in passion?
> Where is the mouth that kissed mine, the breast I laid to my own?

"It's beautiful," murmured Thyrza.

> Groping I went, as blind. I sought her house, my beloved.
> There I stopped at the silent door, and listened and tried the latch.
> "Love," I cried, "dost thou slumber? This is no hour for slumber.
> This is the hour of love, and love I bring in my hand."

He paused, lost in the intoxication of words, and bent his head for a kiss. She raised her mouth to his, then laid her head on his shoulder. Her restlessness had gone, and she was filled with contentment.

The laying of her head upon his shoulder had turned her eyes in another direction, and, looking out into the darkness, she saw Rhoda and Milly, each with a boy.

Rhoda was shy and quiet. The boy was compelling. His both arms were around her, and she rested within them as tho, without them, she would fall.

Milly was laughing and provocative. The boy was stern and perfectly still. Thyrza recognized the look in his face. She had seen it before in pictures of Paolo and Romeo.

She turned away, unwilling to spy on them, but all the seats on deck were filled with still couples, lost in the silent ecstasy of temporary love.

The boat slowed down. The people down-stairs hurried invisibly toward the gangways; the lovers on deck didn't move, only Thyrza, who lifted her head suddenly and listened to the slowing of the boat. She looked at the landing-stage and the buildings in the distance.

Her hat was slightly crooked. She straightened it anxiously. The man's hands lay on her waist. She moved them away, barely touching them.

THE gangways were lowered. They stood up and went down-stairs. The familiar sounds of Liverpool smote her consciousness. They drowned the memory of the music, the thought of the dance. They reminded her of Bob and the children. She was Mrs. Lindley. Her wedding-ring pressed her finger within her glove. She was Mrs. Lindley, and she had been sitting on the top of the New Brighton boat, among the common people, with a strange man's arms around her.

"Now for a taxi," he said when they reached the streets. "I hope we're lucky."

"No," said Thyrza in a labored voice. "I go by the overhead. I've a return ticket."

"Nonsense!"

"Yes." Her face was dismayed and horrified. "Go away. Quickly. I'm going for my train. There's one due."

She turned and left him and ran up the steps to the station.

Her heart was beating with terror of herself. She sat in the train without moving. She walked home, touching the wall now and again to steady herself.

Her husband was crossing the hall when she opened the door. "Had a good time?" he asked cheerfully. "Donny's been howling for ages."

"Donny!" She ran up-stairs to him, her heart seeming to bound before her to get there first. Her hand trembled on the knob of the door.

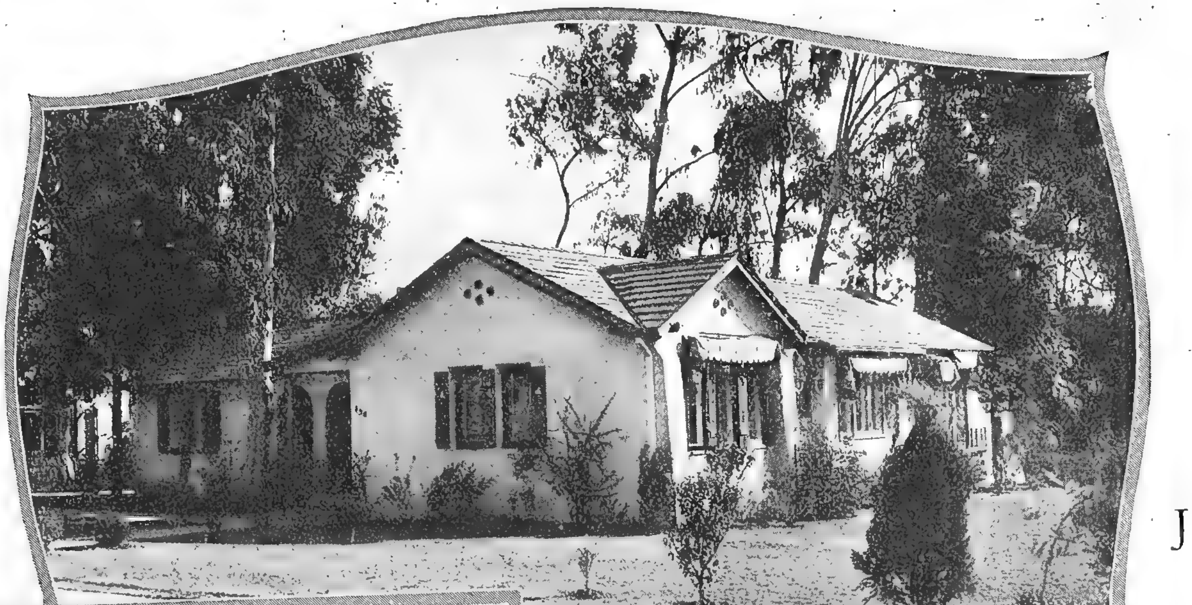
He was asleep, but the marks of tears were on his cheeks. She shuddered as tho they were blood-stains and wiped them tenderly away. He had been crying for her and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 73

HOMES FROM COAST TO COAST

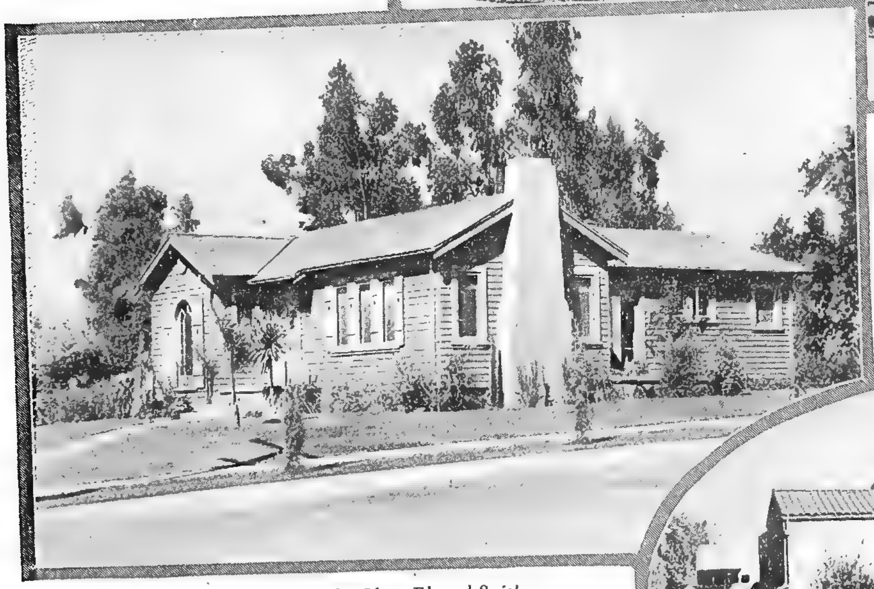
Four Bungalows from Southern California

DESCRIBED BY JOHN LYNNE GREY



HOUSE A 1—Designed by Glenn Elwood Smith

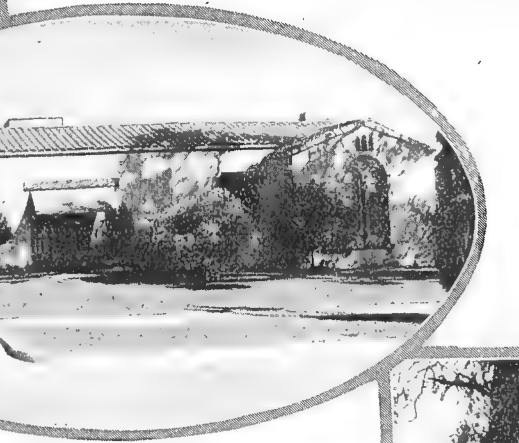
THE bungalow depicted above shows a happy use of deep ivory-colored plaster, mellow brown wood, and ruddy-hued tile. Its roof is low and broad, direct in form, simple in detail, and dignified in material. The walls, too, owe much of their charm to an innate simplicity that creates relatively large expanses of unbroken space. The floor-plan is pleasantly developed around a patio, which is linked to the living-room by a wide-paved terrace. The door opening to the kitchen inevitably suggests the occasional use of the terrace for outdoor meals—even tho an agreeable breakfast nook exists in the near-by pantry!



HOUSE A 2—Designed by Glenn Elwood Smith

MOUNTAIN-CRADLED and sea-caressed, California yields a wealth of scenic loveliness, made still more beautiful by luxuriant vegetation and a sun-filled sky. Truly a worthy setting for the colorful beauty of the newer California homes of Latin lineage which have brought so much distinction to recent American domestic architecture! And the sway of Latin architectural influences is vastly becoming; not only as a graceful tribute to the Spanish romance and history of early California days, but equally as an appropriate response to landscape and climatic attributes. Even to the bungalow, these refining influences have extended—and, fortunately, to the banishment of the exaggerated eaves, capricious porch-columns, and disconcerting material-combinations, which formerly to a great extent robbed the California bungalow of artistic significance.

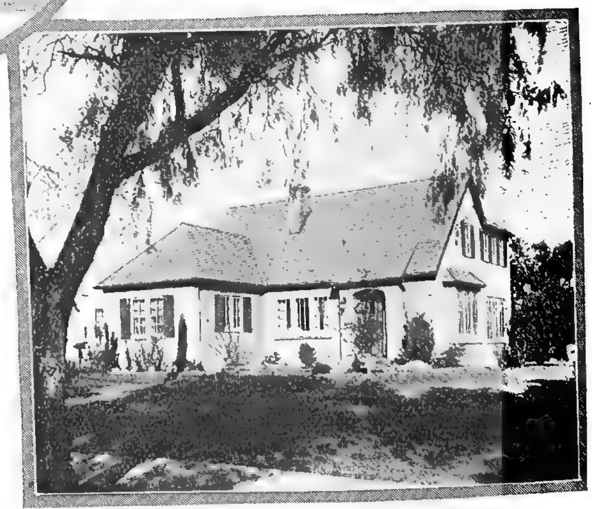
The simple bungalow shown immediately above has soft brownish walls of redwood siding and a low-lying variegated roof of quiet grays, browns, and yellows. The solid shutters and the exterior trim are also of an odd yellowish hue that harmonizes effectively with the coloring of the walls and roof. Stucco finishes the massive exposed chimney. The entrance-porch and the terrace are both paved in square-blocked gray cement.



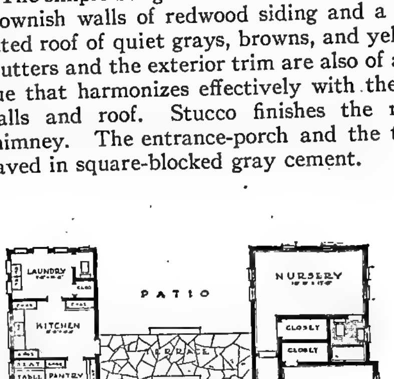
HOUSE A 3—Designed by McCune & Spindt

THE appealing bungalow which is pictured above is particularly pleasing in color-scheme; for the walls of creamy-écru plaster are not only enlivened by brown-stained timbers, enriched with Spanish designs wrought in reds, blues, and yellows, but they are accented by a long sweep of tiled roof in dull-red and terra-cotta shades. The wood-trim of warm brown adds another interesting color-note. The service-quarters are well deserving of special commendation, as they reflect essentially modern demands. A well-lighted breakfast-equipment is, for instance, built in at one end of the pantry. The maid's suite is remarkably convenient.

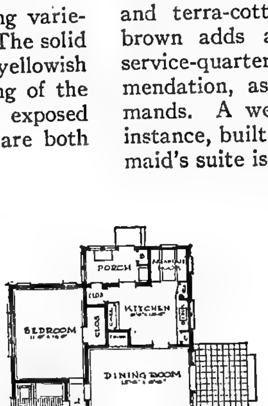
SHUTTERS of apple-green, woodwork of old ivory, sills of dull-red brick, and roof of mottled green distinguish this little home (below) of yellow stucco, which, in architectural feeling, is of English rather than of Latin influence. Instead of the conventional dining-room, a large alcove, with wide French casements opening to the terrace, is provided in the living-room.



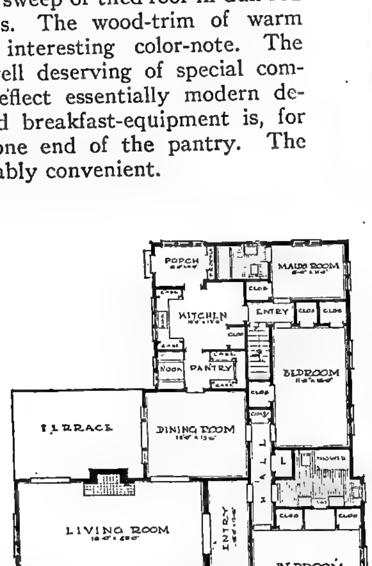
HOUSE A 4—Designed by Glenn Elwood Smith



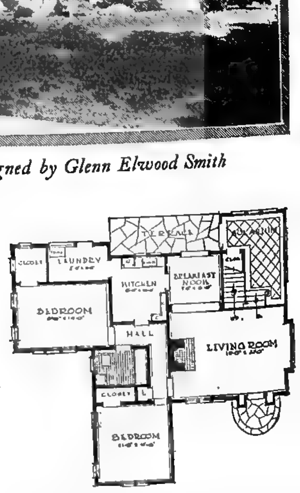
HOUSE A 1—AN ENTIRE WING IS GIVEN OVER TO THE FAMILY SLEEPING-QUARTERS, AND THE WELL-PLANNED BATHROOMS



HOUSE A 2—THE BATHROOM IS ADVANTAGEOUSLY LOCATED IN RELATION TO BOTH BEDROOMS



HOUSE A 3—WINDOWS UPON THREE SIDES ADD TO THE CHARM OF THE LARGE LIVING-ROOM, WHICH COMMUNICATES WITH BOTH THE DINING-ROOM AND AN OPEN TERRACE



HOUSE A 4—A MANY-WINDOWED SOLARIUM, PLACED TO OVERLOOK THE GARDEN, IS INTIMATELY CONNECTED WITH THE LIVING-ROOM

Watch Their Eyes

NOT so many years ago a boy was born in a luxurious home. His parents tried to give him every advantage that a boy should have. He loved Nature and delighted in long walks in the woods. One day when the boy was about thirteen years old a companion pointed out an interesting object. The boy could barely see it. For the first time he realized that something was wrong with his eyes and he told his father. Then came glasses and constant joy and astonishment at the bright new world with clean-cut outlines. All the wonders of the woods which he never dreamed existed were spread before his happy eyes. Books were no longer pages of letters with fuzzy tails. * * * * This boy was Theodore Roosevelt who became President of the United States.

The time to begin to protect the eyes is from the hour the baby is born. See that the doctor or nurse puts a drop of a prophylactic solution into the baby's eyes to prevent the serious disease commonly known as "babies' sore eyes" which often results in blindness.

Much of the eye trouble of later years comes from injury in babyhood. Never let the sun shine on a child's eyes—even when asleep. Baby eyelids are not sufficient protection. Diseases of childhood sometimes leave the eyes in a weakened condition. Children's eyes require attention during and after serious illness, especially measles and diphtheria.

If parents, such as his, for all their love and care and ability to provide for his needs, never knew that their son had defective vision, can anyone doubt that there are thousands of boys and girls today whose poor sight has not been discovered by their fathers and mothers?

* * * * *

Only 10 children in 100 at the age of nine years have even so-called perfect eyesight. Every one knows of course that a perfect eye is indeed a rare thing. *One* out of every *eight* school children has seriously defective sight or some disease of the eye which needs *immediate* attention.

If your child is the one out of eight whose eyes require attention you ought to know it. You cannot tell from the appearance of the eyes whether they are normal. And eyes are willing servants—they seldom complain unless they are severely overtaxed. Perfect vision does not always mean perfect eyes. Serious disease may be present and yet be unnoticed. Many of the eye diseases that lead to blindness are catching. If treated in time they can be cured.

School children are often careless. Impress upon your boys and girls the danger of using towels that have been used by other people. Try to keep them from rubbing their eyes. Great danger comes from infection and dirt.

Watch almost any group of boys and girls learning to write. Faces turned sidewise, soft cheeks almost touching the grimy paper. Little doubled-up fists clutching pencils within a few inches of their eyes. There is the beginning of eye-strain. Children are frequently accused of inattention and stupidity when the truth is they cannot see clearly. Wise parents guard the eyes of their children by having them examined every six months.

* * * * *

Get a good eye specialist. He will quickly discover whether your child needs eye treatment or glasses. If glasses are necessary he will prescribe them.

Many people are prejudiced against glasses for children. It is not true that "once they put them on they will have to wear them all their lives." By wearing glasses when they are needed the condition often is cured and glasses may be dispensed with.

You would not willingly deprive your children of happiness or joy in life and yet, unknowingly, you may deprive them of more than happiness. You may rob them of the power to be independent, self-supporting citizens. You may deny them possible greatness.

There are upward of 100,000 blind people in the United States. According to the National Committee for Prevention of Blindness more than half of them are needlessly blind.

Only 20 of our 48 States have statutes providing for eye tests in schools. Less than one-third of the school children of the entire country have their eyes examined each year.

While parents may not suspect that there is anything wrong with their children's eyes it is sometimes easy for a teacher to detect difficulties. Teachers have an opportunity to watch the way the children use their eyes—to see whether they squint when looking at the blackboard—to observe whether they hold books too near their faces—to notice habits of rubbing or blinking the eyes.

Teachers are doing a kindly and humane act in helping to prevent misery and possible blindness when they notify the parents of children who need to have their eyes examined.

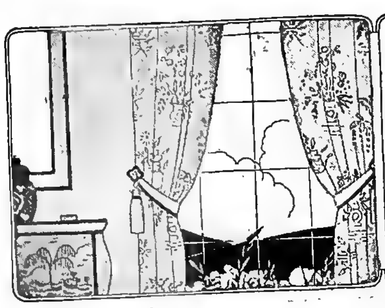
The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail, free to any one who writes for it, a booklet, "Eyesight and Health" which will be found helpful.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

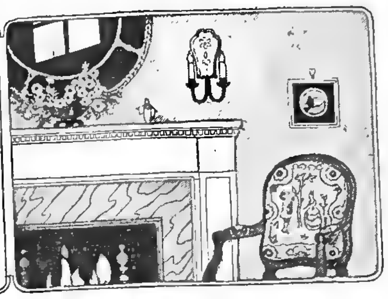
Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year



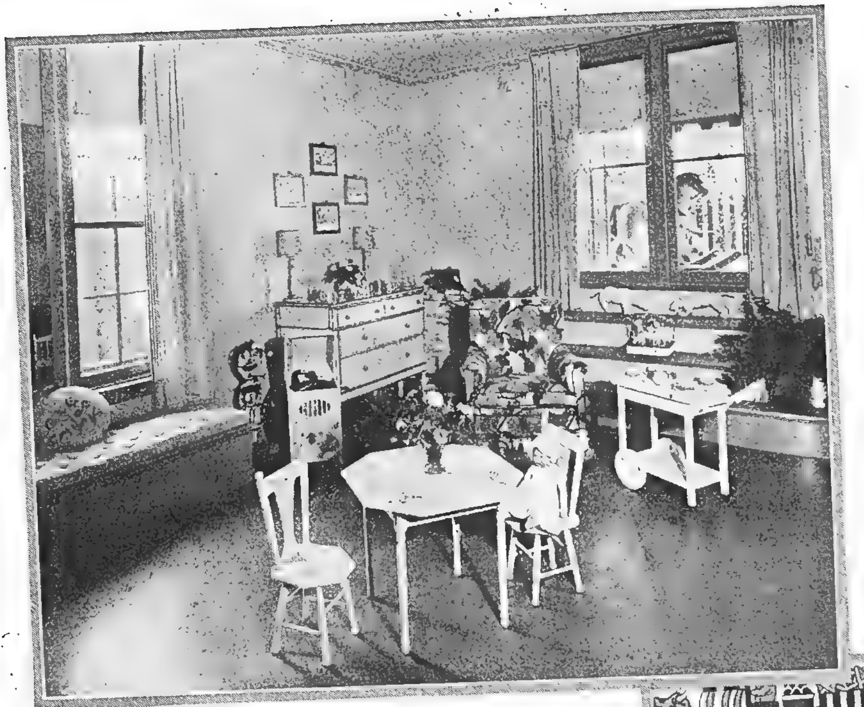
BEAUTY IN THE HOME

A Practical Department of Furnishing and Decorating

Conducted by WINNIFRED FALES



Art and Common Sense in Furnishing the Child's Room



Photograph by Mattie E. Hewitt

LIMIT NURSERY FURNITURE TO THE ESSENTIALS, LEAVING PLENTY OF SPACE FOR ROMP AND PLAY

FURNISHING a room for a child is a joyous undertaking, but one which has its serious side as well. Psychologists have pointed out that the life of the adult is profoundly influenced by the right or wrong standards of taste and judgment established during the plastic years of childhood, and that these standards are largely based upon the little one's intimate, every-day surroundings.

Some one has written that you can not expect a child whose tastes are formed on red plush and golden oak to acquire in after-years a burning enthusiasm for Flemish tapestries and Sheraton furniture. Altho spoken in jest, there is a large kernel of truth in this observation. Not that the infant should live and move and have his juvenile being in the midst of a collection of awe-inspiring antiques, but he should be so constantly surrounded by pleasant colors and objects whose appropriate simplicity is united to beauty and sincerity of design that from the very beginning his eye is trained to a perception of harmony in proportion, color, and form.

Good taste is of course essential in choosing furnishings for this all-important room, but it must be guided by common sense. It is not enough that a color, a fabric, or a piece of furniture be beautiful in itself. In order to gain admittance to the nursery it also must be able to pass the common-sense test of the three C's—Cleanliness, Cheerfulness, and Comfort.

Take the walls, for example. Their color must be neither overstimulating—as bright yellow or red—nor depressing—as dingy brown or cold slate-gray—but cheerful and comfortable to live with. In this category are all soft yellowish tones, beginning with rich cream and ranging through parchment and beige to fawn and creamy tan. More positive colors include pale primrose-yellow, light robin's-egg blue, and delicate apple-green. Gray may be used if given a warm, yellowish cast. Soft tones of salmon, peach, and apricot are pleasant to the eye and usually liked by children.

Walls must be sanitary, true; but that does not of necessity imply paint; altho a painted finish is attractive, easy to keep clean, and has the special advantage of making it possible to secure the precise tint desired. An equal affinity for soap and water is possessed by the wall-coverings which resemble oilcloth, only with agreeable dull surfaces, smooth or pebbled, which are obtainable both in plain colors and in dainty little all-over patterns. The plain material forms an ideal surface on which to apply stencils or other forms of decoration.

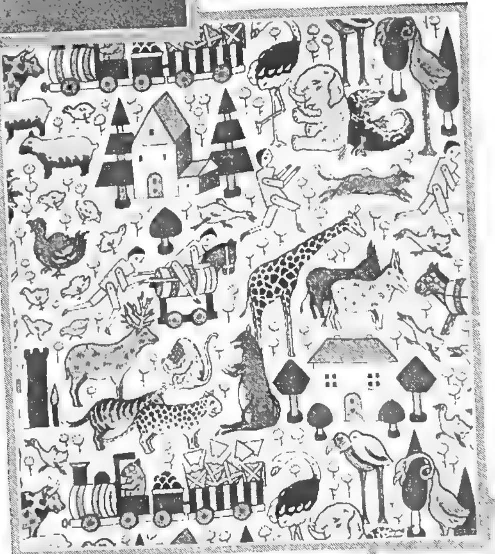
In this day of vacuum cleaners, however, it is by no means imperative that the walls be scrubbed at intervals; and wall-paper is once more coming into its own. The so-called nursery papers, closely covered with figures of children and animals, usually represented as in motion, are fatiguing and monotonous when spread over an entire wall. If used at all it would better be in panels separated by plain areas of ample dimensions. Patterns composed of tiny blossoms or small geometrical repeats are usually preferable, and plain walls are always restful and form the most effective background for pictures, cut-outs, and friezes.

Two very attractive sets of cut-outs respectively represent wild animals, and domestic animals and fowls, all excellently drawn and lithographed in natural colors. To bring these within range of the child's vision they may be arranged in groups upon a thirty-inch dado defined at the top by a narrow wall-paper band or a painted stripe. A coat of shellac or varnish will afford protection from grimy little hands.

Then there are the charmingly designed friezes showing children at play. These also can be utilized as cut-outs, or as horizontal panels applied at intervals along the dado. For the boy from six to twelve there is a spirited set of Indian panels, and another of Boy Scouts engaged in all sorts of activities. Instead of pasted decorations, framed pictures may be hung low enough for the child's enjoyment.

Curtains must be considered in connection with the background of the room, and for the nursery there really is nothing prettier or more practical than checked gingham edged with coarse rick-rack braid. The gay little English chintses with their tiny blossoms in bright yet delicate colors are also delightful, but the so-called nursery cretonnes are in general poorly designed and as tiresome as the majority of the wall-papers.

An exception is the amusing pattern illustrated, which can be had both glazed and unglazed, and in the glazed form makes effective roller-shades under plain curtains of the new sunfast scrims, obtainable in a variety of lovely hues. Other desirable materials include home-dyed unbleached muslin trimmed with cotton ball fringe, and colored organdies and Swisses. White curtains are to be avoided on account of the glare.



Photograph by Bradley Studio

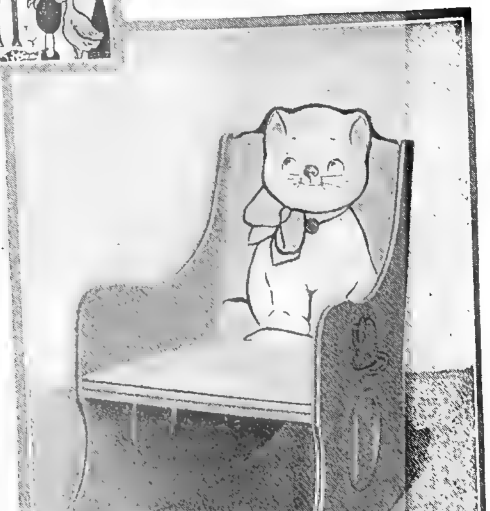
AN AMUSING GLAZED CHINTS FOR NURSERY WINDOW-SHADES

The background also includes the floor and its covering. For a child just beginning to walk, probably the worst possible choice is a slippery hardwood floor with a few small rugs scattered about. The loose edges of the rugs trip the uncertain little feet, and frequent tumbles on the unyielding wood surface cause painful bumps and bruises. Linoleum cemented over a layer of building-felt affords a non-slippery and fairly resilient surface, and for the creeping infant a woolen rug may be spread down and one of the attractive little play-pens placed upon it.

In choosing furniture for the child's room, do not overlook a comfortable chair for the nurse or mother, but avoid sharp, upturned rockers on which a small child may seriously hurt himself. For the little one's own use be sure that the chairs and play-table are correct in height and free from dangerously sharp corners. Tiny Windsors are excellent in this regard, as is the little rocker at the foot of the page with its important-looking pussy-cat. An ingratiating puppy adorns a chair for boys.

Toy cupboards are essential in the interest of order, and low book-shelves and an upholstered window-seat are good features. Only the bare essentials should be allowed, however; for the nursery primarily is a place for the child to play in, and obviously he can not play freely and actively in a room all cluttered up with furniture, no matter how decorative and charming it may be.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For detailed information concerning the furnishings on this page, a list of suitable pictures, or assistance with your own problems, send a self-addressed, stamped envelop to Mrs. Fales, Beauty in the Home Department, Pictorial Review, New York, N. Y.*



THIS SAUCY KITTEN ROCKER IS MATCHED BY A FRIENDLY PUPPY ARMCHAIR

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"My real trouble was chronic constipation, which had caused pimples, acne and frequent headaches . . . Skeptical, I began to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. Then—after a little over a month—the miracle became an established fact: pimples gone, headaches gone, acne fast going, and no more constipation."

E. H. Howard, Santa Fe, N. M.

The PRICE *of* HEALTH

For a few cents a day thousands have found again the freshness, the vigor of youth

Not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes a day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. A-15, The Fleischmann Co., 701 Washington Street, New York.

(LEFT)

"After years of suffering from a disfigured face, due to chronic acne, and after prolonged treatment, I was persuaded to use Fleischmann's Yeast. I started with two cakes every day. To my great joy there was an immediate improvement. Continued daily use of yeast overcame the unsightly condition of my face and it is now clear of blemishes."

Miss Helen W. Young,
Philadelphia, Pa.

(RIGHT)

"I am a professional man, and suffered many years from indigestion. I could eat only certain foods and had constant pain in my stomach. Three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day for three weeks, brought such incredible improvement that I persisted in the practice. At the present time my digestion is perfect and I am in as perfect health as any man of my age in New Haven."

Irving J. Keyes,
New Haven, Conn.

(BELOW)

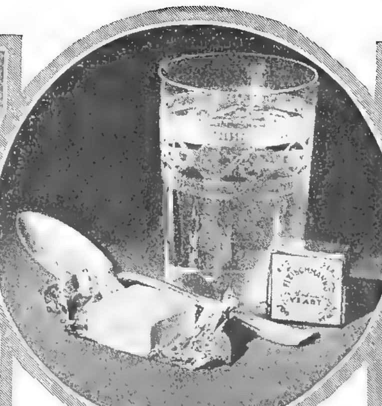
"As a speaker for my party in 1920, I rushed heedlessly from state to state until an outraged nature exacted retribution . . . I sought out a famous specialist for some magic. Here it was! '*Fleischmann's Yeast; three cakes a day.*' In two weeks my appetite had returned; in six, I dared to face my mirror again with clear eyes. I no longer know what anemia and skin troubles mean. My daily cake of yeast has become a rite and a symbol of a more vital existence."

Miss Alma B. Sasse, Brunswick, Mo.

(BELOW)

"For years I fought a chronic constipation. I began eating Yeast merely to satisfy a friend. At the end of two weeks, my chronic constipation and dull headaches had begun to disappear. In one month I was feeling better than I had for ten years. Now I am absolutely normal. As supervising nurse in the health department of a large utility company I find constipation one of the most common ailments. I consider yeast the best remedy I can advise for it."

Miss Gayle Pond, R. N., Chicago, Ill.



This famous food tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders.

Are you trying to acquire some-one's else type of beauty?

IT is one of the commonest mistakes in the whole matter of skin beauty—this attempt to imitate some other woman's attractiveness—some woman of perhaps an entirely different type.

It simply cannot be done, and thousands of permanently ruined complexions are witness to the damage women can do their skin by treatments that promise too much. The skin needs not cosmetics and complicated preparations but merely a mild cleansing agent that will release and preserve its own normal health and glow.

Resinol Soap *is* ideally cleansing and refreshing. Its gentle action thoroughly rids the pores of dust, soot, germs, etc., which interfere with their normal activity, and mean ruin for the complexion.

Its rich color and distinctive fragrance come naturally from the healthful Resinol properties it contains—those properties which are causing Resinol Soap more and more to take the place of the ordinary, highly perfumed soap whose strong odor is only too often a cloak for mediocre quality and harmful ingredients. Buy a cake of Resinol Soap from your druggist, and *begin today to give your skin a chance to restore its own natural beauty!*

If your complexion is now marred by blackheads, blotches, roughnesses, etc., apply Resinol and see how quickly it clears them away. This soothing, healing ointment has been successfully prescribed for years for skin disorders. Itching rashes, slight or serious, chafings, or the smart of a burn, cut or sore quickly respond to its first application. No home should be without it.

RESINOL SOAP

Dept. G, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, without charge, a sample of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment.

Name..

Street..

City.............................State.............

Your Job and Your Manners

Department of Every-Day Etiquette and Modern Social Customs

CONDUCTED BY ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

IF I were the mother of a son leaving home to start his business or professional career in a large city, I would pack into his trunk, along with his Bible and dictionary, a reliable book on etiquette, and along with his Winter flannels an outfit of evening clothes, including the regulation black trousers, tuxedo or dinner-coat, finely pleated shirt, and pumps, or a check with which to purchase them in the city to which he was going.

If I were the mother of a daughter city-bound I would substitute for the outfit of evening clothes the best tailored suit and hat my purse could supply—and tuck in a book on etiquette without fail.

These statements grow out of the firm conviction that good manners, personal charm, and social graces contribute heavily to business and professional success—so heavily, in fact, that they often open doors which remain closed to crude ability and efficiency unadorned.

Most heartily do I prescribe social climbing for young men and women at the outset of their careers. If it is honest and honorable to climb in business or professions, it is equally creditable to have social ambitions, and I have little respect for the young men and young women who are content to drift socially in a new community or select their companions from chance acquaintances without breeding or social background.

Business and social life are more closely associated than we sometimes realize. Employers, customers, and clients are quick to judge a young man by the company in which he is seen—a young woman by the places in which she seeks amusement and the way she dresses during business hours.

Telephone Customs

MANY firms instruct employees in the preferred method of handling telephone-calls. If no such instructions are given, it is well to follow the United States Government form.

When answering a call, a telephone-operator does not say "Hello," but immediately pronounces the name of the firm by whom she is employed. Thus, "Smith, Brown & Co.," or "West Side Hardware Company." The party calling then gives the department or the name of the person with whom he wishes to be connected, and the operator asks for his name.

When a person other than a regular operator answers he should say, "This is West Side Hardware Company. Whom do you want to talk with?" He should then get the *correct* name of the person calling, and relay that name to the person wanted on the wire.

If a member of the firm answers the telephone-call he says, "Arthur Smith of Smith, Brown & Co. speaking."

As a greeting, "Hello" is dropping out of use. The names of the party called and of the speaker are given immediately as a substitute for "Hello."

Employees receiving calls for employers and heads of departments should answer courteously and distinctly, because it is very easy to antagonize customers and clients over the telephone.

There is no greater telephone discourtesy than to interrupt the conversation with "Wait a minute," holding the party at the other end while you give orders or carry on conversation which could be postponed until the telephone interview is completed.

The person who calls on the telephone is supposed to bring the conversation to a close. If, however, the person who puts in the call talks too long on trivial or personal subjects, thus interfering with the business of the party called, the latter may terminate the conversation as courteously as possible. It is distinctly rude to hang up the receiver without saying "Good-by" or some similar phrase.

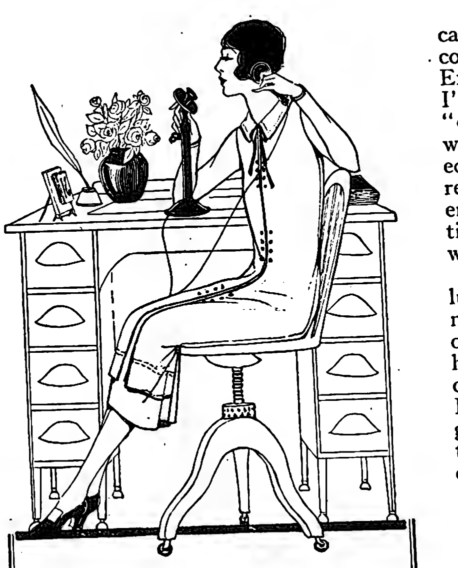
New employees should inquire about rules governing the use of office or store telephones. Many firms forbid telephoning except on business. Employees will save themselves humiliation by observing this rule.

Other firms keep a record of personal calls and ask employees to pay for them weekly or monthly. In this case the employee says to the firm's operator, "Main 314 for Miss Holt, a personal call."

Employees should also find out whether the firm permits incoming calls of a personal nature. If these are permitted she will warn her family and friends not to interrupt her during business hours unless absolutely necessary.

Introductions in Business

SMALL courtesies create smooth relations in business. A new employee should receive and appreciate a kindly reception by those already on the staff. A thoughtful head of a department will introduce the newcomer to several employees, who in turn will perform other introductions. Employees should be introduced individually to a new department head.



Questions Answered

IF THIS does not cover your problem, write to Mrs. Richardson, and she will answer any legitimate question on etiquette. She has been in business many years and knows the needs of beginners.

Send a self-addressed stamped envelop to Mrs. Richardson, care of Pictorial Review, 224 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City. She will not answer postal cards nor letters which are not accompanied by stamped envelops.

Young men often ask if they may speak to young women employed in the same office or store without an introduction. When men and women are thrown together by their work day after day, an introduction is hardly necessary, but no young man from one department of the store, let us say, should speak to a girl employed in another department without an introduction unless he is sent to her with a message.

In other words, it is better taste to observe social conventions in a store or office-building than to presume on the fact that you are working for the same firm or under the same roof with the girl you wish to meet.

In some offices smoking is positively forbidden. A considerate man never carries a cigar, lighted or smoldering, into an office unless he is sure that his host will smoke with him. An applicant for a job should never carry a lighted cigar or cigaret into an office, and no man will smoke in a woman's office unless she gives him permission.

Well-bred young people do not complete their toilet after they reach their counters or desks. They apply make-up and clean their nails at home or in the dressing-room.

Picking the teeth, hawking or spitting in an office or store, biting the nails, and scratching are personal habits which betray bad bringing up and stand in the way of promotion. Even employers who are careless about their own habits want clean-cut, well-mannered young men and women to receive their fastidious customers.

The ambitious young person will be careful about the selection of words in conversing with employers or customers. Expressions such as "Hi, you," "Listen! I'm telling you," "sure," "nerve," "cheek," "kidding," and "gent" are words which stamp the speaker as uneducated, cheap, and thoughtless. On receipt of a self-addressed and stamped envelop, I will be glad to send you the title of a text-book on the use of words, which will help you to speak correctly.

A young woman should not accept a luncheon or dinner invitation from a married man whether he be her employer or a coworker. Neither should she place herself in a position where a single man can not avoid inviting her to luncheon. It is much better for girls to lunch together, for the average man does not care to have in his party a girl who pays her own meal-check.

Gifts in the Office

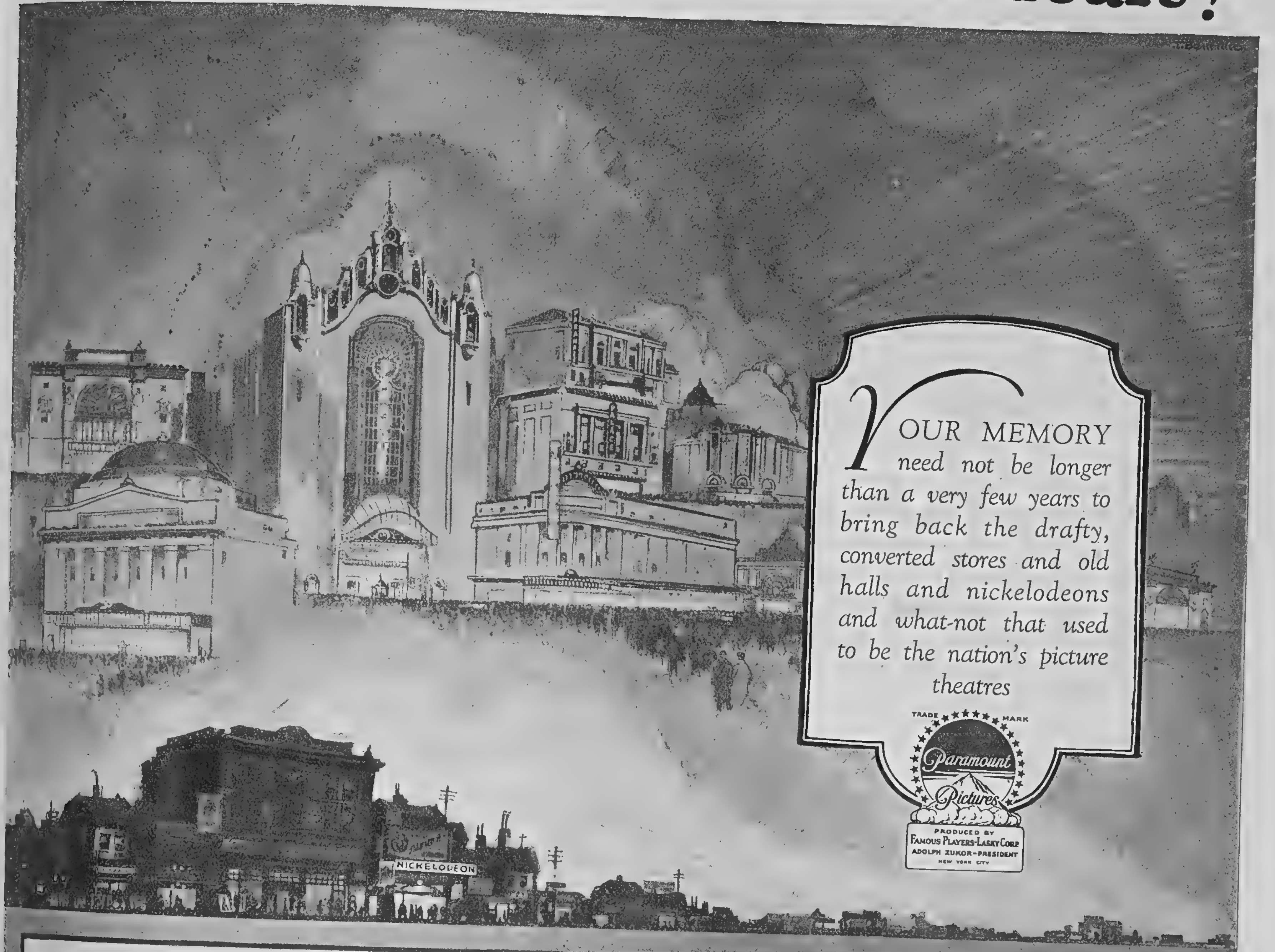
A YOUNG woman should not accept gifts of a personal nature from a man employer. If he wishes to recognize some special service he may give her a bonus at the end of the year or a gift in the name of the firm, but it must not be personal. On the other hand, a woman employee should not embarrass her employer by making him a personal gift at Christmas or on his birthday.

A young woman should not accept any invitation from her employer, to his home, to the theater, in his car, or on his motor-boat, unless that invitation is issued by himself and his wife jointly. Contrary to general belief, an employer's wife is often very appreciative of the service rendered by his secretary, and the latter may freely accept courtesies or hospitalities extended by the wife.

A young man may accept any invitation offered him by his employer or the head of his department, tho for a home function it should be offered in the name of the husband and wife jointly. A wife may ask her husband to bring home a presentable young man to fill in at a dinner or for a house-party. Thus the young business man who dances well or knows how to make himself agreeable at dinner can be doubly useful to his employer, but he must have correct clothes to accept such invitation.

On the other hand, it is very bad taste for an employee to extend any invitation to his employer. The social initiative must always be taken by the employer.

What a Difference in a few Years!



YOUR MEMORY need not be longer than a very few years to bring back the drafty, converted stores and old halls and nickelodeons and what-not that used to be the nation's picture theatres

—but today the utmost in comfortable and luxurious entertainment is found in picture theatres all over the land!

Bad colds and inferior projection ("one moment please, while we change the reel"), are now replaced by a solid luxury and swift enchantment that will not be denied and call "come again, come again," to everyone whose heart is young.

Seated there amid every circumstance of comfort and security, your ears wooed by music and your eyes reflecting the magic of the film, you are indeed all set for a great time.

If you went to the Opera in New York and paid $10 a seat you could hardly get a more luxurious and beautiful entertainment than the best of the modern pictures, properly presented, give you.

Better pictures have made the better theatres possible, and today the entire film industry is working for better pictures and finer theatres wherever needed.

As leader of the film business Famous Players-Lasky Corporation willingly accepts the greatest responsibility in this work, and will carry the finest entertainment to every place where shadows come and go on the silver screen.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

Paramount Pictures

Your Hair is Twice as Beautiful *Shampooed this way*

Try this quick and simple method which thousands now use.
See the difference it makes in the appearance of your hair.
Note how it gives new life and lustre, how it brings out all the wave and color.
See how soft and silky, bright and glossy your hair will look.

THE alluring thing about beautiful hair isn't the way it is worn.

The real, IRRESISTIBLE CHARM is the life and lustre the hair itself contains.

Fortunately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you shampoo it properly.

Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

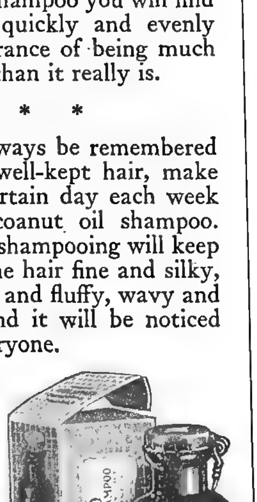
After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

* * * *

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children —Fine for men.



Mulsified REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

The HOME BUREAU

The Travel Club's Program

By May Lamberton Becker

TO THE general reader there are three kinds of travel-books: those about places he has visited, those about places he hopes to visit, and those about places he is quite willing some one else should visit for him. The third kind includes books like Stefánsson's "The Friendly Arctic," ideal companion for the steam-radiator, or Ossendowski's Tibetan thriller, "Beasts, Men, and Gods." The first class is bounded by your experience, the second by your ambition; but for most Americans either would begin with books about the British Isles, the scenic regions of the United States, France (especially Paris), and Italy, and spread along the route of the world cruise.

If the route of a travel club follows books chosen from the first two of these groups, the program will have a different sort of appeal from one given it by books of the third type, and should be developed by somewhat different methods. But in any case lay in a stock of maps and use them freely. A map large enough to cover the season's course, whether "Literary Associations of Scotland" or "The World Tour," should be on the wall at every meeting, and every change of position should be traced on it, from meeting to meeting and from paper to paper. Furthermore, it should be some one's business to show just how you go from point to point, by rail, motor, boat, or whatever else, using guide-books, steamer-folders, and all the alluring literature of tourist agencies, just as you plot out an actual journey in advance.

Such a running accompaniment may do everything for the success of a travel-program, whose best service to the club is that it helps to develop visual imagination, the power to see with the mind. Once brought into play, this faculty—in some people quite inactive—can be used for almost every human activity from planning a gown to enjoying poetry.

So the writer of a travel-paper must make herself see the place she describes, and describe it so that her audience will see it. With travel-books so brilliant that a dull one is an exception and so illustrated as to challenge the movies, it is easy to "see" what they describe; then describe what you see.

You may be somewhat surprized when you actually visit the place later on, but it is far more important that you have, say, a dream-Paris than a sight of Paris with no antecedent dream. If you are studying a city keep its street-plan on the wall and move from place to place on it. You can enlarge for the purpose one of the plans in Baedeker or the Blue Guides.

The travel-program for which I am most often asked is on the literary associations of the British Isles; fortunately there is a large special literature on this subject. (A little handbook has recently appeared, "The Places of English Literature," by Bidwell and Rosenstiel.)

Such a program has days for Shakespeare's England, the Lake Country, the Brontë moors, Hardy's Wessex, the Sussex of Sheila Kaye-Smith, "Britlingland"—material for more than one brilliant season. London alone would keep a literary program supplied for a long time, with books like Matz's "Dickensian Inns and Taverns," Chancellor's "London of Dickens" and "London of Thackeray," the new "London," by Sidney Dark, with pictures by Pennell, and treasuries like Adcock's "Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London" or Boynton's "London in English Literature."

Paris comes next in demand, and again books pile up; some newer ones, besides the Blue Guide "Paris" for actual visitors to the city, are Henderson's "Loiterer in Paris," George Wharton Edwards's "Paris," with illustrations by the author; Crichton's "Lure of Old Paris," and the personal record of "Paris Through an Attic," by A. H. Edwards.

There is fortunately no end of books about Italy, and I have noticed that clubs asking me for advice on their choice usually allow time for their richness; it is not unusual to have the program planned on a two-year basis. It seems peculiarly fitting to develop an Italian program by cities; their history, art, and architecture. For this the series called "Mediæval Towns" is invaluable. I can but hint at the usefulness of Blashfield's book on "Italian Cities," Mather's compact "History of Italian Painting," or the "Picture Guides" issued by the Medici Society, which go into France also.

CLUB PROGRAMS

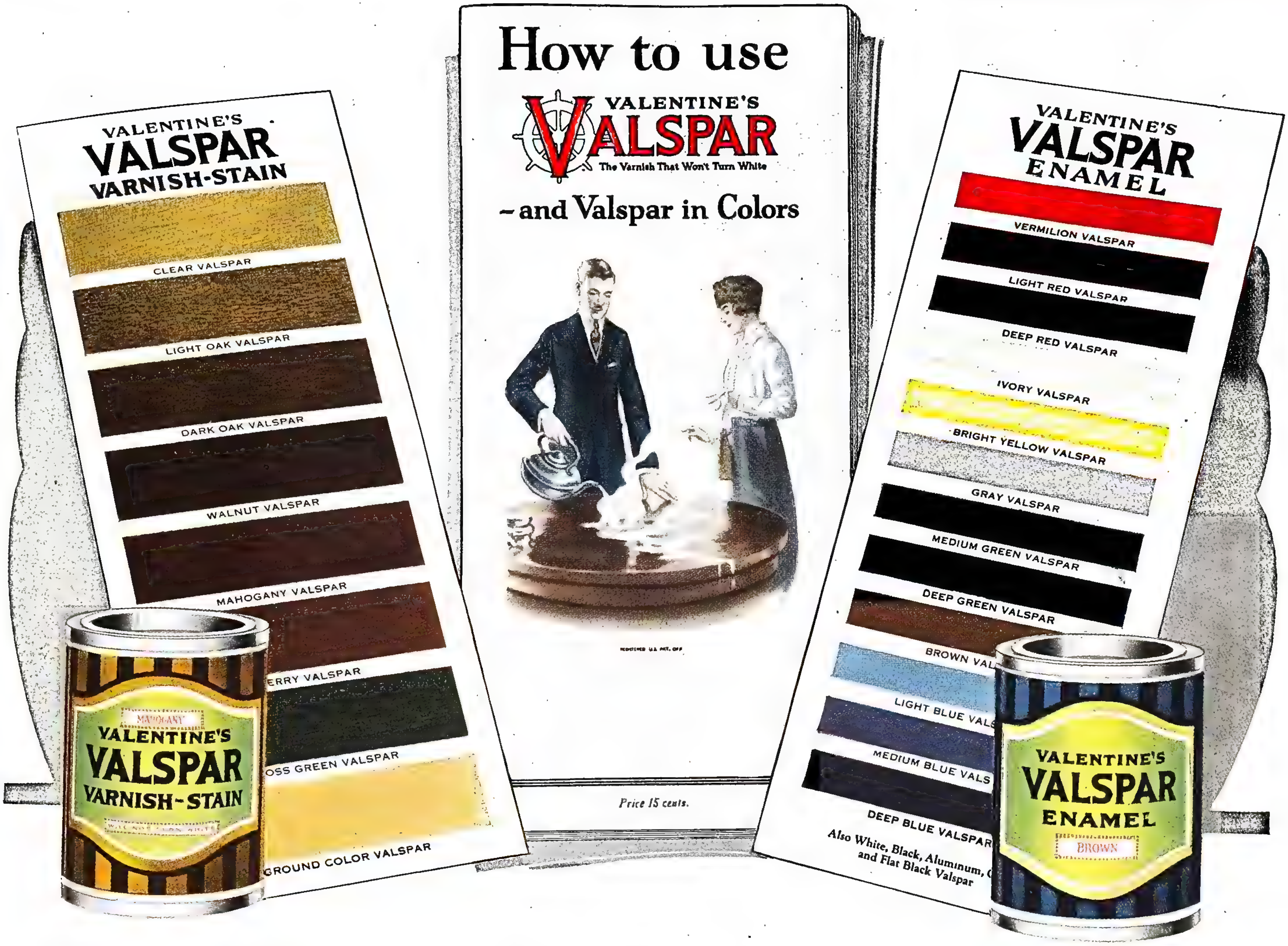
Let Mrs. Lamberton Becker help you with your literary programs. Send her your questions with a stamped, addressed envelope.

The first trip abroad may be for general sightseeing, but the more accustomed traveler goes with some special subject in mind, as Charles H. Sherrill made the "Stained Glass Tours in France" and other countries, resulting in the book of that title and its companion volumes, or as we go to see cathedrals, study trade conditions, or check up the canvases of Velasquez. So a travel club of some years' standing may shape its course, say, by architecture, and study the history of England through its cathedrals or follow the fortunes of any country by its famous buildings.

Art tours explain themselves, and there are several general guides to European galleries that help in planning them.

The historical approach makes another type of program: there is no better way of keeping the history of this country alive and breathing than by visiting the places where our history was made. Only remember that not all of our history

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78



Valspar—which color do you want?

Perhaps you've some old furniture you want to renew. Or maybe you're planning to change the color scheme of your room. No matter what color you need, Valspar has it!

Valspar Varnish-Stains. Look at the chart at the left. There you have Valspar in beautiful transparent colors. Valspar Varnish-Stains are made of Valspar Varnish combined with permanent, non-fading colors to give natural wood effects, such as Light or Dark Oak, Cherry, etc.

You stain and Valspar with one stroke of the brush, thereby doing away with the old method of staining and varnishing separately. Valspar Varnish-Stains bring out all the beauty of the grain in the wood. Having all of Valspar's durability, they can be used for all work outdoors as well as indoors.

Valspar-Enamels—shown on the chart at the right. Valspar-Enamels combine all of Valspar's waterproof, wear-proof and weather-proof qualities with beautiful, opaque colors. They are applied like paint, covering wood or metal surfaces with a solid color just like paint—and have the added advantages of Valspar's brilliant lustre and durability. They may be rubbed down to a beautiful dull finish, if desired.

Send in the coupon—today—for samples of Valspar and Valspar in Colors. Be sure to send for the Valspar book which gives a hundred practical suggestions for using Valspar—indoors or out.

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 460 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample each of Clear Valspar, Varnish-Stain and Enamel supplied per person at this special price.)
Valspar Instruction Book with Color Charts, 15c extra.
Print full mail address plainly.

Clear Valspar ☐
Valspar-Stain ☐
Choose 1 Color ......
Valspar-Enamel ☐
Choose 1 Color ......
Valspar Book ☐

Dealer's Name..
Address..
Your Name..
Address.. City....................

Pict. Rev. 4-25

GUESTS ARRIVING AT A SUPPER DANCE, *given for a New York debutante, at New York's most fashionable restaurant on Park Avenue. Investigation shows that among New York's one hundred and sixty debutantes of the season, Woodbury's Facial Soap is more than three times as popular as any other soap.*

One Hundred and Two and Boston *Debutantes tell*

IN the social registers of the big New York newspapers one hundred and sixty debutantes were listed this season—a list unusually large, for the number of young girls presented in a season to what is authentically known as "society" in New York rarely mounts to more than a hundred.

In Boston the list came to ninety-eight.

Because these two hundred and fifty-eight Boston and New York girls represent a high tradition of beauty and sophistication—and because with every one of them a fresh, brilliant, well-cared-for appearance is a requisite part of her "job"—something on which her success and popularity depend—we felt it important to find out how these young society girls take care of their skin.

What toilet soap do they use? Why do they choose it? And what are the qualities in a soap that especially appeal to them?

224 girls answer the questions

In order to find out the answers to these questions we submitted them to each of the 258 girls. All but 34 replied to our inquiries.

The results were extremely interesting.

Twenty-three different brands of soap were used; but whereas 122 girls scattered their choice over 22 different kinds of soap—an average of a different soap to every 5 girls—the remaining 102 girls all used Woodbury's.

AMONG the New York debutantes Woodbury's was more than three times as popular as any other soap. Among the Boston debutantes Woodbury's was nearly five times as popular as any other soap.

Forty-three girls said

The Two Famous

THERE are more than 500 different brands of toilet soap on the market today. Among this bewildering assortment of shapes, sizes, colors, perfumes—what is it that has given Woodbury's Facial Soap its astonishing prestige among all classes of fastidious and intelligent women?

Evidence shows that thousands of women today are using Woodbury's because of the helpfulness of the famous Woodbury skin treatments in overcoming common skin defects such as blackheads, blemishes, excessive oiliness, enlarged pores, etc.

That Woodbury's is also preferred to any other toilet soap by women with a naturally smooth, clear complexion, who choose their toilet soap preëminently for its purity and its non-irritating effect on the skin, is a further point brought out by the remarkable series of investigations which we begin to publish in this number of the magazine, and which will be continued in succeeding issues.

Copyright, 1925, by Andrew Jergens Co.

New York

why they use Woodbury's Facial Soap

they used Woodbury's because they found it helpful in overcoming definite skin defects such as enlarged pores, blackheads, blemishes, excessive oiliness, etc.

Seventy-six girls gave the purity of Woodbury's as their reason for using it, or spoke of its beneficial effect on the skin in general cleansing.

Two girls used Woodbury's because it had been recommended by their physicians.

Two points are noticeably brought out by the investigation: one is the constantly recurring testimony to the purity and fineness of Woodbury's Facial Soap. The other is the efficacy of the special Woodbury treatments for overcoming common skin troubles.

Why Woodbury's is unique in its effect on the skin

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one notices this extreme fineness.

Every Woodbury user recognizes something individual and unique in the feeling of Woodbury's on her skin: mild, soothing, and yet tonic and gently stimulating. The most tender skin is benefitted by the daily use of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter and begin tonight, the treatment your skin needs. A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. For convenience—buy Woodbury's in 3- or 12-cake boxes.

Woodbury Treatments for Blackheads and Oily Skin

To Free your Skin from Blackheads

Every night before retiring apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

To Correct an Oily Skin

At least once a day, cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it thoroughly into the pores with your finger tips—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

FREE OFFER

A GUEST-SIZE SET *of three Woodbury skin preparations, with* new, large size *trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Free—send for it today!*

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
304 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me FREE

The new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder, and the treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch.*"

If you live in Canada, Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 304 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. *English Agents:* H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

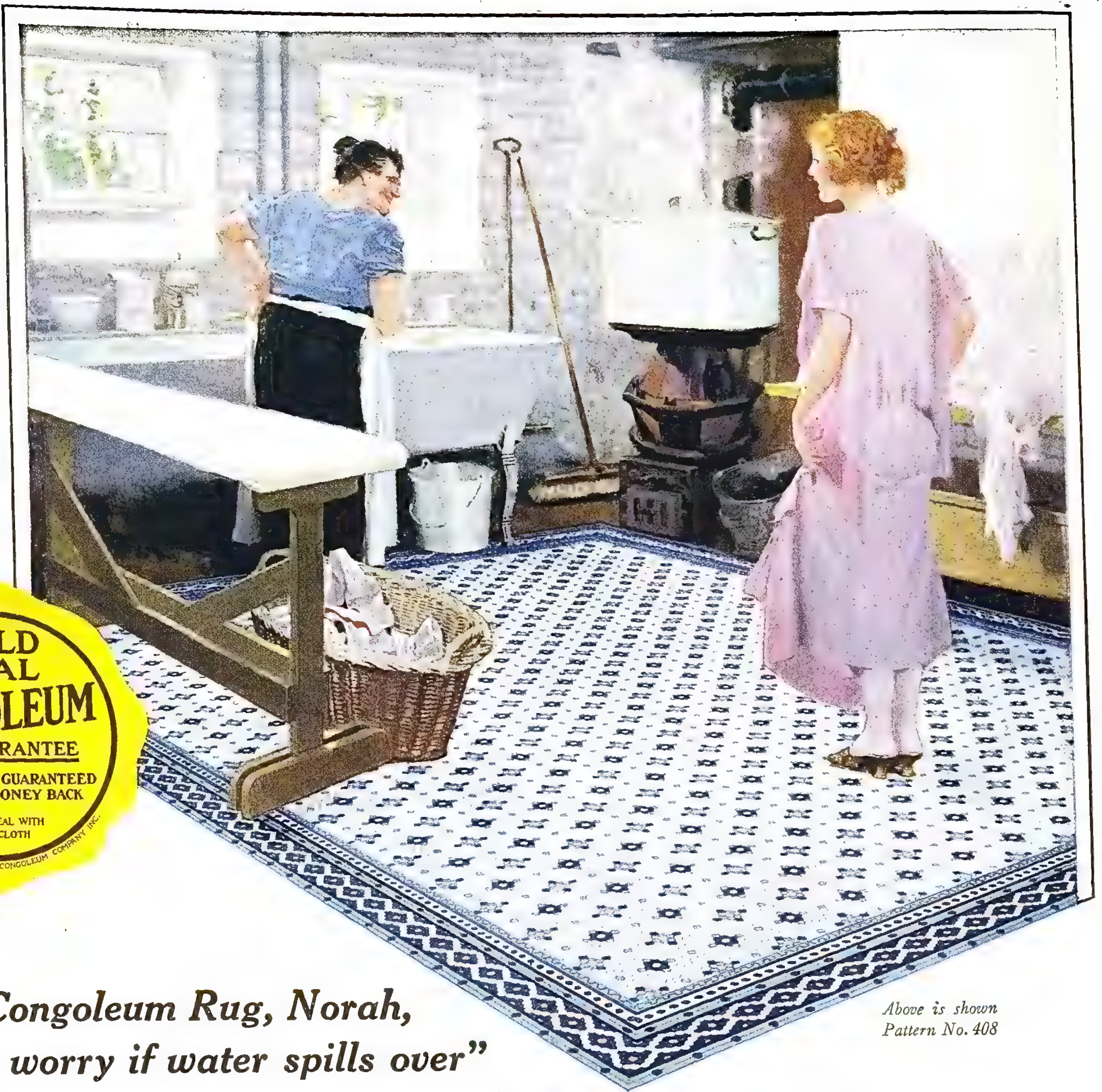
Name..

Street..

City..................................State..................

Warning!

There is only one "Congoleum" and it is identified by the Gold Seal pasted on the face of every pattern. The name "Congoleum" is a registered trade-mark and the exclusive property of Congoleum-Nairn Inc. If you want "Congoleum" be sure to ask for it by name and look for the Gold Seal.



GOLD SEAL
CONGOLEUM
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH
COPYRIGHT 1917 AND 1920, CONGOLEUM COMPANY INC.

Above is shown Pattern No. 408

"It's a Congoleum Rug, Norah, so don't worry if water spills over"

Of course, water is bound to be spilled and splashed in a laundry. And who cares? Certainly not the woman who has a *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug on the floor!

For these rugs are absolutely waterproof. They will not rot, no matter how often they are subjected to moisture. To clean them, just go over the smooth, sanitary surface with a damp mop. It takes but a moment and you'll find the bright colors as clear as when the rug was new.

Patterns for Every Room

The neat pattern illustrated, No. 408, is but one of several tile and wood-block designs suited to kitchen, bathroom and laundry use. Then there are dainty floral effects adapted to bedrooms and elaborate Oriental motifs that harmonize perfectly with living and dining-room furnishings.

Congoleum Rugs lie flat without tacks or cement, yet never wrinkle, never curl up at the edges or corners. And housewives are always delighted with their very low prices.

Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

6 x 9	feet	$ 9.00	
7½ x 9	feet	11.25	
9 x 9	feet	13.50	
9 x 10½	feet	15.75	
9 x 12	feet	18.00	

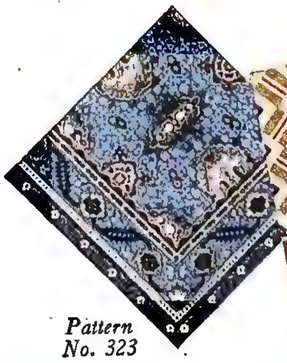
Pattern Nos. 386 and 408, illustrated, are made in all sizes. The other patterns are made in the five large sizes only.

1½ x 3	feet	$ .60
3 x 3	feet	1.40
3 x 4½	feet	1.95
3 x 6	feet	2.50

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.
Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City San Francisco
Minneapolis Atlanta Dallas Pittsburgh New Orleans
Cleveland London Paris Rio de Janeiro
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM RUGS

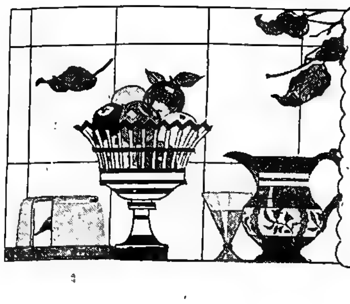


Pattern No. 323

Pattern No. 386

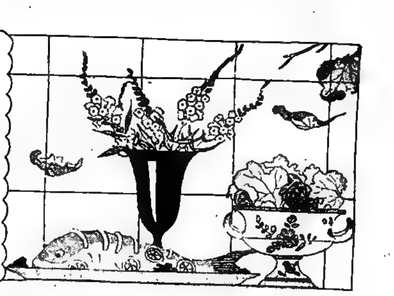
Pattern No. 534

Pattern No. 558



THE HOME BUREAU

Conducted by Marie Sellers



Jack Sprat Spreads

When You Plan the Menus for Your Parties Have a Little Mercy for Your Fat Friends

By Edna Sibley Tipton

PARTIES are the bane of the fat woman's existence! Just about the time she screws up her courage sufficiently to go on a reducing diet, just as she is indulging in day-dreams in which she is the sylph-like heroine whose figure is the envy of every member of her audience, just about the time she has endured the third day of diet-meals and has commenced to notice how much better she feels, she receives an invitation to a card-party, a tea, or a dinner.

What shall she do about it? Shall she forego the pleasure of contact with other personalities in order to avoid rich foods (which, in her heart, she still secretly craves a little), embarrass her hostess by refusing the delicious party-dishes, or shall she accept the invitation, eat the fat-producing foods offered—and either starve for a few days thereafter or with a "what's the use" excuse go back to the prediet food-indulgences?

It's a question! And only those who have tried to reduce *and* meet their social obligations know how difficult the situation can become. If only one might accept an occasional invitation and refuse the rest!

Card-parties, teas, dinners, buffet-luncheons are all such popular forms of entertainment that the hostess who need not reduce forgets that she is placing a very serious temptation before the would-be-slender woman when she offers such types of hospitality, especially if she serves the customary repasts.

To-day, with more and more women dieting, the hostess who thinks may safely substitute the Jack Sprat party for the usual festivity which would surely have delighted that worthy gentleman's spouse.

"Jack Sprat could eat no fat"—so says the rime. Neither can those who would lose an extra burden of avoirdupois. At Jack Sprat parties the hostess so plans her refreshments that fat foods are never missed.

And that's not all, either! The form of entertainment is not one that allows the guests to "sit around"—the contests they engage in make them exercise, and by the time the fun is over good circulation has made the use of rouge less imperative in producing a rosy tint in the cheeks than is the usual case.

Now, do you know what a Jack Sprat party is? It's a dance, a hiking-party, a skating-party (roller or ice); it's a swimming-party, it's a boating- or a canoeing-party, it's a tennis tournament, a billiard tournament, a golf tournament, a croquet tournament, a bowling tournament—it may even be a ping-pong tournament! It may be the perfect end to the activities of a gym class. A tobogganing- or coasting-party and even a quoit-pitching contest could come into the category of Jack Sprat parties.

IT TAKES MORAL COURAGE TO FACE RICH PARTY FOOD AND NOT EAT IT

OH, FOR THAT SLENDER WAIST-LINE!

And then comes the food! It takes moral courage to eat only those foods which do not make fat, if one must watch a slender pal indulge in rich, luscious concoctions; but if every one be served the same type of food—and enough of it—it's no trick at all to be "strong-willed"—and untempted.

The hostess of these functions does not need to trust to her own knowledge of food combinations. She can find innumerable books from which to select sample menus, and with these at hand she can create similar ones which may have a "partyfied air" surrounding them. A few points the authorities stress as a basis for menu-making when reduction of weight is desired. The Jack Sprat hostess observes these points when creating Jack Sprat spreads.

One authority says, "Count your calories"; another says, "Eat all vegetables except corn and potatoes, all fruits except grapes and bananas, all meats except pork; avoid gravies, pastry, and all dried foods, such as beans, lentils, etc." One sage tells us to eat foods having alkali qualities one day and acid foods the following day; a noted physician is said to have reduced patients on a diet of chicken, fish, celery, lettuce, and apples; and another equally noted physician guarantees reduction on a diet consisting of black coffee and a ripe tomato for breakfast, followed by luncheon and dinner made up of soft-boiled eggs and two out of four prescribed vegetables. All agree that as little salt as possible should be used.

SHE SHOULD NOT EMBARRASS HER HOSTESS BY NOT EATING

If the hostess follows the "count your calories" system she has but to make her portions small and also "add up" to a "reducing allowance." The hostess who follows the authority who simply tabus certain foods has a free hand and can create menus that would tempt a gormand; the hostess who follows the sage recommending certain foods only, may use her creative ingenuity to fashion a variety of dishes with a common foundation.

As the authority who allows everything except two vegetables, two fruits, and one meat can be followed in whatever section you live, I have made up the menus that follow, based on his doctrine.

Jack Sprat Menus

Honeydew Melon
Served with Slices of Lemon
Roast Chicken String-beans Diet-bread
Tomato Jelly Salad Cottage Cheese Balls
Pineapple Ice
Coffee

Deviled Eggs (Vinegar Instead of Oil Used)
Roast Turkey Asparagus-tips Diet-bread
Hearts of Lettuce (Diet-Dressing)
Halves of Grapefruit
Coffee

Clam Cocktail Diet-sticks
Minute-steak (with Minced Onion)
Stewed Celery and Green Pepper
Frozen Pineapple Salad
Coffee

Clam-juice Cocktail
Sardine Canapé (on Diet-bread)
Roast Beef
Horseradish Squash and Onion (Mashed)
Apple-and-Celery Salad
Raspberry Jelly
Coffee

Boiled Fish Flakes with Tomato Sauce
(in Ramekins)
Diet-sticks
Roast Veal Cauliflower Mixed Pickles
Combination Salad
Chilled Spiced Apples
Coffee

Baked Peppers (Stuffed with Vegetables)
Calf's Liver (Baked with Onions)
Celery
Egg-and-Pimiento Salad
Frozen Pears Coffee

Tomatoes, Green Peppers, and Onion
(Baked in Ramekins)
Roast Lamb Mint Sauce Peas
Stuffed Beet Salad Diet-toast
Grapefruit (in Crushed Ice)
Coffee

Cucumber "Fingers" Radishes
Halves of Tomatoes (Broiled)
Hamburger Steak
Brussels Sprouts Diet-bread
Cabbage Salad
Water-ice
Coffee

Crab Flakes Cucumber Sauce
Boiled Smoked Tongue (Tomato-and-Olive Sauce) Spinach
Watercress Salad Diet-sticks
Sliced Peaches (Lemon-juice)
Coffee

Radishes Oysters Lemon Horseradish
Broiled Fish
Baked Stuffed Eggplant Cucumbers
Diet-bread
Chilled Prunes
(Stuffed with Cottage Cheese)
Boiled Dressing
Coffee

Minced Chicken and Mushrooms
(in Ramekins)
Broiled Veal-chops
Carrots and Green Peppers (Stewed)
Spinach
Olive-and-Celery Salad
Oranges and Grapefruit
(in Grapefruit-baskets)
Coffee

Tomato-and-Green Chilli (Mexican) Canape
(on Diet-bread)
Roast Duck
(Stuffed with Celery, Green Peppers, and Oysters)
Watercress-and-Orange Salad
Lemon Gelatin
Coffee

Boiled Scallops (Cold) Chilli Sauce
Roast Beef
Tomatoes and Green Peppers
Stewed Horseradish
Mixed Pickle Diet-bread
Cottage Cheese-and-Olive Salad
Lemon Ice Coffee

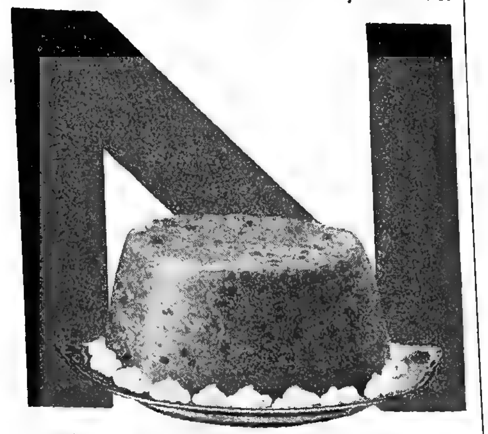
"Eating to Stay Slender"

Pictorial Review's new booklet on diets for reducing and keeping to normal weight will be sent for ten cents. Address Home Bureau Service, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

"The Highest Quality for Health"

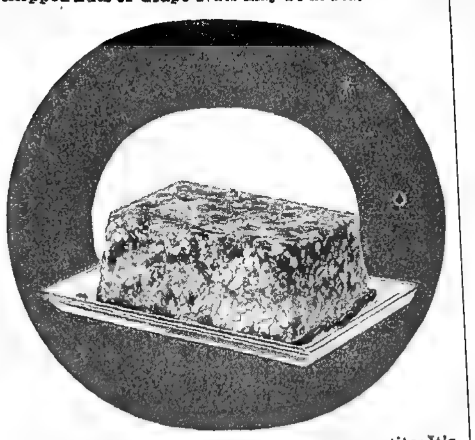
ONE package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine will make four different desserts or salads—each sufficient for a family of six.

Treat your family to the following delicious dessert. It is economical and easy to make.



Butter Scotch Rice Pudding

Wash ⅛ cup rice; cook in double boiler, with two cups scalded milk and ¼ teaspoon salt, until nearly tender. Meanwhile cook together in shallow pan one cup brown sugar and 2 tablespoons butter until it gets dark brown, but not burnt. Add this to the rice and milk, and finish cooking until rice is tender and the caramel melted. Soak ½ envelope Knox Gelatine in ½ cup cold water 10 minutes; dissolve in one cup hot milk. Strain this into cooked rice mixture and turn into cold wet mold. One cup chopped nuts or Grape-Nuts may be added.



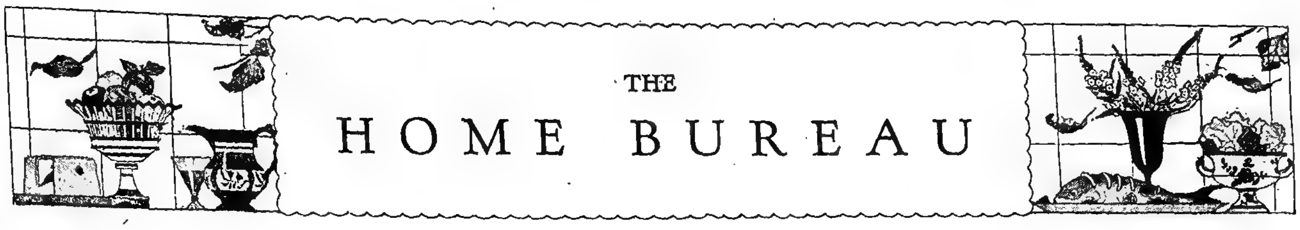
This "Perfection Salad" will tempt *any* appetite. It's a particular favorite with men and it's good for the children, too. This salad makes an ideal "company" dish. Write for the recipe.

Because of its health value, economy, and many delightful uses, a plain, unflavored, unsweetened gelatine like Knox Gelatine should be served to your family daily.

FREE—
Recipes for every occasion

Solve your table problems by writing for Mrs. Knox's recipe books today. They offer new ways of making meals attractive and wholesome. Free—for your grocer's name and 4c for postage.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.
135 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.



THE
HOME BUREAU

Round and Round the Beef-Bone

By Grace Viall Gray

THE round of beef should be a very popular piece of meat, as it is extremely juicy, well flavored, and comparatively free from fat. It is also comparatively inexpensive, as it consists of two-thirds solid, lean meat, with only one-sixth bone.

The top of the round, or the inside, is used for steaks and roasts. The bottom, or outside, is lower in price and is best used either chopped or ground, or if a large piece is desired it should be subjected to long, slow cooking. This bottom round is excellent for pot-roasts or for casserole-cookery. It is also good for corning. When occasion calls for beef tea in the home, make it from the bottom round, as this makes the best flavored beef tea procurable.

There is one thing to remember in buying the round for braizing or for pot-roasts, and that is to buy by weight rather than by slice. A thick slice cut across the round is better and more economical than a large thin slice. A thin slice loses more juice in cooking than a smaller thicker one. The thick portion may not look sufficient but it will be equal in weight to the thinner slice and will serve just as many. It is economy to plan so that a piece of round provides for at least two meals. This can very easily be done if forethought is used at purchase-time.

In the properly fed steer the top of the round produces steaks that can be pan-broiled. To get the best results the pan must be very hot and the cooking done quickly to retain the juices. Season the meat after the cooking is completed. Prompt serving is very important with pan-broiled round steak, as it toughens by standing even for a few minutes.

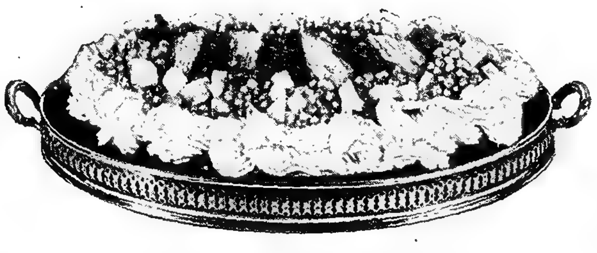
A very economical method of preparing round steak is to pound flour into it, then brown in fat, add onion, cover with tomato soup or water flavored with beef extract and catchup, and allow to simmer in the covered kettle for forty or fifty minutes. This is one form of Swiss steak and one of the most popular ways to fix round steak.

Probably more different dishes can be made from the round than from any other cut. There is the so-called minute-steak of public eating-houses or restaurants. This steak is a very thin round steak, quickly cooked and served piping hot. Beef rolls are delicious and are made of round steak cut into strips and well pounded. To make these rolls a spoonful of dressing, or a slice of bacon, or an olive may be laid on the strip of meat before it is rolled. The rolls are held in shape with toothpicks. After they are floured and browned and water added they are covered and cooked over a low fire until tender. Stuffed and baked round steak is just as delicious as stuffed flank steak.

The round in chopped form is known to the American housewife as Hamburger steak. Hamburger alone has wonderful possibilities. It may be shaped into the form of steaks which may be broiled or pan-broiled or it may be formed into cutlets and breaded and fried in beef-fat. Hamburger need never get monotonous, as it can be served with a great variety of sauces from mushroom to tomato. Lemon butter, which is made by creaming butter with salt, paprika, parsley, and lemon-juice, is especially delicious on all forms of Hamburger.

Hamburger croquettes are good, and so is minced Hamburger on toast. Baked or fried bananas are a good accompaniment to Hamburger in any form. Planked Hamburger is unusual as well as delicious.

The accompanying recipes may suggest some unusual and yet inexpensive dishes that will please the family.



Planked Hamburger

THE meat for this attractive-looking dish cost only thirty-five cents, and was sufficient to serve eight people. The vegetables used were mashed potatoes, peas, and carrots. Thin slices of bacon were laid across the Hamburger to add flavor as well as to give attractiveness to the dish.

Planked Hamburger

SEASON two pounds of Hamburger meat with salt, pepper, minced onion, and cooking-sauce; bind all together with one beaten egg and one-half cupful of milk. Some bread-crumbs, crackers, or cooked cereal may be added also to make it go farther. Form the mixture into a thick steak and cook for fifteen minutes in a hot frying-pan, turning once during the cooking so that both sides of the steak are nicely browned. Place this cooked steak on the center of a hot plank; surround with mashed potatoes piped through a pastry-tube; add glacéd carrots and one can of peas drained from the liquor. Season all with salt, pepper, and butter, and put in the oven and cook until the meat is thoroughly done and the potatoes are browned. This will take about fifteen minutes.

Round Steak Smothered in Onions

3 Pounds Round Steak
6 Onions, Sliced Fine
1 Tablespoonful Bacon Drippings
1 Tablespoonful Flour
2 Tablespoonfuls Vinegar
2 Sprigs Each of Thyme and Bay-leaf
3 Sprigs Parsley
1 Clove Garlic
1 Pint Boiling Water
Salt and pepper to Taste

BEAT the round steak well with a rolling-pin or steak-hammer. Cut off the outer skin and press the meat back into shape. Place the drippings in a deep frying-pan and let them melt; then put in the sliced onions and place these around the steak, which has been well seasoned with some salt and pepper and dredged with the flour; cover closely; allow to simmer over a hot fire for a few minutes, and then turn the steak on the other side. After three minutes add the vinegar, chopped parsley, thyme and bay-leaf, and the garlic. Turn the steak until it is nicely browned. When browned pour over it boiling water, which should be sufficient to cover the meat; then lower the fire and allow it to simmer gently for two hours. At serving-time put the steak on a platter, cover it with the onions and gravy, and you will find that you have a delicious and delicately flavored dish.

Stuffed Round-Steak Roast

PURCHASE a large round steak at least an inch thick; rub in as much flour as it will take and season well with salt and pepper. Prepare a good dressing of three cupfuls of stale bread-crums, two eggs, a large onion, salt, pepper, and two tablespoonfuls of shortening. Cover the steak with this dressing; roll up and tie. Place in a roasting-pan or Dutch oven together with a piece of suet and a pint of water; baste often and cook until tender, which will take a couple of hours. Garnish with parsley.

Round Steak en Casserole

PURCHASE a slice of round steak one to one-half inch thick; then cut into pieces small enough for serving. Sift onto a plate three-quarter cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, and one-eighth teaspoonful of paprika. Roll each piece of meat in this seasoned flour and place in a casserole; any flour that is left over should be sprinkled between the layers of meat. Take one medium-sized onion, insert five cloves into it, and place on top of the meat. Pour over enough cold water to cover, and let cook gently about two hours in the oven. Serve en casserole.

Hamburger Dumplings

1 Pound Ground Round Steak
½ Cupful Dry Uncooked Rice
½ Green Pepper, Chopped
½ Onion, Minced
Salt and pepper to Taste

MIX the ingredients, mold into small balls, and drop into boiling salted water, just enough to cover them. Boil slowly for thirty minutes. At the end of that time add one cupful of tomato-pulp or tomato soup, drop a tablespoonful of dumpling batter on top of each cake, cover tightly, and steam for twelve minutes. Serve with the gravy in the kettle poured around the meat balls.

Round Steak with Macaroni

PURCHASE one-half pound of round steak, cut into small pieces; roll in flour and brown in drippings in a hot frying-pan; cover with water; add two slices of onion and one-half can of tomatoes and any other desired seasonings; cook until tender. Cook one-quarter pound of macaroni, drain, and put into a buttered casserole; push the cooked macaroni to the sides of the dish and fill the center with the cooked meat. A little sausage gives an unusual flavor to this dish. Place in the oven and cook until hot throughout. Grated cheese may be sprinkled over the top of the casserole if desired.

"Eagle Brand started him on the road to health"

THIS straight-backed, wide-awake little fellow is Leland Kendall Silver. At the time this photograph was taken he was only eight months old.

To women who are struggling with infant feeding problems, Mrs. Silver says, "I am offering this testimonial for the benefit of any mother who might be having the same trouble as I.

"Borden's Eagle Brand may be given credit for starting our little son on the road to health. Since the time he was six weeks old Eagle Brand has been his diet. We tried many different foods but none seemed to agree with him."

In sixty-five years Eagle Brand has given a million such babies as Leland Silver a sound foundation for future health. For Eagle Brand more nearly resembles mother's milk than any other baby food. If you cannot nurse *your* baby, or if he is not thriving, start him on Eagle Brand and the road to health at once.

Eagle Brand is pure, whole milk and refined sugar, combined according to a special Borden formula. It has all the necessary food essentials for healthy growth, including all the vitamins. The method of combining makes it exceptionally digestible. Even the most delicate baby stomach can assimilate it. It is always the same—clean, safe, uniform—and you can get it anywhere.

You will want to know about other Eagle Brand babies too, so write for our new book, *What Other Mothers Say.* In addition to pictures of the babies with their mothers' stories, this book contains feeding charts for infants up to 1 year and for children from 1 to 2 years.

If you wish general information on the care of your baby, send for *Baby's Welfare,* an authoritative book written for you by a physician.

Both books are free. Use the coupon below. The Borden Company, 479 Borden Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

LELAND KENDALL SILVER
Son of Mr. & Mrs. Kendall Silver
477 North University Ave.
Provo, Utah

Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK

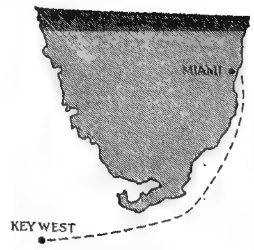
BABY'S WELFARE
What other mothers say-
Trade Mark of THE BORDEN COMPANY. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
GAIL BORDEN
EAGLE BRAND
by which this CONDENSED MILK will hereafter be designated; and for additional protection against imposition, each label will bear the signature,
Gail Borden
THE BORDEN COMPANY
NEW YORK, U. S. A.

The Baby
Welfare Dept.
The Borden Co.
479 Borden Bldg.
350 Madison Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copies of *What Other Mothers Say* and *Baby's Welfare.*

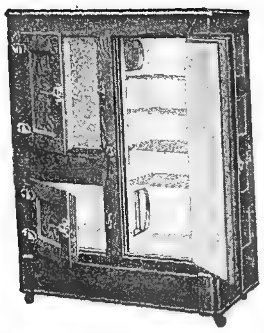
Name..............................

Address..............................



"After a day's trip in Florida's heat, milk stays fresh 5 days"

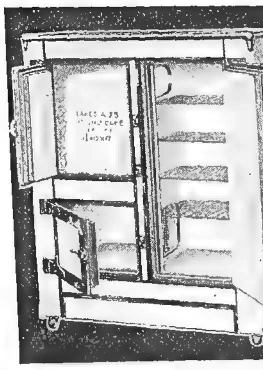
—[*Says Mrs. Harrington*]



"I HAVE been using the Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator for eight years. Our milk coming from Miami, is a day old when received. I can keep it five days in the Leonard and it will still be sweet."—Mrs. C. D. Harrington, Key West, Florida.

An unusual experience, but characteristic of the ten-walled Leonard! For 43 years this dependable food protector has been the unfailing friend of housewives. Furnishing best refrigeration at least cost, it pays for itself in food saved, waste eliminated, health protected. One out of every six refrigerators sold is made by Leonard.

Polar Felt Insulation

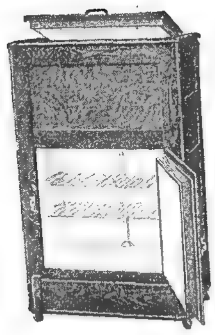


The Leonard's insulation is Polar Felt, a chemically-treated material, odorless, clean. It was adopted only after testing and rejecting many other materials such as cork, mineral wool and charcoal.

The Leonard's one-piece food chamber is triple porcelain coated. Porcelain extends clear around the door frame. Feel for it. See the new self-closing lock and patented copper drain pipe and trap.

The Leonard can also be had with French gray porcelain lining. Furnished with outside icing doors and water cooler if desired. There's a Leonard size and style to suit every purse. See the Leonard dealer. If you cannot find him write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Send for Actual Sample of Porcelain



Mr. Leonard's booklet, "Selection and Care of Refrigerators," and catalog of 77 styles and sizes will also be sent.

GRAND RAPIDS REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
504 Clyde Avenue, Grand Rapids, Michigan

Be sure the refrigerator you buy is made in Grand Rapids—the fine furniture center of the world.

Mrs. C. H. Leonard's Cook Book, 250 pages of tested recipes—$1.

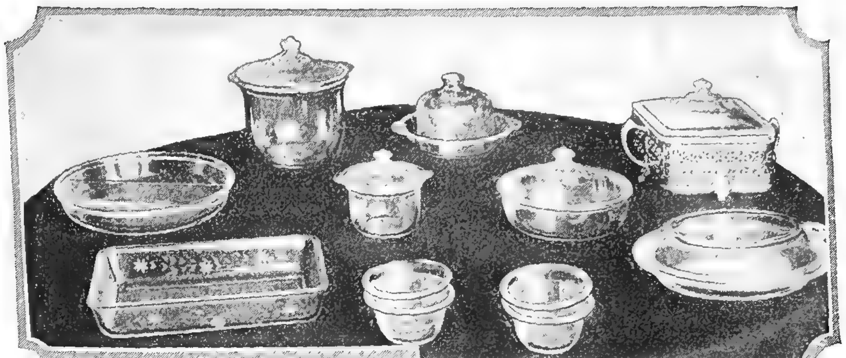
C. H. LEONARD, *pioneer of home refrigeration, who has been responsible for many modern refrigerator improvements.*

Leonard
CLEANABLE
Refrigerator

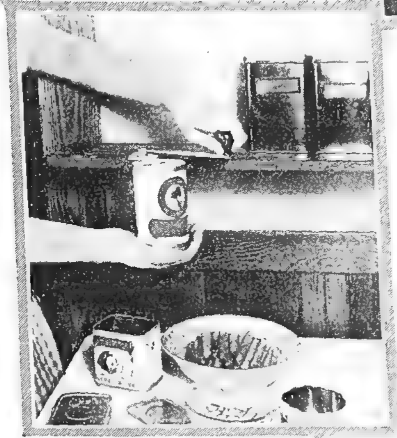
"Like a Clean China Dish"

The HOME BUREAU

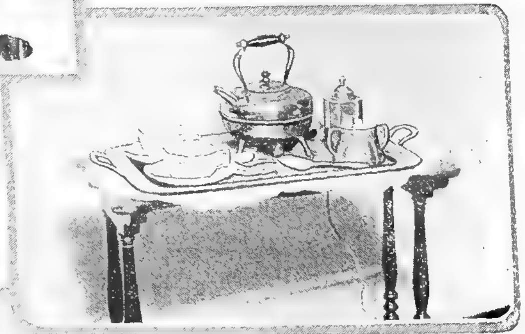
Tools for Women



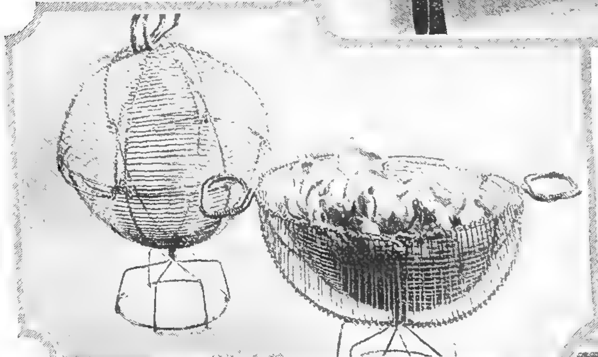
COOKING and serving in the same dish is the rôle of this attractive glassware, for it is as truly as much at home on the table as in the oven. Among the unusual pieces are the round bean-pot, the tall covered dish shown at the back, and the bell for cooking mushrooms, which is at its right. The shallow vegetable-dish has two compartments. Some pieces come etched, and frames are made for others.



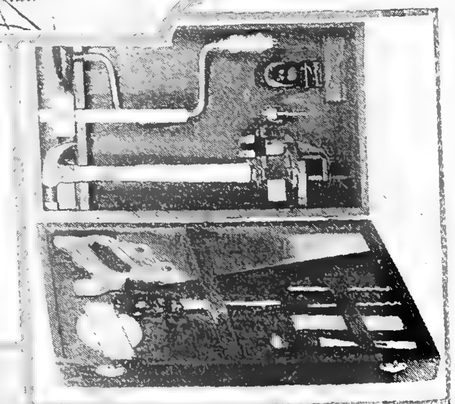
AT LAST here is a can-opener that a woman enjoys using. As the handle is turned the cutting-disks remove the lid entirely, and leave a smooth edge.



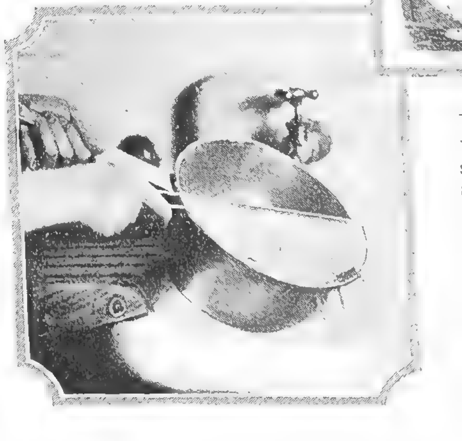
YOU may have tea at any time if your equipment includes an electric kettle. It is ready for use at a moment's notice, and adds charm to your tea-table or tea-wagon.



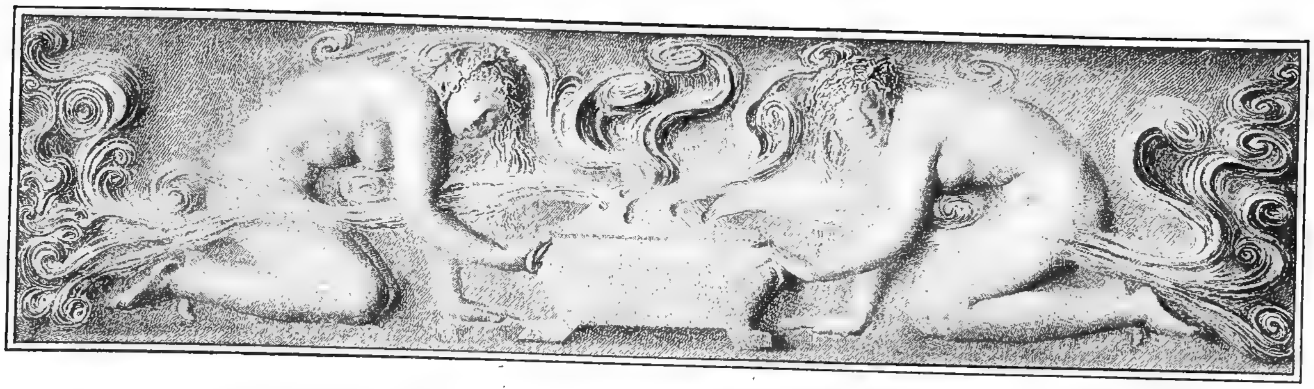
THIS wire basket is excellent for washing lettuce and spinach. They may be placed in the refrigerator in the same container. During the canning season use this basket for cleaning berries and other fruit. The top, which clamps together, makes it possible to turn the basket in all directions under the faucet, removing the grit.



EVERY house needs a set of tools. This one is complete, inexpensive, and conveniently arranged in a box which can be carried around or fastened to the wall. The handy woman will find it invaluable.



THIS vegetable-strainer may be used with any saucepan, and adapts itself to the left- or right-handed person. The vegetables may always be well drained when it is used, and the hands are protected from the steam.



LES POUDRES DE COTY

The most exquisite in the world, COTY Face Powders. *They are the exclusive choice of women who understand the delicate art of giving their beauty its loveliest accent. In the wide range of shades, there is one for every type of colouring The unvarying quality of* COTY Face Powders *is assured only when they are purchased in the original* COTY *packages—no others are genuine.*

TALCUM POWDER — FACE POWDER
COMPACTE

COTY LIPSTICK — *Capucine — Lumen — Rose Pale — Cerise — Invisible*

Address "Dept. P. R. 4"
"PERSONAL SERVICE BUREAU"
For guidance in choosing the correct Face Powder *shade and expressive perfume odeur to intensify individuality*
COTY INC.
714 Fifth Avenue, New York

Armour's
STAR HAM

Choose your Easter Ham for Tenderness and Flavor

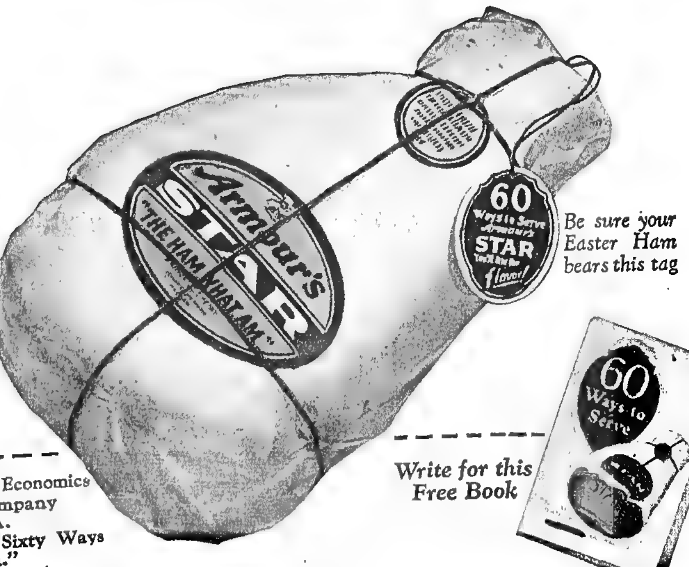
At Easter only the most tempting and tenderest of hams will do! It must be a young ham—fine grained for easy slicing; just fat enough; with a mild, delicate cure—slowly smoked to bring out the flavor for which Armour's Star Ham is justly famous. In whichever of the "Sixty Ways" you serve it, you'll like the flavor!

How to Bake Your Easter Star Ham

Spiced Baked Ham. For serving the average family, choose a 10 to 12 pound "Star" ham. Plunge into boiling water, boil ten minutes, reduce heat and simmer three hours. Take from water, remove skin and bake ham slowly for ½ hour with fat side up, basting with a mixture of 1 cup vinegar, 1 cup ham liquor, and 1 teaspoonful of dry mustard. Sprinkle the fat surface with brown sugar, dot over with whole cloves and continue baking until done.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
CHICAGO

For shortening
For frying—
In pails
and cartons



Be sure your Easter Ham bears this tag

Write for this Free Book

Dept. 41, Div. Food Economics
Armour and Company
Chicago, U. S. A.
Please send me "Sixty Ways to Serve Star Ham."

Name..........

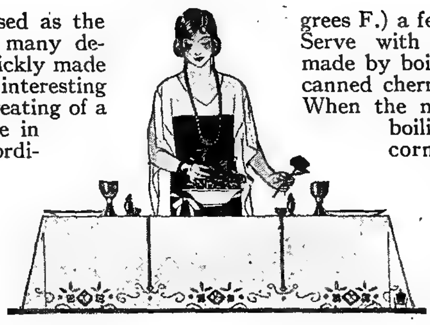
Address..........

The HOME BUREAU

When the Store Is Your Cook

Hurry-up Desserts that Any One Can Make from Cake

By Nell B. Nichols



CAKE may be used as the foundation for many delectable and quickly made desserts. It is an interesting culinary task—this creating of a fascinating last course in a few minutes from ordinary cake—either that bought at the store or made at home.

Tasty puddings may be fashioned from crums or stale cake. Of course these are baked twenty minutes or longer. If placed in the oven when meal-preparations start, they will be ready for service when needed on the dining-table.

Among the recipes for cake desserts are the following ones, which I use in my home. They are recommended to you not only because they are capable of producing delicious results, but also because these directions may be carried out with the expenditure of little time and effort.

Delicious Dessert

4 Cupfuls White Cake, Broken in Bits
¾ Cupful Almonds, Blanched
1 Cupful Heavy Cream
1 Tablespoonful Sugar
¼ Teaspoonful Vanilla

ARRANGE the cake in mounds on individual dessert-plates. Whip the cream and add to it the sugar and vanilla. Pile the cream on top of the cake and sprinkle with the almonds.

Prune Variety

3 Cupfuls Cake-crums
1½ Cupful Whipped Cream
1½ Cupful Prune-pulp
½ Teaspoonful Orange Extract

USE cooked or canned prunes. Combine the fruit and cake and beat until they make a light paste. Then fold in the stiffly whipped cream and the extract.

Peaches (Baked)

1 Cupful Cake-crums
1½ Cupful Sliced Canned Peaches
1 Teaspoonful Cinnamon
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
¾ Cupful Water

DRAIN the canned peaches and place them and the cake-crums in alternate layers in an oiled baking-dish. Sprinkle the cinnamon on the peaches, using a little on each layer. The top should be covered with crums. Dot with the butter and add the hot water. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until neatly browned. Serve with cream or hot peach sirup.

Spiced Sandwiches

12 Slices Spice-cake
8 Tablespoonfuls Raisins
½ Cupful Butter
2 Tablespoonfuls Crystallized Ginger

CREAM the butter with a spoon and add the chopped raisins and ginger; the ginger should be cut in very fine pieces. Spread on six of the thin slices of cake and serve topped by the other slices. With coffee this dessert is excellent.

Cherry Pudding

6 Slices Sponge-cake
¾ Cupful Cherry Sirup
½ Cupful Brown Sugar
Juice 1 Large Orange
1½ Tablespoonful Corn-starch
4 Tablespoonfuls Cold Water

WRAP the sponge-cake in a cloth wrung very dry from warm water and place in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) a few minutes to heat. Serve with a pudding sauce made by boiling the sirup from canned cherries with the sugar. When the mixture reaches the boiling-point stir in the corn-starch, which has been mixed with the cold water. Cook five minutes. Remove from the fire, add the orange-juice, and serve at once. A few of the whole cherries left in the sauce will add to the attractiveness of the pudding.

Caramel Sandwiches

6 Slices Caramel-cake
1 Quart Vanilla Ice-cream
1 Cupful Pecans
Butter-scotch Sirup

CUT the cake in long, narrow strips. Slice them through the center, insert a layer of the ice-cream, place the sandwiches on individual serving-plates, pour over the hot butter-scotch sirup, and sprinkle with pecans.

Cup-Cakelets

1 Cupful Pineapple Preserves
1 Tablespoonful Gelatin
4 Tablespoonfuls Cold Water
1½ Cupful Whipped Cream
6 Cup-cakes

SOAK the gelatin in the water a few minutes and dissolve it over hot water. Stir it into the pineapple preserves. Cut off the tops of the sponge- or other cup-cakes, hollow out the center, and fill with the cool pineapple mixture. Serve with whipped cream.

Raisin Dessert

6 Slices Raisin-cake
1 Cupful Whipping-cream
Few Grains Salt
1 Tablespoonful Lemon-juice
2 Tablespoonfuls Grape Jelly

PLACE the cake on serving-plates. Whip the cream until stiff, beat in the lemon-juice and jelly, and add the salt, and pile on the cake.

Chocolate Pudding

½ Cupful Sweet Chocolate
2 Egg Yolks
4 Cupfuls Spice-cake
½ Cupful Milk
2 Egg Whites

MELT the chocolate over hot water, and when slightly cool, stir in the beaten egg yolks, the milk, and the stiffly beaten egg whites. Break the cake in pieces and stir into the chocolate mixture. Serve with whipped or plain cream.

Chocolate Sandwiches

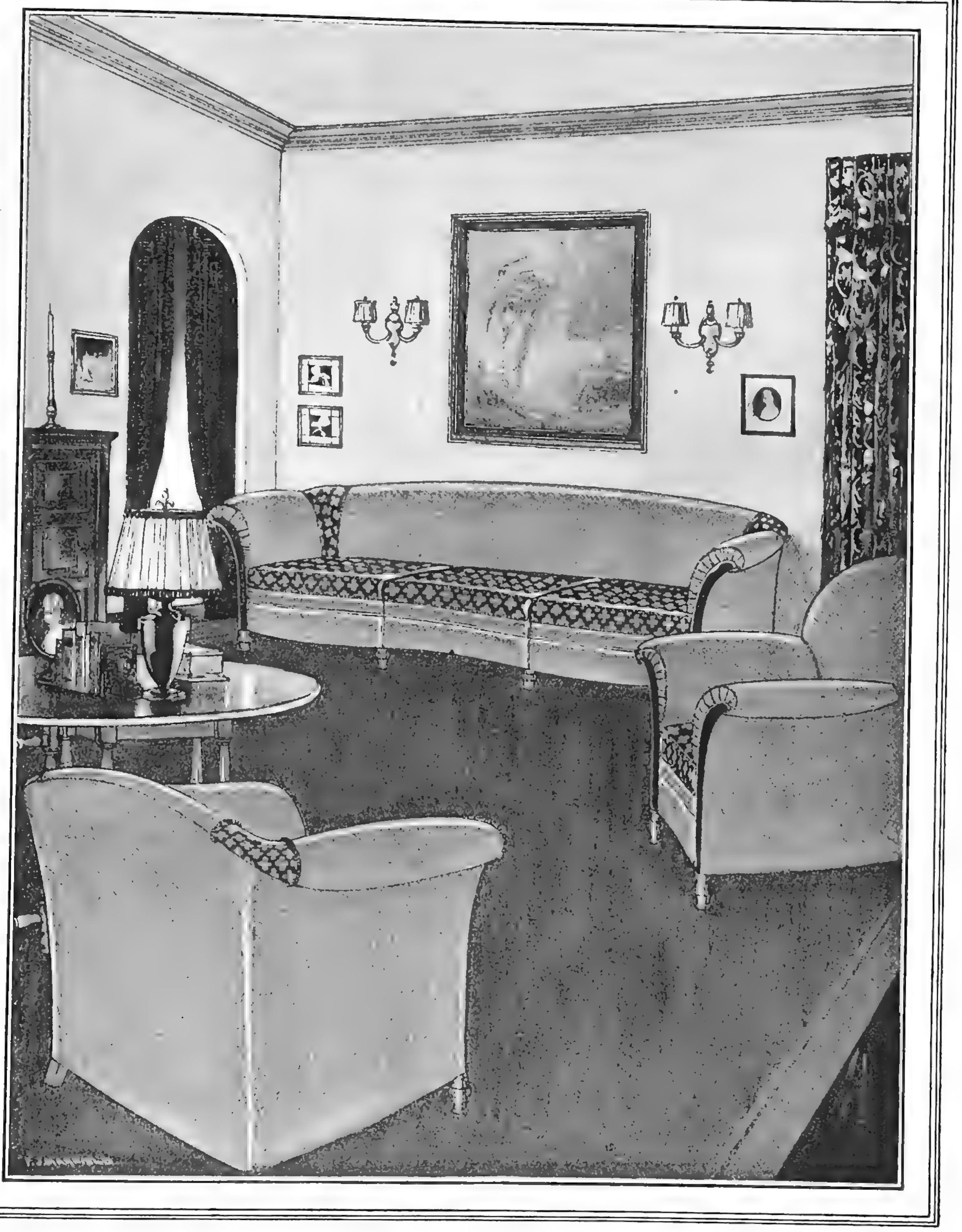
6 Slices Dark Cake
1 Quart Chocolate Ice-cream
1 Cupful Walnut-meats
Fudge Sauce

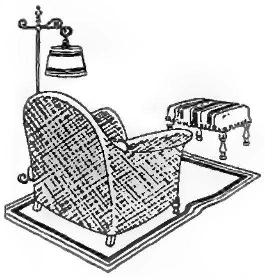
CUT devil's-food cake in long, narrow strips. Slice them through the center, insert a layer of the ice-cream, place the sandwiches on individual serving-plates, pour over the hot fudge sauce, and sprinkle on the walnuts.

Apricot Delight

¾ Cupful Canned Apricots
1½ Cupful Cake-crums
¼ Cupful Hot Water
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
¼ Cupful Apricot Sirup

MIX the sliced apricots with the cake-crums. Pour into a greased baking-dish and dot with the butter. Add the sirup and water and cook from twenty-five to thirty-five minutes. Serve plain or with hot sirup from the apricots.





The small room often presents a difficult problem in furnishing. The room pictured here, one of the interiors shown in the "Kroehler Book of Living Room Arrangements," illustrates a very satisfactory handling of the room of small proportions.

For this room a few essential pieces have been chosen, and carefully placed to avoid an overcrowded effect. The handsome Kroehler Suite in a kidney shape is the keynote around which this livable room has been created. A copy of the "Kroehler Book of Living Room Arrangements" will be sent to anyone on request.

No One ever has Bedrooms Enough for all Emergencies

WHICH EXPLAINS THE VOGUE OF

The Invisible Bedroom

THE only sure, safe way to be prepared for the unexpected descents of out-of-town friends is to have an emergency sleeping space ready for instant use. Choose a Kroehler Davenport Bed for the living room. Nothing about its low, easy lines suggests that the davenport conceals a *real*, full-width bed, luxuriously comfortable and instantly available.

A single, easy motion opens the bed. Covers are all in place. The removable mattress is thick and soft; the springs are resilient.

Is it any wonder that everyone is adopting this delightfully convenient solution of the extra sleeping space problem? Particularly when, by so doing, they can add to their living room all the charm that a davenport can give without the furnishing cost, care and rent of an additional bedroom?

A wonderful value

You can scarcely realize how very much the Kroehler Davenport Bed offers in the way of quality and permanent service, unless you know the unusually high character of its structure and upholstery. Kroehler Davenport and Davenport Bed Suites are the products of the country's largest maker of upholstered furniture, with unlimited buying and production facilities. Hence, this exceptionally fine quality at an amazingly low cost.

You can choose a Kroehler Living Room Suite in an overstuffed or period design. For upholstery, you can have silk damask, tapestry, jacquard velours, mohair, Chase Velmo or Baker Cut Pattern Velour, leather or Chase Leatherwove.

Important hidden qualities

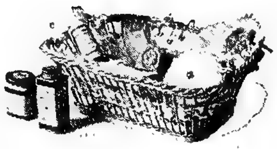
As to the hidden qualities, Kroehler living room pieces offer a frame of kiln-dried hardwood; seat springs of heavy wire, flexibly interlocked. The filling is of germ-cured flax fiber, best moss and cotton; the upholstery is moth-proofed. The seat cushions are filled with closely assembled, fine wire coil springs, padded with clean, white, felted cotton.

Dealers everywhere sell Kroehler Davenports, Davenport Beds and Suites for cash or on easy payments. You can always tell a genuine Kroehler by the name plate on the back. Write for the nearest dealer's name and the "Kroehler Book of Living Room Arrangements," a fascinating book of interiors, showing Kroehler Davenports—with or without concealed beds—and matching chairs, with endless usable suggestions for the furnishing of your own living room.

Krochler Mfg. Co., Chicago, or Stratford, Ontario. Eight large factories throughout the United States and Canada.

KROEHLER
Living Room Furniture

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



No baby powder can be *too good*, *too safe* for a new baby's skin

Why over a million mothers of new babies choose this same baby powder

"THE *skin of the young baby is very delicate*," says the great authority on infancy, Dr. L. Emmett Holt, "*and chafing and other eruptions easily occur unless special care is exercised.*"

A skin specialist in the Harvard Medical School says, "*the delicate skin of a baby is very susceptible to the many irritating discharges which assail it. . . . One cannot be too careful to remove these deleterious substances at the earliest possible moment. If the baby is fat, wash out the folds of the neck, groins and buttocks, and thighs in the daily bath, and dust in an abundance of talcum powder to absorb the future moisture.*"

No Baby Powder too Good

For this delicate young skin, the tenderest thing in the world, no baby powder can be too good—too safe. For it is in constant use.

It is gently massaged over the entire body after the bath.

It is used repeatedly through the day, on the parts where wetting or soiling so often occur.

Its aid must be resorted to frequently even on the face—around the mouth where saliva is apt to moisten the skin and irritate it—or around the nose in cases where it runs.

All this devotion would be futile, were not the baby powder itself safe beyond any possibility of question. For this reason more than half the mothers in America use Johnson's Baby Powder.

Indeed, it was made at physicians' request by Johnson and Johnson to whom they turned as a house long known to them as manufacturers of hundreds of surgically safe articles.

A Trained Nurse's Way of Powdering Baby

The following is a trained nurse's description of the right way to dust baby after his bath:

> *First* make your own hand soft as velvet with a thick coating of the fine white powder.
>
> *Then* gently massage the chubby limbs, smoothing the powder into all the folds and crevices—over every roughened, irritated area. Your gentle rubbing lulls the nerves. The powder will absorb future moisture from perspiration or the dampness of diapers. And its faint delicate odor will keep baby sweet and fresh throughout the day.

Begin today to give your baby the added comfort Johnson's Baby Powder brings. Your own druggist carries it.

To enable all mothers to know for themselves the blessing of this safe baby powder, Johnson and Johnson are making to the readers of this magazine the interesting *free* offer below.

SEND ONLY YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS

for a small can, sent free, of Johnson's Baby Powder, the best baby powder, made according to physicians' prescription in their famous laboratories, also their concise little book on the care of baby skin, "The Faith of a Baby."

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

____

____

Your druggist is more than a merchant F

The
HOME BUREAU

The Babies' Health Department

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

Selection and Care of Fresh Milk for the Baby

THERE is no perfect substitute for the mother's own milk in feeding young infants, but when breast-feeding is impossible cow's milk, properly produced, handled, and modified, may be used.

The selection of cow's milk that is to be fed babies requires careful consideration; it must be clean, fresh, from healthy cows, and handled only by healthy persons. The barn and all utensils for the milk must be clean, as well as the hands of the milker and the udders of the cows.

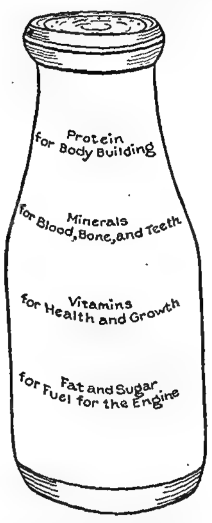
Milk handled under ideal conditions is known as "certified" milk, and may be obtained in most cities and many towns. It is more expensive than other milk, but is many times worth its extra cost. It is shipped in carefully sterilized and capped bottles, and may be used in its raw state without boiling or Pasteurizing. Hence its value in feeding babies, because by not sterilizing or Pasteurizing it, all three vitamins, A, B, and C, are left undestroyed.

Boiled milk, sterilized milk, or Pasteurized milk may be used when the raw, certified milk can not be obtained, but in all of these the vitamin C is somewhat injured, and other foods, such as fresh orange-juice, must be given the baby to make up for the loss of the destroyed vitamin C in the milk. Uncertified raw milk is seldom safe for babies. Grade A Pasteurized milk is the next best to raw, certified milk. Grade B milk should not be used for infant-feeding.

All cows whose milk is used for feeding babies and children should be tuberculin-tested. When obtained in bulk, fresh from the cow, and not through the medium of a reliable dairy, all milk used for infant-feeding should be strained through sterilized gauze, cotton, or linen into sterile pint or quart glass bottles or jars, capped with sterile caps, and placed in ice-water or cold, running spring-water up to their necks, where they should remain for at least half an hour before the baby's formula is prepared for the day. Germs multiply very rapidly in warm milk; hence this *first early* cooling is most important.

It is better to use milk from a herd of grade cows rather than from one cow or from fancy-breed cows, such as Jerseys or Guernseys; but if impossible to obtain herd milk any other pure, clean milk may be specially modified to suit the baby. Very rich milk is not the best to use for babies; between three and four per cent. butter-fat is the best for them.

Milk produced under the most ideal conditions may be entirely spoiled for the baby's use if it is not correctly cared for in the home after its delivery. As soon as it is delivered it must be placed directly next to the ice in a clean ice-box and kept there until the formula is made up. When all the feeding-bottles are prepared for the day and stoppered they must again be placed next to the ice and kept there until it is time to heat up each bottle for each meal.


Protein for Body Building
Minerals for Blood, Bone, and Teeth
Vitamins for Health and Growth
Fat and Sugar for Fuel for the Engine

Courtesy Children's Bureau

THE GOOD THINGS CONTAINED IN THE MILK-BOTTLE

If milk is left on a sunny porch or in a hot kitchen or other room all the care and expense of correct production and handling before it was delivered will be wasted. When one has no ice the milk-bottles may stand in running-spring water out of the sun or be kept in a well or even in a cellar if the milk inside the bottles can be kept below 50 degrees F.

A home-made ice-box may be made by using a box with double walls two inches apart, filling the space between the boxes with sawdust, and lining the inner box with tin. A faucet should be placed in the bottom of the box. Very cold water should be placed in the inner box, and the milk-bottles covered up to their necks. The water should be drawn off several times during the day and fresh, very cold water put in, so that the milk in the bottles may be kept below 50 degrees F. When managed well, the milk may be safely kept in this box for twenty-four hours.

Because germs multiply very rapidly in warm milk, it must be kept very cold until time for each meal. Then one bottle may be warmed by standing the corked bottle in hot water until the milk inside the bottle is 98 degrees F.

Full directions for Pasteurizing milk at home and other details about its use and care will be sent to any mother if she encloses a self-addressed U. S. stamped envelop with her request.

When impossible to obtain fresh milk the family physician should be asked to decide which one of the dried, condensed, or evaporated milks is best to use for the special baby in question.

Enroll Your Baby

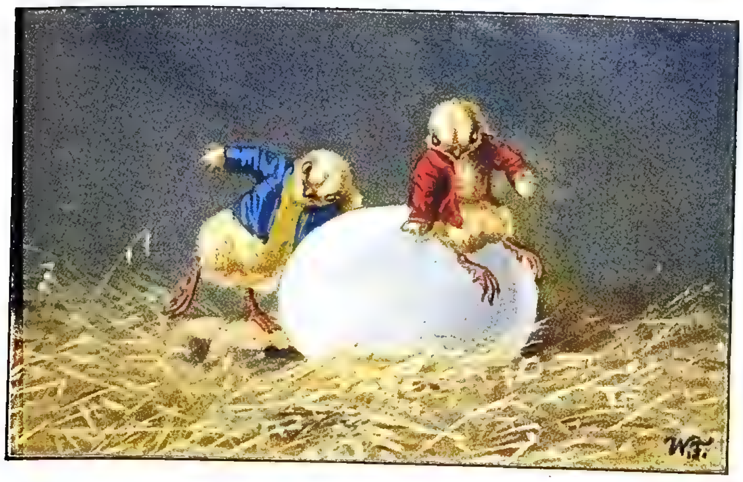
IF YOU have a baby under six months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, receiving free monthly help until the baby is two years old. Send in the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be mailed to you.

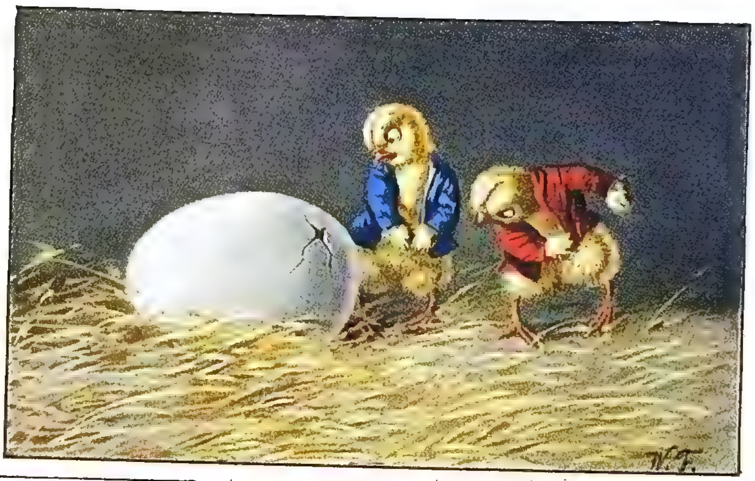
If you want general health advice about older children up to the age of twelve, send for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class. No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed.

Enclose a self-addressed U. S. stamped envelop with every request to Dr. E. L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

An Easter Eggs-ploit

VERSES BY
PERCY
WAXMAN

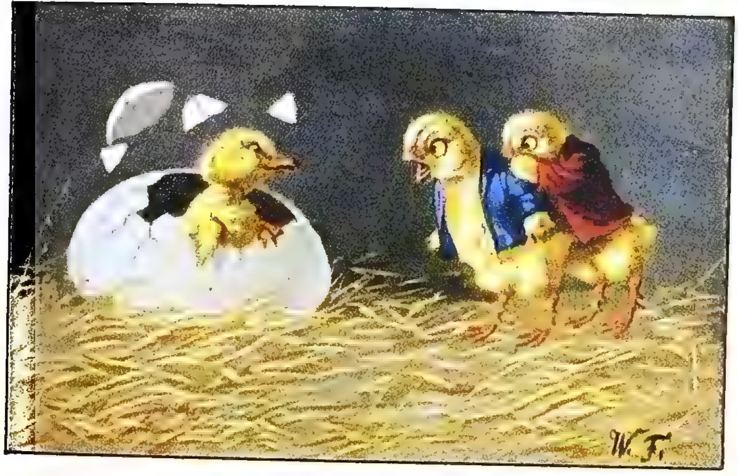


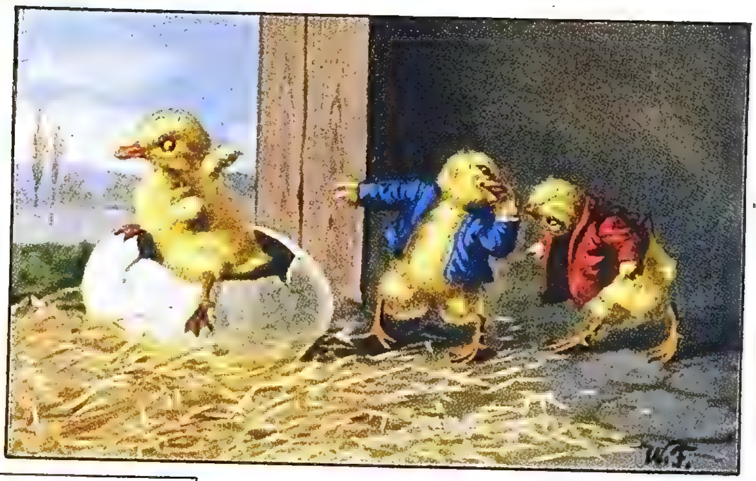


Said Fluffy Puff to Chicky Chick,
"I just heard something scratch;
Let's wait a while, for pretty quick
I'm sure this egg will hatch."

WHY NOT FOLLOW OUT THIS IDEA FOR PLACE-CARDS DURING THE EASTER SEASON?

"Ah! see that crack! I told you so,"
Cried Puff to Chick with glee.
Said Chick to Puff, "We soon will know
Just *who* this egg will be."

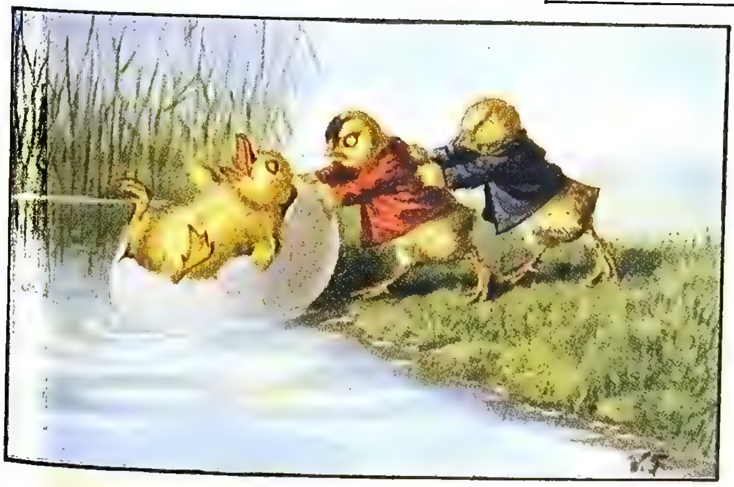


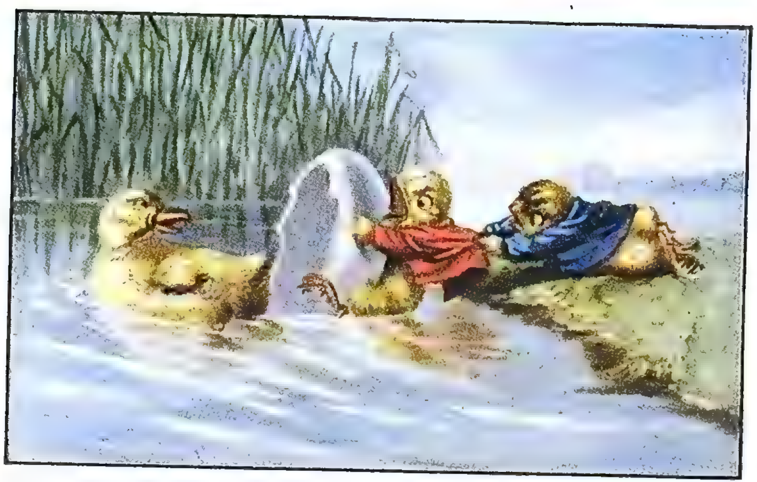


"For goodness' sake," they both declared,
"Whatever is this bird?"
Amazed they stood and gaped and stared,
But couldn't speak a word.

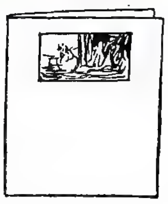
HERE IS ANOTHER SUGGESTION. THIS TIME FOR A CARD CONTAINING EASTER GREETINGS

Puff said, "I'll tell you what we'll do
To play a joke on him.
We'll push the shell when I count two
Down to the river's brim."





They rushed that queer bird through the grass
Right to the water's brink.
And Chick cried, "You won't need a glass
If you should want a drink."



WHY NOT LET THE LITTLE ONES USE SOMETHING LIKE THIS ON THEIR EASTER STATIONERY?

But suddenly to their surprize
The creature gave one quack,
And *swam* away before their eyes
And hasn't yet come back!

High Lights in Theatrical Spotlights

EMOTIONAL, naïve, and possessed of rare sweetness of character, Claire Windsor is one of the real beauties of filmdom. She is now appearing in Metro-Goldwyn's "The Denial," which is based on the very successful stage play, "The Square Peg."

Photographed by The Shelton Studio

LOVELY Virginia Crane is a typical Ziegfeld beauty, appearing in support of Billie Burke in "Annie Dear," one of the brightest and most tuneful light operas that has come to Broadway in many a day. "Annie Dear" is the Ziegfeld adaptation of Clare Kummer's delightful comedy "Good Gracious Annabelle," and includes that clever comedian, Ernest Truex, in its splendid cast.

Photographed by Apeda

ONE of the principals in that fast-moving musical farce, "My Girl," is piquant Marie Saxon. So vivid is her sparkling personality that she attracts lots of attention even in a large and entertaining cast. Her splendid work assures her of future successes.

Photographed by Edward Thayer Monroe

DIFFICULT Russian steps are easily executed by Harriet Hoctor in "Topsy and Eva," starring the Duncan Sisters.

Photographed by Maurice Goldberg

ILSE MARVENGA, the Viennese beauty who is prima donna in "The Student Prince," the season's musical success.

Photo by Ira D. Schwarz

FLORA Le BRETON, English star playing in "Lass o' Laughter."

Photographed by Nickolas Muray

IN "Carnival," the latest Hungarian play by Molnar, Elsie Ferguson is winning fresh laurels for her already much be-laureled self. This distinguished and beautiful actress never ceases to arouse the admiration of all theater-goers. "Carnival" seems assured of a long run.

POLA NEGRI, the talented Polish actress, is now appearing in Paramount's "The Charmer." She has the rôle of a wild Spanish Mountain girl who, dancing in a café in Seville, attracts the attention of a theatrical producer and under his management becomes a social and theatrical success.

Photo by White Studio

PAULINE ARMITAGE proves her dramatic ability in "Cobra."

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Will his eyes confirm what his lips are saying?

Be as pretty as he pictures you—this simple rule of skin-care is bringing charm to thousands

THE kindly candles of last night, the tell-tale revealments of noon! Do you fear the contrast they may offer?

Thousands of women have found the beauty that chooses no special hour to bloom, but casts its enchantment over every moment of the day.

There is no secret how. The scores of pretty skins you see wherever your eyes turn prove this to be true. Any girl can have the charm of a fresh clear skin, the gift more priceless than beauty itself.

The means are simple. No costly beauty treatments—simply common-sense daily care with soothing palm and olive oils as combined in Palmolive.

See what a difference one week may make by following this simple method

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. Apply a touch of cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. Palmolive is a skin emollient in soap form.

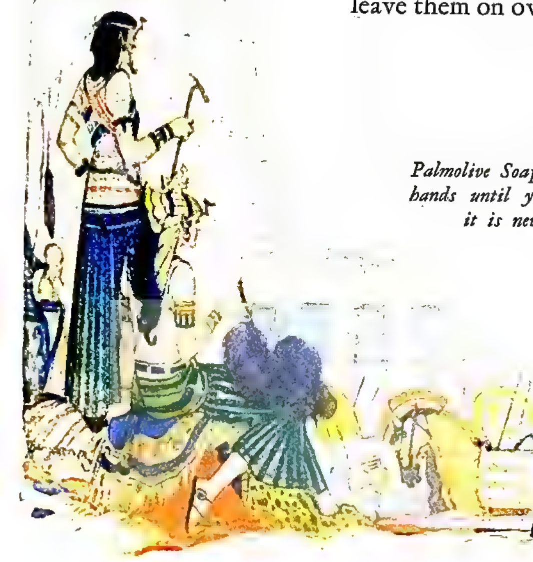
And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.

Soap From Trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color.

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped



2668

The Safeguard to Healthful Cleanliness

You don't prepare food in the sink; but that's where you keep clean the things you do prepare food in. A clean sink is necessary to *healthful cleanliness.*

Old Dutch Cleanser removes all the dirt, grease and stains and the invisible impurities as well; laboratory tests show that surfaces cleaned with Old Dutch are really hygienically clean. It doesn't make scratches which easily collect and hold impurities; it erases dirt.

Old Dutch looks like a fine powder; under a microscope you'd see fine, flat, flaky particles; they make a perfect contact with the surface to be cleaned, instead of scratching their way across it. An extraordinary natural detergent, unlike anything else; thorough, efficient; cleans easily, quickly, economically; *healthful cleanliness.*

Old Dutch goes farther, cleans quicker, lasts longer.

© 1925, The C. P. Co.

The HOME BUREAU

House-Cleaning by "Air"

By Nena Wilson Badenoch

I HAVE cleaned house over the radio a good many times, "airing" all my special ways of saving time and confusion because thousands of women who listen in have asked me, "How can I clean house so that it will be easy for me and for my family?"

Seasonal house-cleaning used to mean a complete upheaval. Women didn't seem to feel clean unless they did it that way. Now things are different.

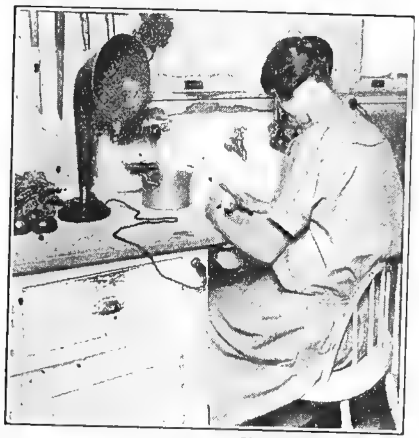


Photo by Brown Bros.

THE RADIO BRINGS PRACTICAL HELP OF ALL KINDS TO THE HOUSEKEEPER WHO LISTENS IN

"I would rather spread the cleaning over a longer period and have every one comfortable, including myself," women have said in their letters. "Won't you help me plan my house-cleaning so that it fits into the weekly schedule and is easy to do?"

That is the simplest thing in the world to do when we realize that the routine daily tasks in every household are practically the same. Whatever else she may do, every housekeeper has to provide three meals a day for her household, see that the beds are made and the house in order. That comprises the minimum schedule for the day.

In addition to this minimum schedule a majority of women add the special weekly work of washing and ironing on Monday and Tuesday. That leaves Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday for special house-cleaning and Saturday for the weekly baking.

To start the house-cleaning right on Wednesday morning certain preparations must be made on Tuesday. The supplies needed for that week's special cleaning must be assembled. For instance, in cleaning the "insides" the first week—the storage-space, closets, drawers—a good supply of fresh newspapers will be needed, together with shelf-paper, string, labels, pencil, scissors, clothes, soap, and brushes.

I have a special cleaning-basket into which I put all my small supplies. It keeps them all together and is easy to carry about. Any basket with a handle will serve the purpose.

The second preparation to be made on Tuesday is the written menu-plan for the three following days and the marketing for supplies. I suggested over the radio that a large meat-loaf or a roast be served for Tuesday evening dinner. The meat could be served cold the next night with hot gravy, and on Thursday could be used in a casserole-dish with vegetables.

Plan to use plenty of fresh salad vegetables, canned goods, and fruits for dessert, so that little cooking is necessary during these busy days. Make all of the meals as simple as possible to prepare, using as few dishes as possible in serving. The casserole-dishes which make one-piece meals are most helpful at this time. With these advance preparations made it is only a matter of a few minutes to clear the breakfast-dishes, make the beds, and begin work. The point is then just where to begin.

Clean first from the inside, out. Start with the storage-space, be it attic or closet, and finish the inside work with the cleaning of drawers and cabinets. Take a large clothes-basket along in addition to the basket of supplies, the vacuum cleaner, and a wall- and a floor-brush.

When the inside of the storage-space is in order the actual cleaning of ceiling, walls, and floor follows. Sun, air, and wash as much as possible. A few drops of disinfectant in the water is advisable. Leave everything sweet and clean in order to receive the Winter supply of garments to be stored.

Bedroom closets follow the storage-space, and the tools and method of work are much the same. If possible do all the closets in one day as the tools needed are the same, and in doing the same kind of work over again, speed can be attained.

The closets, bookcases, and cabinets on the main floor, or in the living- and dining-rooms, almost complete the inside cleaning. I add to this list the kitchen cabinet and the pantry. Scores of women have admitted that when the pantry is cleaned they feel that the worst part of house-cleaning is over.

The inside cleaning work will probably complete the work of the first week, leaving the actual cleaning of the rooms to follow after a week-end of relaxation. On Monday of the second week the bedroom curtains and covers which need washing should be included in the wash, so that they may be replaced crisp and fresh when the room is cleaned. A room never looks complete until the fresh curtains are in place.

In cleaning bedrooms special care must be given to mattresses and pillows. The use of the vacuum cleaner repeatedly throughout the year makes this care simple. Altho the mattress may be free from dust by the use of the vacuum cleaner, it is desirable during this special cleaning-time to sun and air it, together with the pillows and bedding.

When time permits—when it is free from interruptions—speed is gained by cleaning two or three conveniently grouped rooms at the same time, doing the same job consecutively in these adjoining rooms, using the same tools.

With all my tools assembled to start with I follow this practise of cleaning:

Remove curtains, shades, pictures, bric-à-brac, and rugs; clean and leave them where they will be fresh to replace. Move the furniture to the middle of the room and cover with an old sheet. Dust and cover the radiators. Brush the ceilings and walls; cleaning them with special cleaners if necessary. Wash the windows. Clean the woodwork and floors. Polish and replace the furniture. Replace the rugs, shades, curtains, pictures, and bric-à-brac.

Many women have saved fifteen minutes on every hour of cleaning-time by using this principle of work. Mothers with young children find it better as a rule to complete one room at a time, because of the frequent interruptions.

OVEN BAKED

HEINZ
OVEN
BAKED BEANS
WITH PORK AND TOMATO SAUCE
HEINZ
57
PURE FOOD PRODUCTS
HEAT CAN IN BOILING WATER FIFTEEN MINUTES BEFORE OPENING
57
©H.J.H.Co '25

Be sure to look at the label of every can of beans you buy. Beans are not *baked* unless they are *labeled* baked.

While some prefer to boil their beans, we believe that *oven baking in dry heat*—which is the Heinz way—improves the flavor and retains the full bean nourishment.

When in Pittsburgh be sure to visit the Heinz kitchens.

HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS

with Tomato Sauce

"Don't
let your face touch
its pillow until your
skin has been
thoroughly cleansed"

... Bedtime now means beauty as well as sleep

Only a woman knows how I feel each night when I come to those "three golden minutes" I call my own—that time when I remove the blemishes of the day and make my skin ready for to-morrow in the perfect way—with the perfect cold cream—Daggett & Ramsdell's.

This snowy cream—so pure, doctors prescribe it, takes from my skin all of the harsh dirt and many of the tired lines. And my clean, rested skin can regain its natural loveliness while I sleep. Morning finds it radiant.

Just try it yourself for six nights—and welcome the delightful results.

For sale at department and drug stores—the white package with red bands. Tubes, 10c, 25c, 50c. Jars, 35c, 50c, 85c, and $1.50.

There's a "Try-It-Yourself" trial tube for you—Free. Send the coupon below.

* * *

How to use those "Three Golden Minutes"

I—*Smooth a coat of this perfect cold cream over your face and neck.*

II—*Leave it on a minute to sink in.*

III—*Wipe off the cleansing cold cream with a smooth cloth and finish with a dash of cold water.*

Daggett & Ramsdell's

PERFECT COLD CREAM

Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 6018
214 West 14th St., New York

Please send me the free trial tube of the Perfect Cold Cream you offer above.

Name ....

Address ....

City.................*State*..............

In Canada: Daggett & Ramsdell, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto.

Tzagan: By Clement Wood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

A sharp neigh—Tzagan cantered lightly ahead. Gladly the van tarpans leaped after the flashing White One. One by one the others abandoned the hurt straggler. The birds flapped closer and closer. The last horse passed her.

Cawing discordantly, the birds came to rest upon the bleeding back. The mare's head bowed to the ground. The living death was again upon her.

The troop arrived at last at the final pass that opened to the long slope to the lower end of Lake Kosogol. Tzagan knew this demon country well—this land of sliding sand-demons. There were constant fallen larch-trees, that must be circled cautiously; underneath these, even below clear stretches of the turf, were miry swamps—still, hidden pools of putrefying water, where a horse might sink and never rise again. The swamp snakes rustled beside them; a lone red fox swayed on his haunches and barked mockingly.

The road turned upward. There were no more quagmires, but instead a path along the top of a precipice, paved with cobbles and small stones that rolled deceptively from under their feet, and threatened to throw them over the great split in the hills. At times the very road melted away beneath them, in great ugly slides of stone and sand; it was all they could do to leap to scrambling safety, when one of these unexpectedly opened under their very way.

A small army of goldfinches whistled past the cautious steps of the tarpans. A white ermine snaked close to the ground across their path. In the willows below they could see a drove of wild camels munching phlegmatically. A flock of cranes cut between them and the sun.

Unnoticing, the horses continued this last rise.

Ah! The fringing valley at the head of the Kosogol in full sight! Now for a wild gallop down the ultimate slope to the rich grazing below.

BUT Tzagan stopped uncertainly. His feet lifted and dropped in perplexity. Here—before him—the old way, but altered. A vast cuplike depression sliced across the path—a wide new slide. Above the road were sharp gray rocks, steep and hard to climb; these curved in a great horseshoe to the firm path more than a hundred yards ahead. Sagging below this was the queer sink of sand and stone, with gray rocks again at its lower left end, and the precipice beyond that. Trees sprawled in ungainly fashion upon it; several lay on their sides, torn, impotent roots whitening in the air. It was all strange, all new.

Behind him crowded the others, eager to get down to the lush grass below. The foremost horses nudged him speculatively.

Circle around the top?

But they might be injured in the wild, rocky scramble.

Go back a few miles, and cross above?

The nudges grew more definite. He made up his mind to try it.

One tentative hoof went forward, then another. It seemed firm enough.

Cautiously he began to make his way across it.

The sliding demon heaved abruptly beneath him. His front legs slipped in to the hock, then to the knee; he felt the ground yield below his back feet. He tried to leap aside; the viscid sand held. He was moving, at increasing speed, toward the top of the abyss.

He became acutely aware of the other horses. A young stallion was a length below, at his right; behind his left flank was a third one, the Wood Mouse, a clever, timid tarpan, named also from his color. Tzagan tried to leap forward, and gained a doubtful yard. At the same moment, he sensed the Wood Mouse's backward spring to safety. A second afterward Tzagan heard the despairing sound as the stallion below, in a vain effort to leap out of the sand, stumbled over upon his side. A quick glimpse out of the corner of his eye showed the thrashing legs, the anguished head, as the quickening masses of sand and rock began to cover him with hissing clatter.

Tzagan thrust all power into his legs and sprang. Almost out of the depths. His front hoofs struck a stone; he leaped again—and into deeper sand, sliding ever more rapidly. Again, again he tried.

He was tiring now; it took all of his energy to remain upright. Far behind he caught the troubled whinnies of the rest of the troop. There were choked sounds below him.

He had veered around now, and faced down-hill. In full view was the body of the lowest stallion, desperately floundering beneath its crushing load of sliding death. The distance between them increased rapidly.

Tzagan's feet were poised together below him as well as could be. The treacherous sand was well above his knees. If he could only remain upright until the bottom was reached, and then leap free.

This hope fled swiftly. He saw the last despairing heave as the lowest horse was rolled over the edge of the precipice. He heard the dreadful clamor of the rocky mass pouring in a cataract over the sheer edge of the great clove—the sound of tree-boughs crackling and breaking as the stallion's body ricocheted to death among them.

Queerly enough, his part of the slide was more sluggish than that to the right. Ahead, he could see where the stream turned before him, avoiding the obstruction of gray rocks. If he could reach them——!

Cautiously he began to work himself farther to the left in order to be swung as close to the stones as possible. They were a kind of rock wall, that made the slide veer away to the right and narrowed its lower end. In his eagerness he nearly lost his footing. A great rock bounded across his shoulder; he shivered in pain. Desperately he steadied himself upon his feet; the inevitable tug of the sand dragged him again to the right.

Here—right at him—hardly four feet away—the gray rocks. One desperate drive with his legs, all his power pushing into the yielding mass. He felt himself lifting out of it. One wild second spring—he hurled himself sideways against the gray crags. A leg tripped on the nearest rock. He fell, rolling over twice. Against an uptilted slab of stone he came to rest. Just beyond this gaped the final drop of a thousand feet.

WEAKLY he pulled himself up, legs trembling from exertion and excitement. Over the edge his glazed eyes peered. The stallion below was out of sight. The sand-slide poured by, dropping deafeningly into the void. Far below the screaming caw of chough and pie.

So near to death—and now so far from it!

Skirting the left end of the slide, he set out painfully up the rocky wall that had meant such amazing salvation. As he stepped his shoulder stung. There was a damp feeling, a drip on the rocks when he paused to rest. He sniffed at it—it was the red water that comes when the skin is broken. Shaking his head clear, he neighed once toward the top of the hill, and continued on his way.

At the far end of the wide curve at the top, he came upon the others. In their eyes was fear, that might easily turn into panic as they watched his approach. This could not be Tzagan, who had disappeared in the rumbling death!

He whinnied reassuringly.

Their white muzzles smelled of him; their warm tongues licked the wounded shoulder.

Back with his own again!

He resumed the lead, and took up the march down to the grazing-ground beside the lake.

Out of the woods he heard the harsh chatter of rook and chough. At first he did not heed it; evidently they had found some new victim. Over the backs of the horses they flew and slanted until they had reached the head of the line.

Suddenly he felt a sharp pain on his shoulder. One of the birds had dashed against him, ripping with red beak at the red wound.

Viciously Tzagan snapped back.

The chough veered away.

From the other side a second one slashed at him.

Thoroughly infuriated, he champed back. The other horses aided in this.

More slowly than the first stages of their journey, they came down to the grassy ground at the head of the lake.

The horses lowered their muzzles for the ample grazing.

But Tzagan, the White One, found it impossible to crop the sweet, soft food. The ominous birds circled slashingly around his head, ever more and more of them. His full energy was needed to deal with them.

THEN began dreadful days and nights for Tzagan.

Again and again, that first afternoon, he sought to lower his head, to nibble at the delicate grass. Each time half a dozen of the winged murderers seized the moment to stab into the living flesh. They were always at him. Evening found him unfed, wearied, pain-racked.

It was a little better after the sun had gone. At least he could doze.

Toward morning he dispiritedly cropped at the nearer grass, which the herd had already gone over. Dawn came all too quickly, and with it again the flying menace

That day and that night—the next day, the next night—endless days, endless nights—passed in the same horrid fashion. The wound was worse now and spreading—that he knew. At night he ate as best he could, but his strength was no longer up to that of the rest of the herd.

He was still regarded as leader. But long ago he had dropped back toward the rear, weakly proud that he could keep pace with the poorest of the cantering hoofs. The other horses did what they could to aid him; but they must eat sometimes, and the devil-birds never rested.

Day by day it grew harder to keep up. The day came when he was last in the line. Far ahead the Wood Mouse was leading. There had been no battle with the formal change of headship; Tzagan was too ill to dispute his sick abdication.

The cloud of winged death never left him, from the thin gray bud of dawn to the blankness of night. Even in day-bright moonlight a few overgreedy birds stayed to plague him. Only in the scant black hours was he his own at last; and he was too tired and drowsy to eat much at this time.

The day came when the last mare in the line loped away, and Tzagan could not follow. The birds descended in a jubilant cloud upon him, tearing at his very life.

He backed against some trees, snapping with all his vigor at the menacing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

Dainty · flexible · smart—the things to wear under your Slim-as-ever Frocks this Spring!

Once just a "corset" was well enough—but now a smooth unbroken line must underlie the mode

YOU have to look a second time to be sure of it—that new note in your dainty underthings this spring! Certainly your pretty frocks are no less straight in effect—no less slim in line!

But somehow, somewhere, fashion is gradually sketching a little shading into the flat planes of last winter—softening her straight lines with just a suspicion of curves—molding those uncompromisingly boyish shapes into something a little more feminine and vastly more gracious and lovely!

And that puts a very neat problem up to expert corset designers—to take last year's ideal slim oblong and give it ever so delicately rounded contours and keep it slender—still very, very slender.

And so under the name of *Nemo-flex*, the House of Nemo—which has so long been designing the fine and exquisite underthings which fastidious women wear—presents a new group of models which are just about the maximum of comfort and modishness together!

Girdles—In the new Nemo-flex girdles, alone, is a variety that makes possible lovely unbroken lines for all types of figure. No more unbecoming bulges at the back—no wrinkles to mar your smartly tailored frock. For Nemo-flex girdles mold your figure flexibly and smoothly enough to meet that acid test—the untrimmed flat back of the mode!

And from the lightest wisps of lace and silk jersey to the longer, firmer affairs with boning and cleverly placed elastic inserts they are all expertly, graciously and fashionably modeled! You can ride and walk and dance in Nemo-flex girdles with joyous freedom—even if you are the kind of woman who always has that extra pound of flesh to consider.

Brassieres have a new interest this spring! A happy medium between the unconstrained figure and the flattening models of last season. By expert, careful molding Nemo-flex brassieres achieve those smooth supple contours that are now desired.

Tiny little bandeaux, long brassieres which fasten firmly, smoothly over the girdle top, and the garter brassiere which makes a break between itself and your girdle utterly impossible, so firmly, yet so lightly, does it fasten to your stockings at the side.

Lace, ribbon, snippets of satin, silk jersey, broché—all these dainty materials fashion just the Nemo-flex brassiere you want.

Combinations—Most engaging of all are the new Nemo-flex combinations which provide so many deft ways of combining a girdle with a brassiere, so quick, so convenient that they are on, and adjusted in a flash!

And there are five different types, varying slightly to suit as many kinds of figure. Each as flexible and light as the supple curves of your own body.

All these new models by the special name of Nemo-flex are distinguished by the same fine quality of fabric, the same meticulous finish and workmanship that women have come to expect from the House of Nemo. Shoulder straps firmly sewed on. Garters that don't slip. Elastic shoulder straps and carefully adjusted fastenings. Many other new touches, too. In short, all your needs anticipated in the next piece of corsetry that you buy.

You can see the new Nemo-flex collection at any store, and can try on the models that interest you. Nemo, the House of Complete Corsetry, 120 East Sixteenth Street, New York.

(UPPER PANEL)

*P*ANELS of elastic in this front-clasping girdle (on figure) allow the ample figure to keep its natural lines. Dainty coutil and brochés, $5.00 to $12.50.

A RIBBON-BOUND elastic step-in (A) with ribbon garters, as smart as it is comfy, $8.00 to $10.00.

*C*OMBINATION (B), in one piece behind, affords the indispensable flat back. In front, girdle and brassiere adjust separately, one over the other. Flesh pink silk or cotton broché, elastic inserts, $7.50 to $18.00.

*T*HREE front bones, side elastic godets, make this combination (C) do the work of a corset in a more flexible way. Brochés, $3.00 to $22.50.

*T*HIS combination (D) gives light support with elastic godets and six small transverse bones. Brochés, $3.00 to $15.00.

*G*ARTER brassiere (E) for the smooth foundation summer frocks require. Broché, $3.50.

*T*HE uplifting lines of this silk jersey brassiere (F) make it ideal for the slender figure that loves to be active. $1.00.

(UPPER PANEL)

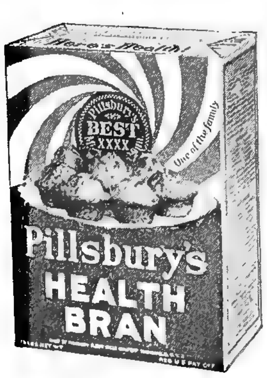
*P*ERSPIRATION-ABSORBING, silk-covered rubber-reducing Nemo-lastik girdle (above chair), in attractive brocaded design, $10.75.

A BACK-LACING girdle (J) adjusts well to the figure that would balance weight with grace. Smart brochés, $5.00 to $10.00.

*T*HE front of this brassiere (G) hooks down over the girdle to afford perfect diaphragm control. Brochés, $1.50 to $4.00.

*D*AINTY laces and ribbon fashion a long brassiere (H) for evening wear under sheer summer frocks. $6.50.

CORSETS COMBINATIONS *Nemo-flex* GIRDLES BRASSIERES



"you bet I'll have another!"

THERE are many ways to eat bran. But none of them can surpass Pillsbury's wonder muffins. Everyone likes these tempting mounds of golden brown goodness.

You must not confuse Pillsbury's bran muffins with the ordinary kind. They are infinitely better—more delicious. They are light, flavory, packed with health. Make them according to the special Pillsbury recipe; it's on the Pillsbury package. And be sure you use Pillsbury's Health Bran, or the result will disappoint you.

Pillsbury's Health Bran is 100 per cent pure wheat bran—nothing added, nothing taken away. These large, coarse, crisp jackets of selected wheat come to you just as Nature grew them. We sterilize them, then pack them air-tight.

Pillsbury's Health Bran is Nature's own safeguard against constipation. Eat it regularly. Being *natural* bran, Pillsbury's can be served in a never ending variety of appetizing ways. Twenty suggestions for serving are given in our interesting Health Bran book; it's free, send today. Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Minneapolis, U. S. A.

Pillsbury's Family of Foods

Pillsbury's Best Flour • Pancake Flour
Buckwheat Pancake Flour • Health Bran
Wheat Cereal • Rye Flour • Graham Flour • Farina

Pillsbury's
Health Bran
One of the family

Tzagan: By Clement Wood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

claws. The low boughs were partial protection; without this they would leech to his very back. With sick despair he heard the thud of the last hoofs dying away in the distance.

Alone—abandoned.

His thought was all of Ulan, the red mare. By now, long ago dead, on the grassed clearing below Jagisstai, the peak of the demon. Pictures of her dreadful plight bewilderingly passed over him, strangely blurred and altered. He seemed to be the red mare, torn to death.

A faint wave of denial swept over him. At least he could still slash with his tail and snap with his teeth.

His blows grew feebler and feebler.

It was only a matter of how long he could hold out. There would come a time when he could not.

DAY after hideous day he stood, backed against the screen of trees, fighting back the hovering death that gave him no moment's rest. The evil hordes were always upon him; their evil odors pained his sensitive nostrils. Harder and harder the effort to snap back; it had been many days since he had eaten a full meal. And food was life.

He crept out in the black of night and cropped what herbage he could. One morning dawn came before he knew it; he was still far from the trees. The hordes of slaughter gathered unexpectedly. A killing half day he snapped back, keeping them away as best he could. His legs trembled from the pain of the vast hurt, extending now across his shoulders and almost to his tail.

Noon came, and tiring afternoon. His head rose slower each time; ever more feebly he fought away the tearing death.

Suddenly his body stiffened with strange hope. He sensed a stir of deliverance.

Out of the menacing air it came—the whir of great beating wings, the cyclone breath of passage, as the demon-bird, Zaberega, swept down among the cowardly killers. The great pinions fanned his back as they swept over him. He felt spasmodic clutchings as the birds, too late, sought to rise. Right and left Tzagan saw bodies fall amid cawing screams of terror. The eagle slew a score before the last of the enemies had made a panicky escape.

For the first time in weeks Tzagan knew life that was not torn by the talons of death.

The trees. He must reach them before the killers returned. He started his trembling journey; Zaberega, as if understanding that his presence was relief, drifted along beside, pouncing upon the foolhardy shrike or chough that ventured out again.

The trees were hardly a hundred yards away now. One satisfied, menacing scream, and Tzagan heard the great wings thrash the air as the demon-bird soared off to his lone peak.

At once he grasped what this might mean. Glazed eyes fastened to the distant trees; he sought to master and hasten his weak steps.

The rooks and pies cawed their summons. Closer, closer, came the sound.

Desperately he pushed forward. Worn knees suddenly betrayed him; he staggered sideways, and fell heavily, his chin striking a projecting stone. The tired body rested a moment on the old earth. It was so easy to give up, to die. Now as well as later. He was tired, tired.

A piercing pain in his shoulder—the winged fiends again! Inflamed eyes hardened to terrible determination. He pulled up to his feet and set off at a feeble canter for the last hope of life.

The rooks and pies dashed against his face, ripped his back, clung to him like evil river-leeches. This time he did not fight them away; all energy must be saved for the final yards. Before him the trees. And, more than that—he blinked his eyes painfully to make sure that they were not deceiving him—more than that, a cave—a hollowed opening below a great rock—a slight cave, hardly his height. It might mean shelter. With every ounce of reserve in his body, he held his legs to the torturing canter. Death tore at his life. He stood this, determined to make the shelter, or die.

He made it.

Here—just before him—the scooped-out place, barely higher than his neck. With despairing briskness he slued his body around and began to back in. The birds, realizing that their prey was trying to escape, screeched and shrieked. The low top of the caveway struck the birds clinging above his tail, and rasped them off. Sharp, burning pains shot through him at their last wild clawings. Farther and farther in he pushed; he could feel the living body of one bird caught between his sore back and the cave's top. He arched his body; the bird, breath squeezed out, slid past his flanks to the ground. Vengeful hoofs ground it into the soil.

He was entirely within it now but for his head. There was no more room. The birds whizzed back viciously, seeking to tear his face. Summoning what little strength was left, he snapped at their approaching threat and kept them off. There was at least no wound on his face that they could claw.

It was late afternoon. Until after dark the magpies and crows massed in front of the cave entrance, waiting for him to come out. There was one especial chough, an old fellow, larger than the rest, gleaming jet body contrasting bravely with scarlet beak and scarlet feet, that planted himself on the ground right before Tzagan's face. The baleful bird eyes, below a feather torn rakishly awry, watched for some sign of weakening. If he could wait, the old chough seemed to say, so could they.

At last the sun drowsed below the hills. The chill vacancy of night strode eerily over the basin. One by one the birds flopped away.

He was all alone.

His legs gave; he sagged forward to his knees. His head collapsed to the half-frozen ground. His eyes closed.

After a half-hour's rest he managed to rise again upon his shivering legs. Step by step he staggered out of the cave. Every instant he expected the birds to hurl their punishing beaks upon him. No; black night was his protection. By some dim supersense he knew that the moon would rise after a few hours. He must make the most of this short space; the terrors might return in the false dawn of moonlight.

Just beyond the cave's mouth commenced the grass. Hungrily his weary lips crunched the succulent stems. At length he had his fill. Not far to the left, he remembered, there was a stream. Quietly he trudged over and drank. He did not go farther; if there was to be life for him, it lay in that cave; he must always be within reach of it.

AT LAST the moon washed the sky gray. Guzzling another drink, he cropped his way back to the hollow scooped below the big rock, senses alert for the onrush of the birds.

They did not come.

For a few hours he dozed; then he ate again, before the gray promise of dawn brought back the jeering enemies.

Day after day passed the same way. A few of the birds tired of the long wait; there was one day when only half a dozen stayed with him; evidently the rest had found a slaughtered prey near by. The next day most of them were back again. Always just below his nose squatted the old black chough, one feather still rakishly awry, gleaming scarlet beak waiting for scarlet food.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

STRENGTH for the Babyhood Age

Nestlé's Milk Food

Makes correct feeding as simple as

1 ADD WATER 2 BOIL 3 BOTTLE

All Babies face three deadly enemies

YES, the very healthiest do. And so easily detected are these enemies,—so readily banished! If mothers only understood!

First is flabby fat. You see—the fat crowds the heart, the other organs, the muscles. They do not develop. This means lessened resistance to disease. In pneumonia, doctors say, flabby babies have absolutely no chance. The cause of flabbiness? Food—food that has too high a sugar content.

Second is diarrhea. How diarrhea weakens the adult system, every mother knows. On the baby system, the damage is ten times worse. And the cause of diarrhea? Food—physicians say chiefly "dirty" cow's milk.

Third is constipation. That terrible bug-a-boo which clogs up baby's system; keeps the poison inside, keeps the good in food from doing good. And the cause of constipation? Food, again—chiefly, the coarse curds in natural cow's milk.

What to do

And so, what is a conscientious mother to do? She wouldn't ask if she knew Nestlé's Milk Food.

Only the purest, freshest milk goes into Nestlé's Milk Food. It is dried into a powder, and hygienically packaged. It can't go stale, sour or "dirty".

The milk is homogenized so that the fat particles are finer than even in mother's milk. Baby never gets fat indigestion,—never shows those hard, coarse curds in its stool.

Sugar is added,—just the right amount. Also the right proportion of wheat cereal. These are the strength builders—the energy-makers. Baby needs these extra energy units already at six months,—the turning-point.

The Proof?

Why, bless you, there is probably in your own neighborhood a Nestlé mother or grandmother to verify every word. And tests made by physicians prove that Nestlé's Milk Food agrees with 93% of babies.

If you're a busy mother with a humming household,—even feeding specialists say: Use Nestlé's. No chance to go wrong, or to slight some vital step. Correct feeding is reduced to three simple steps: Add water; Boil; Bottle.

When and how shall you begin with Nestlé's Milk Food? This Babyhood Feeding Chart tells.

Babyhood Feeding Chart

If you nurse baby: At 6th month, begin two daily feedings of Nestlé's Milk Food. At 9th month, wean completely to Nestlé's Milk Food.

If you do not nurse baby: Make all feedings of Nestlé's Milk Food.

When baby gets regular meals: For its food-drink, Nestlé's Milk Food.

12 Feedings Free

You'll love the Mother and Babe Package. Contains one regular 35c package of Nestlé's Milk Food. Also your copy of the famous 72-page Mother Book—one of the simplest, most sensible, most complete books on baby-care ever written. Over two million copies in use. . . . All sent absolutely free. Fill out and mail the coupon.

NESTLÉ'S FOOD CO.,
130 William Street,
New York

Please send me your free package of Nestlé's Milk Food and the 72-page Mother Book.

Name..............

Address

My baby is months old P.R. 1

Out of
the wheat field
cometh strength!

Try this wonderfully delicious whole wheat flavor!

Wheatena, the rich whole wheat breakfast dish that millions of children and grown-ups delight in each day!

Real whole wheat! Even the *sweet golden heart* of choicest winter wheat, so full of flavor and energy is retained by the exclusive Wheatena method of roasting. Every spoonful of Wheatena sends perfect nourishment to each muscle, bone and tissue. Helps Nature to give that extra energy for work or play. The healthful vitamines; the tissue-building proteins; bone-making mineral salts; and *bran*, the natural regulator are also carefully retained. And because Wheatena is so nourishing and easy to digest, doctors recommend it for a child's first solid food.

Eat Wheatena for its delicious flavor! Get its *extra energy* for the day's work! Add golden years to your life!

Your grocer has Wheatena, or will get it for you. Get the yellow-and-blue package today—for a delicious, healthful, whole wheat breakfast tomorrow.

Free sample package and book of recipes showing many dainty and economical ways in which Wheatena may be served. Write today!

The Wheatena Company, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

Wheatena

Add
Golden Years

Tzagan: By Clement Wood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

One morning Tzagan was slow in returning to the cave. The birds came at him before he reached it, tearing him. As he backed wildly in, the big chough, with the feather aslant, flew in ahead and sought to claw him from behind. With firm assurance the horse closed up the opening with his body. Methodically he kicked backward, once—twice—thrice. Ah! On the third kick he felt his hoof strike something yielding, squirming. One horrid scream of anguish. His hoofs danced the body of the would-be murderer into the rocks. White throat lifted, black mane tossing as it had not for days, he neighed victory—victory! Here was one enemy who would not plague him again.

After that the birds were more careful. There was more than one morning, when he was tardy in his return, that several tore the wounds open again. Never as bad as at first, however. Day by day he grew stronger, more able to travel; day by day the birds grew more doubtful as to this meal that had once seemed within their very beaks.

More than six weeks passed. The Winter chill came into the air. There would come a day when the tarpan troop would return up the grassy bank of the lake and seek again the southern fields beyond Jagisstai. Meanwhile, below the healing wound the Winter hairs, thick and soft, like the covering of a bear, were pushing their way. The hour came when he knew there was no more open wound—only healing scabs. The hour came when the last of these dropped away, and he was whole again.

But still the crows and choughs waited; still Tzagan was unwilling or afraid to come out, so used had he become to this imprisonment from the threat of clawed day.

IT WAS a morning in late October when the horse's nose wrinkled at an unexpected odor upon the wind out of the brooding east. His ears pricked up, his senses sharpened acutely.

In scattering alarm the black birds rose. Some flew away, others settled a short distance away, in cawing uncertainty.

Down the wind came the sound of faint neighings. Tzagan, strangely excited, pranced up and down in the narrow caveway.

Across the grassy plain he saw them at last—the tarpan herd, the wild horses, with the Wood Mouse dancing along in the lead.

He took two or three uncertain steps forward. He was out in the sunshine of day for the first time in two months. Speculatively the crows observed him: one or two flung themselves upon his twitching flanks and sought to bury their beaks in the thick, matted hair. His teeth clicked vigorously at them; they jawed out of sight into the far woodlands.

The horses loped ever closer.

Alone, before the cave, the white tarpan stood.

THERE was a sudden whinnying from the front ranks. A hundred feet from him they came to a stop; intent doubt was on their faces. A sudden noise and they would have wheeled and galloped off in veritable panic. A white tarpan! There had never been but one; and he was dead long ago, pestered to his death by the punishing birds.

He neighed the old greeting.

There was an answering neigh, half joyful, half unbelieving.

Delicately he stepped out. The sun shone on his bright black mane and tail, on his shining black legs; it spangled on the tangled mat of thick white hair covering the rest of his body. He came to a stop ten feet away from the Wood Mouse.

Threateningly the darker stallion raised his head; a red glaze came across his eyes. He approached the stranger, menace in his bearing.

Tzagan did not move. The other turned, and neighed the command for all to fall in and resume the journey.

Out of the sky came the far whir of great wings. Black against its brazen deeps, they could see the high blur of Zaberega, the demon-bird, returning to his aerie on the crest of Jagisstai. The sight of the familiar eagle brought back to the Wood Mouse remembrance of those days when he was only a follower and the White One the leader. The great wings passed out of sight. The dark stallion eyed the other in some perplexity.

Cruelly Tzagan held his eye until the usurper looked down at the ground. Then, lifting his throat, until the wind sprayed out his mane like a black pennon of victory, the White One trumpeted the call to advance. A bit sullenly, the Wood Mouse ranged himself behind the old leader, so strangely returned to them. A sudden clatter—the clicking hoofs struck the pebbles of the way again—a swirl of dust.

Up the long road the herd of wild horses cantered, with Tzagan, the White One, back with his own again.

The Fair Girl of Wu

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

at the other end of the world there was such a highly civilized bunch of fellows."

James Carabine threaded another needle.

"Your uncle Cosmo told Anselo Loveridge something that he had never told your uncle Valentine, nor your father, nor your aunt Jenepher, no, nor me. He told him there was a woman in China, whom he had seen about three times, and to whom he had never spoken, for for all his love of China your uncle Cosmo had not the Chinese tongue, and that his mind was with her.

" 'You might think, and not unnaturally, Anselo Loveridge, that my heart was in this body of death standing beside, but my heart has transformed itself into a small melodious bird, and it abides among the almond-trees in this lady's father's garden. The little bird is dumb there, Anselo Loveridge, until she comes into the garden, and then it flutters its throat with song.' And mind you, Mr. Kerry, he had seen her only three times in his life and never once spoken to her! Can you understand that?"

I quoted for James Carabine:

There is a lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die

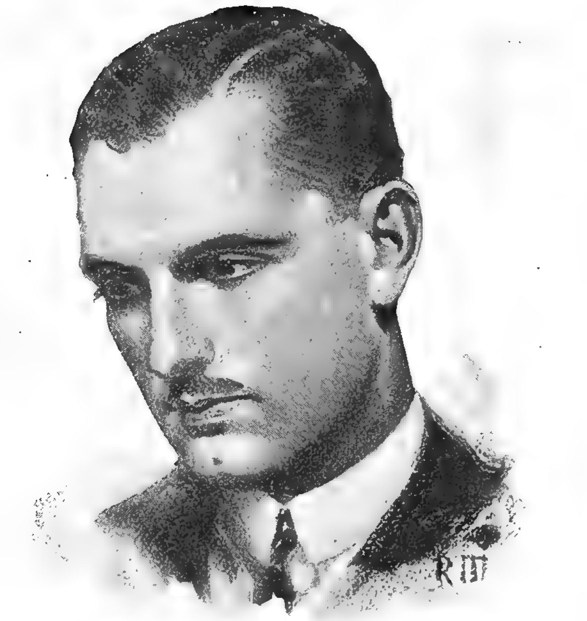
"And yet," said James Carabine, "neither your uncle Valentine, nor you, nor your uncle Cosmo would touch horse or dog until you had gone over it from muzzle to rump, and had the stud-book certificate and the vet's papers, and even then you wouldn't be satisfied until you'd tried it out.

"Well, your uncle Cosmo," said James Carabine, "once he had broken the ice, would talk of nothing but the wonder and beauty of this woman. 'Twas like in a play. Your uncle, the fine young naval lieutenant wandering in the Chinese garden, talking to the old Chinese merchant,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

—But her Husband didn't get a Divorce!

Little chapters from the story of how the Arch Preserver Shoe changed the ideas of a Nation. No. 7



THEY had been engaged during their last two years at Northwestern University. Shortly after their commencement they were married and settled down in Chicago to live.

Their's had been a romantic courtship. They had a "perfect background" of wonderful times together—so many things to "talk about." They would be *so* happy!

She had been a leader in social affairs at the university, a sorority girl, and a good student. He had been an athlete and one of the best known men on the campus.

Therefore, they were popular in Chicago. They soon found many friends among the Northwestern alumni. Business started off well, too. In fact, from every view-point their new life was fine.

Then followed a trip abroad, a new home—and a young son. They had been married three years. And it would have seemed logical to expect them to be happier than ever before.

But, as a matter of fact, they were miserably unhappy—at the breaking point.

She had become nervous, impatient, incapable of enthusiasm. Trips were abandoned; entertaining was almost entirely dispensed with; they had very few good times together. She seldom played golf; never played tennis; didn't care to walk; had little energy for dancing.

And yet to her husband she appeared healthy, and he settled down into a feeling of genuine dissatisfaction.

"I'm getting sick and tired of your everlasting whining," he declared one morning, and he slammed out of the house.

What happened next is perhaps best told in her own words. She wrote: "I was face to face with ruin. I could well understand that the end of our married life was in sight. Yet it seemed so hopeless. I couldn't be my old self. I couldn't do the things I knew I ought to do, simply couldn't. I felt like a helpless old woman.

"My husband didn't come home for dinner that evening and for hours I sat sobbing, fingering through magazines, seeing nothing. I had no thought for stories of other people. Tragedy was in my own home at that moment.

"But my eye caught the phrase 'It's so wonderful to *feel* like doing things!' in one of your advertisements. To *feel* like doing things. That was what I needed. I read the advertisement, and was cynical. I couldn't conceive how a pair of shoes could make such a difference.

"The next day, however, I decided I'd try these shoes. I had to do something. I was in such a desperate mental condition that I would have tried almost anything then.

"I got the Arch Preserver Shoes. I wore them a few days. I didn't feel like climbing trees, but I did begin to feel more capable. I somehow managed to quit scolding, and my husband acquired a tolerant attitude that enabled me to wait for developments.

"Six months have passed since I purchased my first pair of Arch Preserver Shoes. I have changed into another woman. I feel so differently; and I don't see anything worth complaining about.

"I guess I've solved my problem. My husband came home this afternoon and we played a game of tennis. I won. He laughed and called me 'Freshman'—the first time I'd heard that word since our 'bride and groom days.'

"I feel like walking and being on my feet. I have no aches. I don't feel drudgy. My nerves are calm and steady. These are the reasons why I felt enough gratitude to write you about my experience. To think that a pair of shoes would have prevented all the mental agony that I suffered! I wish other women could understand."

Other women are understanding. Thousands and thousands of them. They have learned by similar experiences, that the concealed, built-in arch bridge does provide a natural support for the foot arch, that the shoe bends freely with the foot at the "ball," the only place the foot itself bends. They also have realized the wonders of the flat inner sole which permits the nerves, bones, and blood-vessels of the forepart of the foot to function normally.

In this shoe your feet are so comfortable, so vigorous, so downright healthy that you have unbelievable capacity to do things which require walking and standing.

There can be no sagging, no cramping, no burning sensation, no aching. The foot can carry the weight of the body all day long and never have the slightest strain.

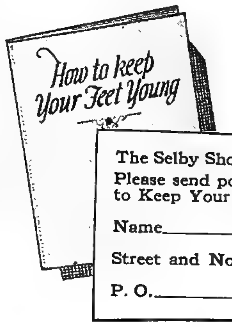
This means a free, unhindered feeling—real youthfulness in your feet.

Besides, you have the smartest of style for all occasions. It's so wonderful, Arch Preserver Shoe women are saying, to have the energy to enjoy all the occasions as well as the fashionable footwear to finish off your costumes.

A different shoe, with an entirely different effect on the foot—yet in appearance it is like any high-grade shoe.

Won't you write us for our little booklet, "How to Keep Your Feet Young?" It will tell you all about this more desirable shoe.

THE SELBY SHOE CO.
328 Seventh St., Portsmouth, O.
Makers of Women's Fine Shoes
more than Forty years


How to keep Your Feet Young

Send for this interesting booklet — "HOW TO KEEP YOUR FEET YOUNG."

The Selby Shoe Co., 328 7th St., Portsmouth, O.
Please send postpaid your booklet, No. 28, "How to Keep Your Feet Young," and name of dealer.
Name________________________
Street and No.________________________
P. O.________________State________

No. 78

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

No. 125

Supports where support is needed—
bends where the foot bends

No. 122

Look for trade-mark on the sole and lining of every genuine Arch Preserver Shoe. Sold by 2000 dealers. Styles for all occasions. All widths, AAAA to E.

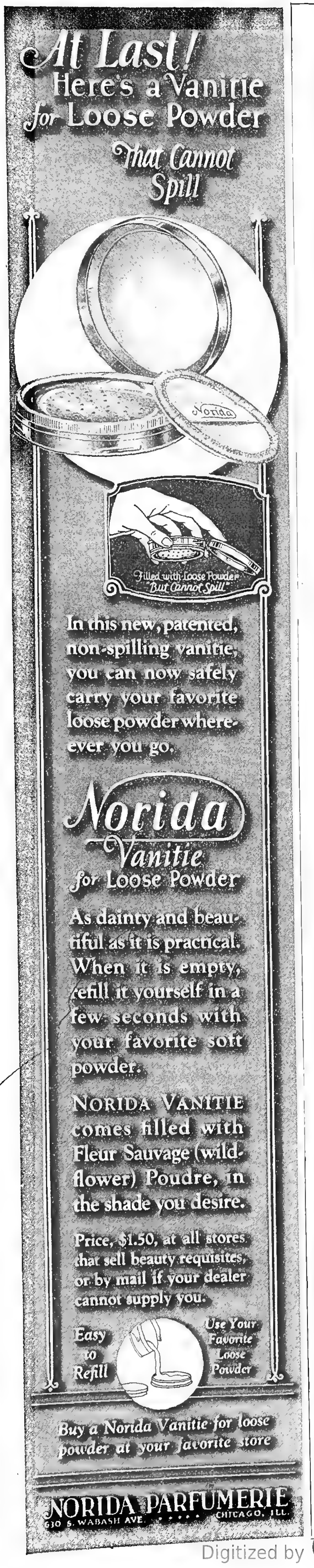
ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

Made for women and misses by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio; for men by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

No. 96

© 1925 The Selby Shoe Co.

"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"


At Last! Here's a Vanitie for Loose Powder That Cannot Spill

Norida
Filled with Loose Powder "But Cannot Spill"

In this new, patented, non-spilling vanitie, you can now safely carry your favorite loose powder wherever you go.

Norida Vanitie for Loose Powder

As dainty and beautiful as it is practical. When it is empty, refill it yourself in a few seconds with your favorite soft powder.

NORIDA VANITIE comes filled with Fleur Sauvage (wildflower) Poudre, in the shade you desire.

Price, $1.50, at all stores that sell beauty requisites, or by mail if your dealer cannot supply you.

Buy a Norida Vanitie for loose powder at your favorite store

NORIDA PARFUMERIE
630 S. WABASH AVE. . . . . CHICAGO, ILL.

The Fair Girl of Wu

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

drinking tea and eating ginger, all for a lock at this woman. You'd think all Irish women were vulgar mares to hear him speak, and that Venus herself was a blowzy German woman, fit only for a drinking-den of sailors, compared to the delicacy and mystery and beauty of this Chinese girl. She had blue-painted eyebrows, and wore shoes of red brocade, and the song she sang was called 'Downy Grasses.'

"You know your uncle's hymns?" asked Carabine.

I did. They were cold, ascetic things. "Lord, on this black satanic strand!" composed on his entry to Borneo, and the prayer to be said on going asleep, "If in the interests of God"—they are too foreign to the warmth of life and to sportsmanship to be pleasing. But James Carabine was fumbling in the tails of his coat. A red bandanna handkerchief appeared, a huge clasp-knife, a small form-book of Irish racing, and several pieces of yellowish paper. I opened the sheets, and before my eyes appeared, straggling but undeniable, the writing of my saintly uncle, the Bishop of Borneo.

"I rescued these in his room," said James Carabine. "There were hundreds of others, but he burned them all before he went away. These he must have forgot."

"For the Fair Maid of Wu," I found written:

> I have not turned my steps to the East country these forty separate seasons;
> So that I wonder how many times the plum and peach trees have blossomed.
> Two white clouds in the green sky meet and part.
> Is she still there in the house that views the setting of the young moon?

"THE Moon of Lushang Mountain," another was called:

> The Autumn moon is half round above the Lushang Mountain.
> Its golden light falls in, and flows with the shadowy river.
> To-night I leave the yellow crane-house for the towers of Nanking,
> And I glide down the Peach-tree Valley, thinking of you whom I can not see.

The third was another poem to "The Fair Girl of Wu":

> She is the flowering branch of the almond-tree,
> Heavy with honeydew.
> She is the purple fish swimming daintily
> In the Peach-tree Lake.
> She is the flying swallow, newly dressed, in the rainbow-skirt and feather-jacket dance.
>
> Northern water . . . Clear northern moon . . .
> In the moonlight the wild swans are trumpeting . . .
> But, hush! I can hear her gathering the water-chestnuts,
> And singing the song called Falling Plum-flowers, tho half a world away.
>
> I pass along the white road from the tavern.
> So close are the stars I could pluck them with my hand.
> I dare not speak aloud in the moonlight
> Lest I disturb the sleeping folk of heaven.
>
> I enter my companionless room;
> With me is only the chill friendship of the moonlight.
> Without there is a little frost upon the ground.
> I lift my head and look out on the mountain moon,
> And know that, lacking you, Fair Girl of Wu,
> I am the green lotus man,
> Who will never attain crimson-leaf, or troubling fragrance.

"Well?" said James Carabine.

"Darned if I know, Carabine," I answered. "They are cold, and there is a great lonesomeness to them, and they have no rime or meter."

"Rime and meter, I heard your uncle Cosmo say, are vulgar and an appeal to the jingly mind of the common people."

"Now, if I were writing a poem to a girl," said I, "my moonlight would be women, and the hay would be just cut, and there would be a dry and song quality to it, and there would be courting and kissing in that poem. But my mind is not such, James Carabine, that I'll end up a Bishop."

"By Heaven, but you won't!" said James Carabine with conviction.

"Well, Mr. Kerry, these are only three of what were hundreds. How often have I seen your uncle Cosmo, down at the Widow McGinty's hotel, in the private read them, battering a queer time with one hand, and holding a glass in the other, to Anselo Loveridge! And Anselo would sit there as if he understood every line of them, which maybe he did, for the Romany is a queer understanding man.

"'Mr. Cosmo,' he asked one night, 'what name was on this woman?'

"''Tis Pin-Yong,' said your uncle. And Anselo Loveridge thought a long time, remembering it.

"'And what name was on her father?'

"'His name was Li-Chin.'

"'And what business was at her father?' asked the Gipsy.

"'Oh, a various business,' said your uncle Cosmo. 'He used to export fine tea in bricks to the Russians, and he breeds and trains nightingales for lords' gardens, and he has a fine smith's business, making golden tortoises for ornaments, and ivory elephants and jade bees.'

"'At where?' says Anselo Loveridge.

"'At Peng-tse. in the province of Wu,' answered your uncle.

"'At Peng-tse, in the province of Wu,' repeated the Gipsy. 'Tell me,' he said, 'Mr. Cosmo, Brother, if you and the pretty girl of Wu had come to be married, Brother, you would not be wasting time and health?' He meant the drink.

"'Of course I wouldn't, you —— fool!' said your uncle Cosmo.

"'I thought not, Brother,' said the Gipsy, and that was all there was to it. But the next day, when your uncle went to look for him, Anselo Loveridge wasn't there. 'He's gone to Derry for the day,' said your uncle Cosmo. But he didn't come back for weeks. ''Tis to Waterford he's gone, to meet the horse-dealing people,' he thought. But for six years your uncle Cosmo never saw him. 'You make a friend of a man,' he grumbled, 'and he goes off without good-by, good luck, or to —— with you!'

"And then he would get sad in himself, and say: 'He's a Romany, and the open road a greater temptation to him than the open bottle to me. Sure he's young, and has sap in him, and why should he stay here with me that's no more than an old root in the soil with the life and pride and grace gone from it?' There were other Gipsies looking after him now, but there was none the like of Anselo Loveridge, cunning and all as they were in finding the otter's hiding-place, or the pool where the heavy trout lay. Of them he would be always asking news, but they could give him none. 'Is it Anselo Loveridge, Mr. Cosmo, Your Honor? Sure who would know where that wild, bold lad might be?'

"ANSELO LOVERIDGE took the two colts he owned, and, throwing a bag over one's back and riding it, and leading the other, he set off for Dublin by the light of the moon. In Dublin city he sold them, maybe for a bit more than they were worth, but that's neither here nor there. And with the money in his belt he started for England. Not that Anselo Loveridge or his kind cared for money one way or another, but to cross deep water you must have it. With a piece of rabbit-wire in his pocket, and a flint and steel, he would walk to the end of the world. When he wanted a clean shirt and handkerchief, he would find a deep stream and wash them and put them on a bush to dry while he lay there motionless as a stone, tickling for trout.

"He had a great gift for a horse and was a good man with the cards, so that a day on a race-course would set him up for a month. Also, if he was taken short and needed a meal, he would go up to a door and ask for it nicely. And if there was e'er a woman in the place he would get it. He would pay for it, even tho there was no payment asked, by Gipsy trade, such as making a couple of brooms or carving a horse or cow out of a piece of wood with a jack-knife for the little treasures of the house. Also he was not a bad hand with the gloves and had a knack of wrestling. A fellow like that, Mr. Kerry, can go through the world more comfortably than Kings.

"ALL through England he was with his own people, the Gipsy tribes, the Petulengros, the Lovells, the Heines. At the end of a day's walking he would come to a crossroad, and where the ordinary man would see nothing, he would look around until he found what he wanted, a peeled willow-rod, or three twigs of an elm-tree, or a bunch of heather laid so, or a handful of ferns in the crotch of a shrub. That's the patteran, and tells you where there's a camp.

"So he would stroll up to where the caravan was, and '*Sa Shan, mi puri-dai!*' 'Good evening, Granny!' he would call. And the *jukels*, the Gipsy dogs, would wag their tails for him, and the *Romany raklis*, the Gipsy girls, would shake their ears with the gold coins in them. And he would sit down and take the dinner of *zimen* and *kanengro* and *levina*, which is broth and hare and beer, and sit around the blazing *yog* and smoke *tuvalo* in his *swegler*.

"And then he would ask them about China, but none of the English Gipsies he met had been to China. They had been to Australia and India, and they gave him good tips about these countries. At Dover he said good luck to them—'*Kushto bok, pals!*'—and went off to France. In France for a while he was well off. There were country fairs with heavy wrestling fellows there, and he made a bit throwing them or staying the limit. He had a good scissors-hold, Mr. Kerry, and was a neat hand at the half-Nelson, and the French wrestlers are just heavy, pushing cattle.

"Often he got cheated, but he was a wise fellow, and said nothing. When you're cheated in a strange country, say nothing, but wait until a war comes, and put a bit more beef behind your bayonet. At Marseilles he ran into a hard bit of luck. He found a little girl child wandering on the road half starved, and, being fond of children, he fed her and kept her by his camp-fire that night, and to-morrow he was going to bring her to the police. But before he got to the police the police came to him.

"'Aha,' they bristled up, 'you kidnap *l'ongfong!*'

"'I found *l'ongfong* on the route,' says Anselo Loveridge.

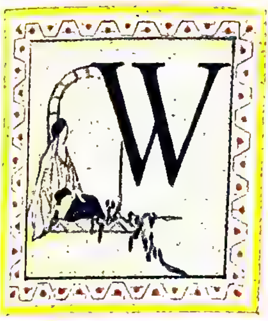
"'You are a *sale* Bohemian,' they screamed. 'You must go to jail. All *sale* Bohemians go to jail.'

"So they put him in jail and kept him there six months, making post-bags and mending roads. And when he came out he was no longer a fine man. He was a thin skeleton of a fellow with a bad cough. And this all for showing kindness to a child. But when he got out he picked up the Gipsy patteran and soon got to his people, and they nursed him and got him back to health, journeying through France to the far edge of Italy. At Trieste they let him out. 'For from here,' they said, 'we go into the Magyar country, and the land of Bohemia. If you want to come, you're welcome. If you don't, *kushto bok*, good luck!'

"'I thank you kindly,' said Anselo Loveridge.

"There was a girl with this caravan, and a finer, wilder girl you never saw.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 65



What the most beautiful Queen in Europe says about the care of the skin

"No woman is so highly placed that she can afford to neglect her beauty. Personal appearance is vital to her success—she cannot allow the usual marks of fatigue or exposure to show in her face. I believe that her beauty can be thoroughly guarded by a daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

Marie
Queen of Roumania

HER MAJESTY, MARIE, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

A recent portrait by Philip A. de Laszlo, eminent Hungarian artist. Queen Marie, a writer of distinction, has done much to foster the Roumanian national arts. She is called "the mother-in-law of the Balkans," having married her two eldest daughters to the Kings of Greece and Jugoslavia.

Below, a pair of silver boxes from Tiffany and Company, bearing the Queen's crest and filled with Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, sent by the Pond's Extract Company as a gift to Her Majesty. They are reproductions of a pair of early American silver boxes made about 1750, now in the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art.

POINT to another woman in the world today whose beauty, power and vibrant personality are equal to those of Marie, Queen of Roumania!

"A tall, majestic figure, hair of red-gold, a round white throat, flashing violet eyes and long lashes sweeping demurely the rose-leaf of her lovely cheeks." One who knows her well describes her thus.

Granddaughter of Queen Victoria, cousin to the King of England, to the Queen of Spain and to the late Czar Nicholas of Russia, she has lived from birth in the midst of the great affairs of Europe.

At sixteen she became the bride of the fortunate heir to the Roumanian throne and entered upon the vivid, flashing life of the Balkans.

Today no queen in Europe has such influence in state and international affairs. Queen Marie matches her skill in state-craft and the prestige of her position with the magnetism of her personality to achieve victories for Roumania that astonish nations many times its size.

Even after her crowded years in Roumania, Queen Marie is still extraordinarily beautiful, beloved of her people and human to the core. When she wears the national dress and mingles with the simple peasant folk she is just as lovely as when she wears her gorgeous robes of state and her magnificent crown jewels. She is known as the queenliest queen in Europe just as her daughters were called the prettiest princesses—before they married kings.

A womanly woman as well as a queen—and one to whom many things have come because of her own beauty—Queen Marie feels that "No woman is so highly placed that she can afford to neglect her beauty. Personal appearance is vital to her success—she cannot allow the usual marks of fatigue or exposure to show in her face."

More and more, women are realizing this. They have found that the woman who is careless of her personal appearance is practically never the woman who is a success. Yet it is so easy to look one's best! A few thoughtfully chosen toilet preparations and a little regular care every day—this is all one needs to keep the skin fresh, clear and youthful.

YEARS ago one manufacturer devoted his laboratories to perfecting the two creams that would answer the vital needs of the skin. Today the famous Pond's method of cleansing and protecting the skin is used everywhere by women who, because of their high position or their social prominence, tax their skins the most and yet *must* keep them loveliest.

Every day, and especially after any exposure, the thorough cleansing that keeps the skin clear and fresh. For this use Pond's Cold Cream. With the tips of your fingers or a piece of moistened cotton, smooth a generous quantity on your face and neck. The pure cream works deeply into the pores, cleansing them of all impurities. Wipe the cream off with a soft cloth. It will bring with it the excess oil, the powder, the dust and dirt your skin has been collecting all day. *Repeat the process.* Now notice how fresh and clear your skin feels—and looks—how smooth and relaxed. And, above all, *how youthful.* Finish by dashing your face with cold water or rubbing it with a piece of ice.

If your skin is very dry, use Pond's Cold Cream at night, too, patting it in around the corners of your eyes and mouth, where—unless you are wary—wrinkles will begin to form. Let it stay on until morning—you will find the little lines all smoothed away.

And then, to protect your skin and as a foundation for powder, use Pond's Vanishing Cream, light, greaseless, and deliciously refreshing. Smooth in just a light film, enough for your skin to absorb. Now notice the limpid freshness of your skin; how soft and smooth it is to the touch, how captivatingly lovely to the eye. The delicate Vanishing Cream protects your skin, keeping it fresh and untired. No amount of wind or sun will roughen it now. After you have smoothed in the Vanishing Cream, you are ready to rouge and powder. And you will be delighted with the smoothness with which they go on and blend—and stay—for hours! No more horrid nose-shine to worry you now.

MOST skins need a Pond's cleansing only once a day, but after exposure of any kind, such as a dusty train trip or a long motor ride, you will find there is nothing more refreshing or relaxing to your skin than a thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Finish up, as always, with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives you just that last touch of brilliancy and smoothness that—to be absolutely perfect—your complexion requires before you powder!

Take care of your lovely skin. Begin today, to follow the method the beautiful Queen of Roumania so heartily commends. Your beauty like hers, can be, as she says, "thoroughly guarded by a daily use of Pond's Two Creams." Buy your own Pond's Creams in jars or tubes and use them faithfully every day. You will be enchanted to see how quickly your skin looks fresher, more youthful—with a freshness and youthfulness you can *keep.* The Pond's Extract Company.

FREE OFFER—Mail this coupon today for free tubes of these two famous creams and a little folder telling you how to use them and what famous beauties and society leaders think of them.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. D,
129 Hudson Street, New York.

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name..

Street..

City................................State...........

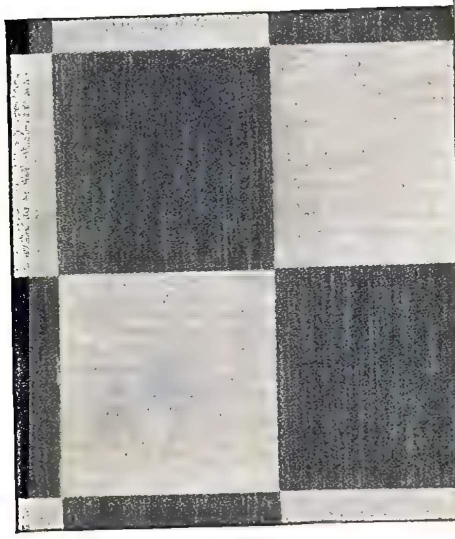
The Growing Vogue for Pattern Floors

Where is the bedroom that wouldn't look warmer, cozier and just a trifle "different" with a floor of this new Armstrong moulded inlaid design? This pattern, No. 3383, runs clear through to the burlap back.

The newer designs in Armstrong's Linoleum are a source of inspiration to home decorators.

ONLY a few years ago floors were considered just something to walk on, to place furniture on. Then "soft wood upstairs and hard wood downstairs" served very well.

Today, however, floors are no longer mere utilities. For today interior decorators and thoughtful women are turning to the new designs of linoleum to secure color and pattern in floors.



A pretty interior becomes a beautiful one when a pattern floor of linoleum is laid. This new Armstrong design in warm gray marble inlaid linoleum is Pattern No. 78. What could be neater, smarter, or more sensibly modern?

Never before has there been so great, so rich a variety of colorings and designs from which to choose pretty floors, floors that will brighten your home as they lighten your housework.

Imagine one of these new patterned floors—a soft green Jaspé or a bolder inset tile effect—in your living-room. Your rugs seem brighter when laid on it; your furniture seems smarter. The whole room glows as it never did before. Perhaps your entrance hall appears dull, sombre. An inlaid linoleum in black and cream will lend to it cheerful, inviting charm. In just this way you can now select a pattern floor of lively color and design for every room in your home.

Before you spend a penny to have your old wood floors refinished again, see some of the new pattern floors of Armstrong's Linoleum at any good furniture or department store. A good store is also prepared to lay your floor of Armstrong's Linoleum so that it becomes in reality a permanent part of your home, good for a lifetime of hard service.

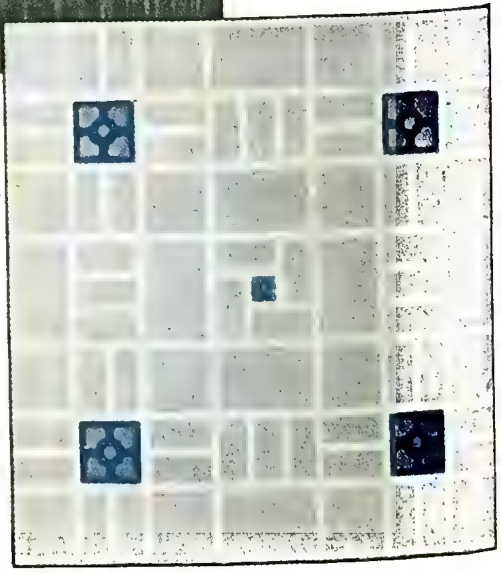
If you want more intimate information about the new patterned linoleum floors for interiors you may now be planning, write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration. You will receive individual color suggestions for any room you describe. This help costs no more than the time it takes you to write us.

A book on the art of home furnishing and decoration

This book, entitled "Floors, Furniture, and Color," tells in a simple, interesting manner the use of color in home interiors. Agnes Foster Wright, its author, is an authority on home decoration. She contributes to House and Garden and other magazines you read. This new book will be sent to anyone in the United States for 25 cents (in Canada, 60 cents). Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 2538 President Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

Look for the CIRCLE A trademark on the burlap back

Here is the spirit and charm of wind-wrinkled grass. We call it the new Jaspé, Pattern No. 19. You will call it "My pretty new linoleum floor!"



This soft gray tile design for your bathroom or kitchen is brightened with touches of blue. A colorful floor, an easy-to-clean floor. It is the new Armstrong Printed Pattern No. 7102.

Armstrong's Linoleum

for every floor in the house

The Fair Girl of Wu

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

She had eyes like black diamonds, and her hands were soft, like the tips of ferns, and she was like the red deer on foot for grace and beauty. And Anselo Loveridge liked her well. But he said nothing.

"'Since you like me,' she came up to him, 'and I like you, and since you won't speak, I'll speak. Will you marry me?'

"'I won't,' said Anselo Loveridge.

"'Why won't you?' asked the girl.

"'Because I'm on my way from the Irish country to the end of the world to do a kindness for a friend once saved my life for me.'

"'Well, then,' she said, 'you can't. You've got to go. But I'll tell you this, Irish Gipsy, that, having seen you, I'll never marry another man. God knows where I'll be in the coming years, but the name that is on me is Telaitha Solivaino, and the patteran of our camp is a twig of elm and a twig of gorse, with a fern laid crossways.'

"'I sha'n't forget,' said Anselo Loveridge.

"'I don't think you will,' said the girl. And they exchanged their neckerchiefs, and held hands, and kissed, and said, '*Kushto bok, Pal,*' and '*Kushto bok, Pen,*' 'Good luck, Brother,' and 'Good luck, Sister.' And that was that. And Anselo Loveridge sat on the pier at Trieste, far from camp and country, and he felt very poor in himself.

"THERE was a boat there was loading for Egypt, and a foxy-haired fellow with an ash-plant and a big fur coat comes along with three horses, race-horses by the looks of them. The first was a gray gelding, fifteen hands high.

"'I know that horse,' says Anselo Loveridge.

"'By Heavens, you don't,' says the foxy fellow, and the English that was at him was the English of the County of Meath.

"'I do,' says Anselo. 'He's Gambler's Fancy, by Gambler out of Fancy Woman, by Game Cock out of Rambler's Joy, by Hazard out of Minorca, by Hell's Bells out of Purity, by——'

"'Will you hold your whist?' says the foxy fellow.

"'It won the Steward's Cup at Leopardstown, the Yeoman's Plate at Baldoyle, the Erin-go-bragh Stakes at Dundalk, and the Duke of Connaught's Trophy at Limerick Junction.'

"'I'm a ruined man,' says the foxy fellow. 'For if you know him,' he says, 'there's hundreds at Cairo will know him, Irish officers and soldiers, and the black men will weight him to the ground. And I thought I'd clean up,' he said, 'as I've been doing in France and Austria. Where are you off to?' says the foxy man.

"'I'm off to China,' he said, 'to do an errand for an Irish friend.'

"'I've often heard tell,' said the foxy one, 'that a Gipsy could make a horse look like a hippopotamus. Can you put strangeness on him?'

"'I can alter his looks,' said Anselo Loveridge, 'so that his own dam wouldn't know him.'

"'Come with me to Egypt and stop over a bit, and help me with the racing.'

"'I'll do that thing,' said Anselo Loveridge.

"So he went to Egypt and became known and respected as a trainer of horses. The Khedive of Egypt sent for him and asked him to stay and train his, but Anselo had money in his pocket again, so he thanked the Khedive for the compliment, but said he had a job of work to do in China, and off he sails to India and lands at Bombay.

"'Am I near China?' he asks.

"'You're next door,' they tell him. 'You're only about five thousand miles off.'

"Anselo Loveridge only laughs, for he could take a joke as well as the next one. So he figures it's up to him to sit down and make a good deal of money so as to get to China quick. He takes a job with a wealthy woman who bred polo-ponies. After a while this woman comes to him and says: 'Will you marry me?'

"This woman was a big, hard woman, and she was no better than she ought to be. This woman had married an Indian raja, but as an Indian raja has dozens of wives it was no distinction. But he left her money in his will, and she was by way of being a great woman and rich. This woman was a bad woman. She would take men and throw them over. But she took so great a fancy to Anselo Loveridge that she was for marrying him.

"'I can't, Ma'am,' said he.

"'And why not?' says she.

"'There's a girl in the Gipsy trail,' said Anselo, 'and her I'll marry, or none.'

"'You'll forget her in a month,' says the blondy woman, 'with me.'

"'I'll not forget her till I die,' said Anselo. 'And there's another matter. I've got to go to China. My honor's in it.'

"'Honor!' laughs she. 'It's not worth that,' and she snaps her fingers. 'If I'd thought about honor, I wouldn't be begum of this province, with more money than I could count. I'd have been polishing dishes in a pantry.'

"'It might have been better for you, Ma'am,' says Anselo Loveridge.

"Instead of getting mad she just wants him more for saying that, for it shows her he's a proper man.

"'Well,' she says, 'marry me now, or marry me later. You'll never see China. You can't leave this place without my permission.'

"Anselo Loveridge knew that was right, but said nothing. He set himself to making money, and he soon had a score of ponies of his own would delight your eye. He thought of the riots of buyers at Bombay when he would lead them in. But the blondy woman comes to him.

"'Loveridge,' she says, 'you marry me to-morrow.'

"'And if I don't?' says he.

"'Were you ever in jail?'

"'Twice,' says he, 'once in Ireland and once in France.'

"'Did you like it?'

"'I did not,' said he. For in both places he sickened for the open road and the wind.

"'You'll like it less here,' said she.

"'And why should I go to jail, Ma'am?' he asks respectfully.

"'Oh, any excuse'll do,' says the blondy woman. 'The head of police is a friend of mine, and has a great hatred of Gipsies on account of a Gipsy once cheating him over a horse. Take your pick,' she laughs.

"'I'll have the marriage,' says Anselo.

"He figured he'd cut his stick that night and leave the ponies, but the woman kept a watch on him so he couldn't get away. In the morning she comes to him. 'The carriage is ready,' she says.

"'You take the carriage,' he says; 'I'll ride.'

"'Do,' says she, 'for if there's one thing I like, it's a fine man on a fine horse.'

"So he rode by her side in state with the church bells ringing. And suddenly he fetches the horse a belt with the whip and jams the spurs into its ribs.

"'Hold him!' calls the blondy woman. But you might as well try to hold an eel in water.

"'Shoot him!' orders the blondy woman. And the bullets came humming at him, but he took no hurt, barring one that cut a ridge in his hair. And that ridge," said James Carabine, "if you ever meet him, you'll see to this day.

"Anselo Loveridge never stopped until he came to the quay at Bombay. There was a boat pulling out, and on the back platform of it is the captain in blue and gold.

"'Where are you off to?' asks the Gipsy.

"'T' Australia,' says the captain.

"'Is it on the road to China?'

"''Tis,' says the captain.

"'Back the boat to the ditch, Captain,' says Anselo, 'till I come with you.'

"'Is it murder you're running from?' says the captain, hard.

"''Tis worse,' said Anselo; ''tis a woman is set on marrying me.'

"The captain gives a laugh and says: 'Throw a rope over, and give a leap, you,' he tells Loveridge, 'and we'll have you aboard.' This captain was a decent fellow, not like another captain I'll tell you of, and when he heard the story Anselo had at him he wouldn't take a penny passage-money from him, but was good friends with him, and landed him at the Australian gold-fields.

"'I'm sorry I'm not able to give you a lift any further,' said the captain, 'but good-by and good luck.'

"ANSELO LOVERIDGE didn't go for the mining, for the Gipsies are not a digging or a seagoing people, but he went in for fighting in the gold-fields. He was never a first-class man with his hands, but he was willing and would take any punishment, so that fight after fight came his way. The gold-miners were easy with their money in the matter of purses, so that he was well heeled after six months of it.

"He lost only two fights, one to Joe Tate, the Sydney Corn-stalker, and the other to Diamond, the black man; but in six months he took his punishment, so that his nose was broken in two places, and his left ear crumpled the like of a dwarf potato, and there was the least droop to his left eyelid from six stitches that had to be taken in lid and brow, where Diamond, the black man, hit him the terrible knock-out blow. The miners were very sorry to see him go. Wherever Anselo Loveridge had stayed a little the folks were sorry to see him go.

"He found a boat going to Macao, which is Portuguee China, and the boat was a Portuguee boat with a Portuguee captain and a Portuguee crew. They weren't far out to sea when the Portuguee captain came to Anselo.

"'Have you any money?' says he.

"'I have,' says Anselo, for he had all the prize-fighting money with him.

"'Do you play cards?' says the Portuguee captain.

"'I do,' says Anselo.

"'Then we'll play cards,' said the Portuguee captain.

"They weren't long playing cards until Anselo Loveridge found the Portuguee captain was cheating right, left, and center. Now, the way of Anselo Loveridge was this, if you played cards straight with him he'd play straight with you, but if he caught you cheating he'd say nothing, but the devil himself would be ashamed of the way Anselo Loveridge would cheat back. So that when they came into Macao, Anselo had won all the Portuguee captain's money, which he said he didn't have on him, but kept in the bank, and the captain's ship, and the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

GREEN ROUGE!

BOURJOIS does not make green rouge. But his rouges are as distinct from others as if they were green. They are uncommon, and their effect is uncommon. It is not idly that Bourjois has been termed "The master of French toiletries."

Manon Lescaut
FACE POWDER

In White, Flesh, Rose, Brunette; also the exclusive Peaches* Powder, Peaches-and-Cream* Powder—a range of *exquisite* colors.

Ashes of Roses
ROUGE, or ROUGE
Mandarine*

—are made artistically, as Bourjois makes all things. Their delicate yet definite tints are always in sympathy with the cheek they accent. In a word, they are subtle.

Mail . . This . . Coupon . . To

Bourjois

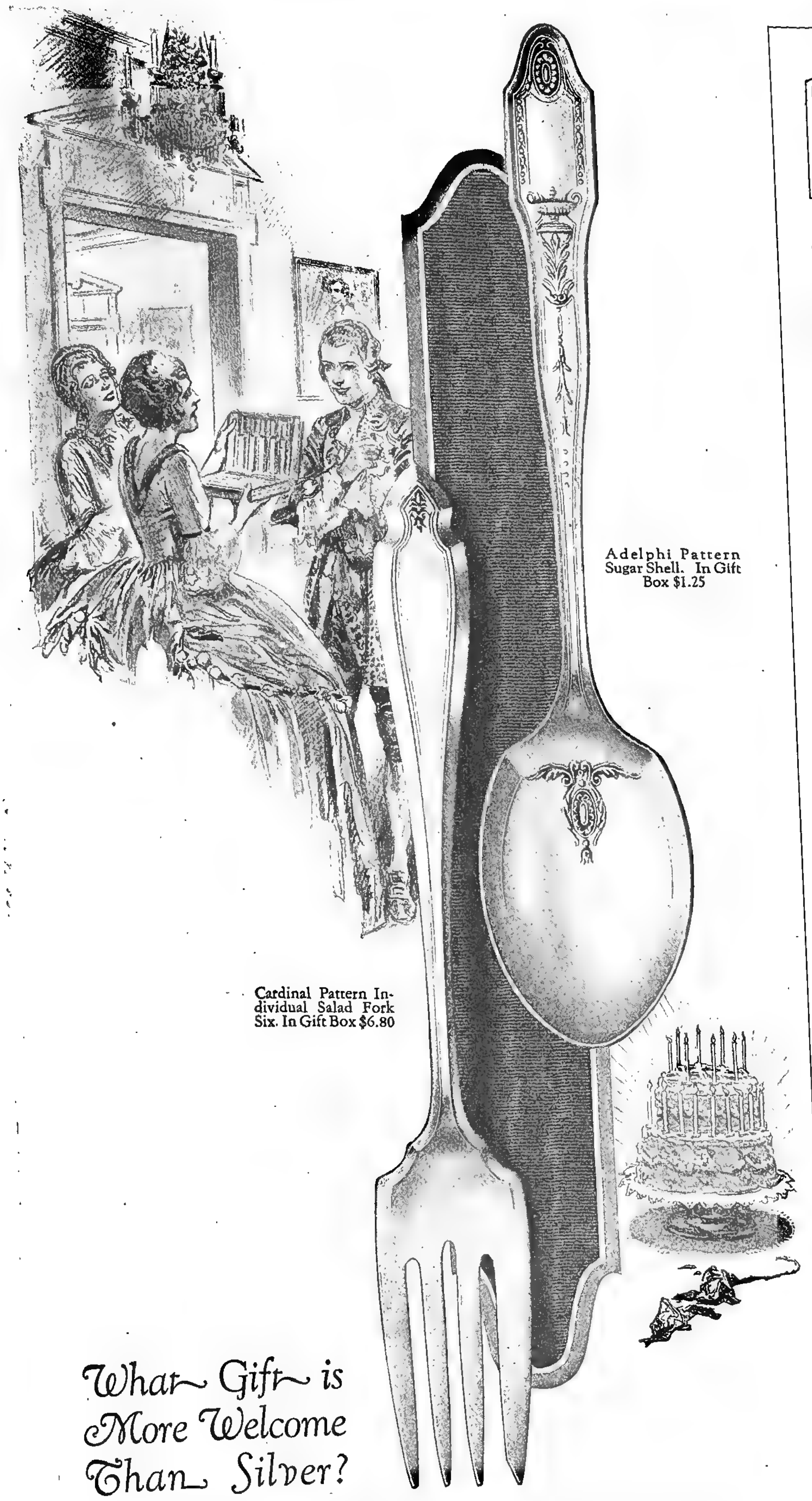
A. BOURJOIS & CO., Inc.
S-37 West 34th Street, New York City

With this coupon is enclosed 18c (stamps or coin) for which send me at once a sample box of MANON LESCAUT in the shade I have checked: White ☐ Flesh ☐ Rose ☐ Brunette ☐ or Peaches* Powder ☐ Peaches-and-Cream* Powder ☐—ALSO sample box Ashes of Roses Rouge ☐ or Rouge Mandarine ☐

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



What Gift is More Welcome Than Silver?

Everybody has birthdays, and the woman who receives a gift as delightful as Heirloom Plate is happy that she has them, too. For true and abiding beauty makes Heirloom Plate as graciously in tune with the sentiment of birthdays as with the joyousness of weddings. Whether it be a single piece or a set, your gift of this wonderful silver will be distinguished for its correctness, its loveliness and its year in and year out value.

Write for names of Heirloom Plate jewelers nearest you.

WM. A. ROGERS, LTD., NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
New York Chicago San Francisco Toronto

Heirloom Plate
From Generation to Generation

The Fair Girl of Wu

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

captain's uniform, and the captain's home and farm outside of Lisbon, Portugal.

" 'Wait here on board the ship,' said the captain, 'till I send to the bank for the money, and to the town for a lawyer to draw up the transfer of the ship and farm, and for a tailor will make me new clothes on tick.'

" 'Oh, you can keep the clothes,' said Anselo.

"But instead of a lawyer and a bank-messenger there came aboard nine policemen and an officer that the captain had sent for. 'Take him and jail him,' says the captain, 'for an inveterate rogue and a common gambler. He has three hundred English sovereigns of mine in a belt about his middle.' It took the nine policemen with fixed bayonets and the officer with a drawn sword to protect the captain, but that only made the case look blacker against Anselo, so that they gave him nine months in the black hole, and took the money he had earned in desperate battles and handed it over with their compliments to the Portuguee captain.

"WHEN the nine months were up they kicked out the wreck that Anselo Loveridge was, 'and if we ever find you again in Macao,' says they, 'we'll crucify you.'

" 'If you ever find me again near anything Portuguee,' says Anselo Loveridge, 'you'll be welcome to, for I'll deserve it.'

"So he sets out on foot through China, with one copper coin in his pocket, looking for the province of Wu. Now, a Gipsy can support life anywhere but in China, for the people there are starving themselves, forby hard on foreigners, and he could not get near any of the great lords to trade his knowledge of horses for money, because of the soldiers. There was nothing to eat, for even the rats were eaten by the starving Chinese people, and there was no place to rest, and he was weak, and after nine months of darkness his eyes were blinded by the sun. And then one day when all strength and courage were gone he stood in the highroad when the sun was setting, and he spread out his arms.

" 'God,' he cried, 'That gives the small fowl of the air wings to carry them from Arctic cold to Summer weather, and That after making the immense smithy of the sun, remembered to give the field-mouse its dun color, and That after composing Your masterpiece the swift horse did not forget that the lowly porcupine needed protection, let me not perish among this silent dwelling people, for the sake of Caspar Magus, the Gipsy King, who came with offerings to the Little Lord, when He, too, like the Gipsy folk, had no fixed habitation, but lay in a manger in Bethlehem.'

"And he lets his hands fall by his sides, and bows his head, and waits until there comes to him the message: 'I hear.'

"AND then he takes the copper coin from his pocket, and he says: 'I'll toss it in the air, and if it comes down heads I'll go East, and if it comes down tails I'll go West. Whichever way I go I'll find help, for God is good.' And he pitches it high in the air and waits for it to fall, and when he goes forward he finds it beside two twigs of a plum-tree, making in angle, and that he knew for the Gipsy trail, and he follows it until he comes into the heart of a wood, and he was all trembling, for God had spoken to him. And there was a caravan there. A dark, pleasant-looking woman was carrying water from a well, and she gazed hard at him.

" '*Romanitshel?*' she asks. 'Are you a Gipsy?'

" '*Ava, Pen.* Yes, Sister,' says Anselo Loveridge.

" 'Where are you from?'

" 'From Ireland,' says Anselo.

" 'I never heard of it,' says the woman, 'but it may be a good place for all that. Where are you for?'

" 'For the province of Wu,' answers Anselo.

" 'We're going there ourselves,' says the Gipsy woman. And she comes closer to him, and she sees the weakness and bad way of him, and she notices the ulcers on his wrists where the irons of Macao jail had worn into him. '*Dabla!*' she calls. 'My God! This Gipsy boy is ill and without luck.' And they all came running to him, and put him on a bed of bracken beside the fire, and feed him, and the mothers of the tribe get out herbs for his sores, and suddenly Anselo Loveridge, the strong man, the horse-breaker and prize-fighter, puts his hands to his face and cries like a child.

" 'It's all right, Brother,' they say. 'It's all over now. You're with brothers and sisters. We'll take care of you, and bring you to Wu.'

"Through all the voyage to Wu, Anselo Loveridge learned hard these Chinese phrases: 'Are you the Lady Pin-Yong?' and 'Are you the daughter of Li-Chin, the great nightingale-fancier and maker of gold ornaments?' The other Romanies laughed at him, thinking it was some kind of riddle, and with the laughter and the fresh air and sunshine he came back to himself. He looked different to the way he was in Ireland, what with the parting in his hair that the Bombay bullet had made, and the broken nose and crumpled ear, and the scars on his wrists. But he was always thinking of the little girl he had left at Trieste and the patteran of her tribe, a twig of elm with a twig of gorse and fern laid crossways, and that thinking brought a friendly light in his face, like the light of the moon.

"AT PENG-TSE he told the caravan he'd leave them for a while. 'You'll be going down the river, Brothers, and I'll follow you.' 'Very good, Brother,' they said. And with a gay *diklo*, and a whip for horses and dogs, he left them, and found the house of the Chinese merchant. He didn't go into the house, but hung around as an army scout would, and at last the Lady Pin-Yong came into the garden.

"She was just the same as Mr. Cosmo said she'd be, with glossy hair, and blue-painted eyebrows, and shoes of red brocade. She was not of the number of Chinese small-footed women, but proud and free in her bearing, and she was always tending the plants and flowers in the garden by the river. But where Anselo Loveridge expected a slip of a girl, soft as a newly hatched blackbird, here was a woman with disappointment and iron in her eyes, and tho she was not old she was not a young woman. And Anselo Loveridge said to himself: 'I wonder now if Mr. Cosmo could have had a drop taken and he looking at her, for she's like the bare edge of a knife, that woman!' And he thinks: 'Ah, well, the way of the *gawjo rai*, the Gentile noble, is not the way of the Romany. And maybe a harsh woman will keep Mr. Cosmo straight. However, he wants her and he'll have her.'

"HE BEGAN casting about how he'd get off with her, and he found there was a rich Chinese poetic man lived a bit down the river. He had a fine horse and a fine boat, but the night Anselo tried for the boat he found it bound with locks and chains.

"The way of the poetic man was this: In the morning he'd ride abroad on the horse, in the afternoon he'd sit and drink and write poetry, and at night if there was a moon in it, he'd have himself rowed on the river, mad with verses and wine and moonlight. The horse was a white ten-year-old with a good trot and a nice canter. Anselo Loveridge makes a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68

Kodak Keeps the Story

Indoors, there's a long list of pictures to make for the Kodak history of the home. And the Kodak album soon becomes the most precious book in the house.

Ask your dealer or write to us for a copy of "At Home with the Kodak"

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

Announcement of winners will be made in the May issue of this magazine! Look for it.

$1,000.00 in cash prizes for NEW ways of using G Washington's Delicious-Instant Coffee

We had hoped to publish the names of the winners in this issue. However, owing to the number of recipes received, this was found impossible. From all parts of the country, as well as from foreign lands—recipes have come in.

The interest displayed has been really amazing as well as most gratifying. **With the co-operation of the housewives of a nation, we have definitely established *G. Washington's Coffee as an ideal flavoring for fine desserts and dainty dishes.***

On the other hand, we want to remind you that G. Washington's Coffee is, first and last, a beverage. A high grade, absolutely pure coffee refined from selected coffee beans.

G. Washington's assures you a delicious cup of coffee in an instant—anywhere—any-time. No boiling, no waiting, no waste, no grounds. No coffee pot or percolator needed. It is ready to drink when you add hot water.

Sold in three sizes—small, medium and large.

G. WASHINGTON COFFEE REFINING CO.
522 Fifth Avenue New York

G Washington's PREPARED COFFEE MADE IN THE CUP AT THE TABLE ABSOLUTELY PURE SOLUBLE COFFEE

The Fair Girl of Wu

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

few purchases in the town with the money the chief of the caravan had lent him, and one night he whistles the horse out of the field.

"There was —— to do in the Chinese town over the loss of the poet's horse, but it was never seen or traced at that time. A few days later Anselo Loveridge came in from the country, with a black docked hack, that had a white star on its forehead and one white stocking, and he finds him an interpreting man, and he goes to the Chinese poet's.

" 'I hear you want a horse,' he says.

" 'I want a horse bad,' says the Chinese poet, 'for what with the great fatness of me, 'tis hard for me to go abroad on my feet. But it isn't every horse'd suit me,' says the Chinese poet.

" 'This one will,' said Anselo Loveridge. 'You'll never notice the difference between it and the other horse.'

" ''Tis a better horse than the other one,' said the Chinese, 'but I think it'll suit. How much do you want for it?'

" 'I'll swap it,' says Anselo Loveridge, 'for your boat.'

" 'That would be robbery,' says the poet, 'for the boat isn't worth as much as the old horse, much less this grand animal.' The Chinese are an honest people.

" 'I'll have the boat or nothing,' says Anselo Loveridge. 'I look at it this way: Poets should get things easier than any one else on account of their great simplicity. The cunning of the merchants would overtop the world if it weren't for the simplicity of the poets like yourself.' And Anselo Loveridge never even smiles.

" 'If you put it that way—' says the Chinese fellow. 'Will you have a drop of refreshment?'

" 'Thank you all the same,' says Anselo Loveridge, 'but I'm a teetotaler.'

"SO HE takes the boat and rows upstream and waits about till it's dark, and then he goes into the garden of the merchant's house. And after a while the girl of Wu that Mr. Cosmo was mad about comes out.

" 'Are you the Lady Pin-Yong?' says Anselo Loveridge in his best Chinese.

" 'I am,' she said, and she looks at him. He has a bag under his arm.

" 'Are you the daughter of the rich merchant, Li-Chin, the great nightingale-fancier?'

" 'I am,' said she. And then she understands that there is kidnaping in the air, and she opens her mouth to screech. But Anselo Loveridge has her gagged with his handkerchief before she can let the yell out of her, and tips her into the bag with a kick on the ankle, neat as you please. He ties her up and puts her in the boat. 'Now for Ireland,' says Anselo Loveridge.

"When he comes near the Gipsy camp he makes a mooring, and takes the bagful of woman ashore, and then he overturns the boat and sets it adrift, so that people may think they were drowned, the pair of them. The Gipsies crowd around, asking if it is a fat pig he has in the bag, but when he opens it they become afraid.

" 'O Brother, Brother,' they wail, 'you have brought disgrace and danger on us, all for the sake of a *gawjo* woman, and we thought you were a true Romany.'

" 'There is a man in Ireland, and he saved me from the hangman's noose'—and he tells them about your uncle Cosmo and the great love that was in him for this woman. 'And could I do anything else, Brothers?'

" 'No, Brother,' they tell him.

"So he sets on his way home across land, for it would have been very dangerous to go on sea with the Chinese woman. She would lay information against him, and this time it wouldn't be jail, but the naked Chinese executioner with his vast sword. He lets her out all the time, except when they are near towns, when he gags and binds her.

" 'You'll have to be that way, my lady,' he says, 'until we get somewhere where none speak the Chinese tongue.' And she looks hatred at him. But after a while she sees he means no harm to her, and she sees a kindness in his face. She becomes reconciled, for now she is dizzy with wandering, but she never becomes what you might call affable.

"And all this time there is great luck with Anselo in the trading of horses, so there is always money at him. When they come to Rangoon he takes ship to England.

"All the time on his travels, whether there is money at him or not at him, he manages to take the height of care of the Chinese woman. And everywhere Anselo meets the Gipsy caravan he asks if ever on their wanderings they have seen a patteran of a twig of elm and a twig of gorse with a fern laid crossways. But none has ever seen it until he comes across a caravan at Naples in Italy, where the boat stops, and he sees the Gipsy fires, and goes on shore to speak to the Gipsy people.

" 'THAT will be the patteran of the Solivainos. I've seen it, but I'll never see it any more.'

" 'And why not?' says Anselo Loveridge.

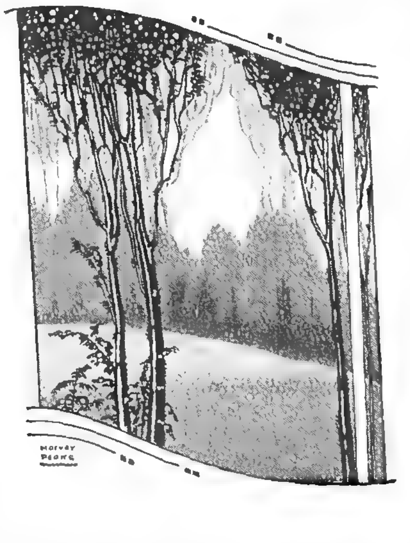
" 'Because the Solivainos were crossing on a ferry in Switzerland, and a big wind came, and the boat turned turtle, and the Romany people went deep in the water, and the life went from out of them.'

" 'Did it go from out of the girl Talaitha?' asked Anselo.

" 'It went from out of her the first, Brother.'

"He said nothing, but stood there looking lost, so that the man who told him said: '*Wafra dok, Pal,*' 'Bad luck, Brother.' And all the Gipsies whispered: '*Wafra dok, Pal,*' 'Bad luck, Brother.' Anselo Loveridge nodded, and went off by himself, and where he was and what he thought that night are past knowing.

"But in the gray hours of the morning he took the neckerchief the Gipsy girl had given him, and after the manner of Gipsy people he burned it. For the Gipsies burn what belongs to the dead, for fear that keepsakes will hinder the dead folk and chain them to the world out of pity for the sorrow of those behind. They are a deep, knowledgeable people, the Romanies. And from that day on Anselo Loveridge was a changed man. He was a kindly, gentle, well-mannered, quiet man. A woman would say: 'There is great friendship in that man, but there is no love in him.'



"All this," said James Carabine, "I got from Anselo Loveridge's sister Morjiana when I saw her at Liverpool the year that Rapparce won the Grand National after falling at Valentine's Brook. The rest of the story I can tell you with my own knowledge.

"I came down to the stables one May afternoon, and standing in the stable-yard with a key in his hand was the Gipsy lad. 'Is it yourself is in it, Anselo Loveridge?' I asked. 'It is, Mr. Carabine,' he said. 'I misdoubted you a minute,' I said, 'for your hair is gray.' 'There's more nor my hair gray,' says Anselo Loveridge, and he touches his chest. 'What's in here is gray, Mr. Carabine. Once it was green and springy like a live turf, and then it was warm and comforting like a peat on the fire, and now it's gray and cold and ash, like a burnt peat. This is the key of the little stable,' he says. 'Will you give it to Mr. Cosmo? There's something there I brought him.'

" 'Won't you stay and see him yourself?' I asked.

" 'Ah, I won't,' Anselo answered me. 'There'd be questions and he'd be pressing me to stay. And just now I'm not for facing people. I've had a loss,' he said, 'and the moving foot is best for the heavy mind. You understand, Mr. Carabine.'

" 'I think I do,' I said.

" 'Tell Mr. Cosmo I'm always thinking of him, and tell him I hope he'll have great happiness, and tell him it was no trouble at all.' And he went down the road, and we never saw Anselo Loveridge any more.

"YOUR uncle Cosmo came out of the house, with his fishing-rod under his arm, and his right-hand pocket bulging with the big flask, and tho it wasn't late in the day he was, well, he was happy. You could see it in his eyes.

" 'Anselo Loveridge has been here, Mr. Cosmo, and he's left something in the little stable for you,' and I gave him the key.

" 'Where is he?' says your uncle Cosmo.

" 'There was a weight on him, Mr. Cosmo, and he's walking it off in the four corners of the world. 'Tis how it is with the badly hurt ones that they can't bear to talk. So he wouldn't stay.'

" 'I'm sorry for that,' says your uncle Cosmo. 'There's no one I rate higher than Anselo Loveridge.' He goes over to the stable door and he's not quite steady on his feet.

" ''Tis a horse,' he says, ''tis a horse in the stable.'

" 'What else would be in it?' says I.

" 'Or a foal he's brought me, a yearling foal.'

" 'Aye, maybe a foal!'

"Then your uncle Cosmo opens the door.

"We see the woman inside it with the coat and Chinese trousers, and her face is white and there's terror in it.

" 'My God in heaven!' says your uncle Cosmo.

"And his eyes clear of the drink all at once, and his face grows whiter than the Chinese woman's, and from brow to chin it's shining with sweat. 'My God in heaven!' he says again. And he closes and locks the door.

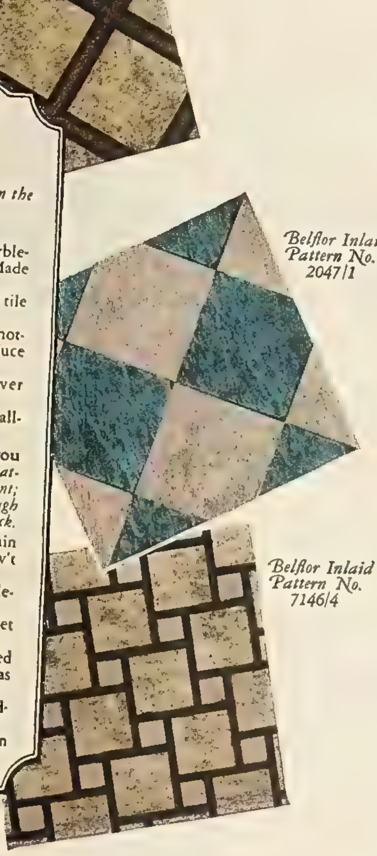
" 'Give that key to Sir Valentine when he comes back this afternoon,' he tells me, and his voice is changed. 'I'll leave a letter for him.' And he walks into the house. I stand there destroyed with astonishment, and in a little while your uncle Cosmo comes out. He has changed his suit and has an ash-plant in his hand and a deer-stalker hat on his head. There is no stagger in the feet of him or flask in his pocket. And he walks past me without a word, and he walks down the drive and he walks down the road, and we never see sign or light of him again.

"When your uncle Valentine came home he read the letter, and I gave him the key, and he did all he could, but that wasn't much, God knows. So he put her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 73

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 2047/5
Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 7103/5
Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 7149/3


Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 2047/1
Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 7146/4

This Three Thistle trade mark is on the back of every yard of
NAIRN LINOLEUM

- *Belflor Inlaid*—a new line of 46 marbleized pattern effects of rare beauty Made in light and heavy weights.
- *Straight Line Inlaid*—clean cut inlaid tile patterns, machine inlaid.
- *Dutch Tiles and Moulded Inlaids*—the mottled colors merge slightly to produce softened outlines.
- *Moiré Inlaid*—a rich two-tone, all-over effect.
- *Granite and Moresque Inlaids*—popular all-over mottled effects.

The edge shows you *that the inlaid patterns are permanent; the colors go through to the burlap back.*

Battleship Linoleum—heavyweight plain linoleum—made to meet U. S. Gov't specifications. In five colors.
Plain Linoleum—lighter weights of Battleship Linoleum. In six colors.
Cork Carpet—an extra resilient and quiet plain-colored flooring.
Printed Linoleum—beautiful designs printed in oil paint on genuine linoleum. Has a tough, glossy surface.
Linoleum Rugs—linoleum printed in handsome rug designs.
Pro-Lino—attractive patterns printed on a felt base.

The vogue of colorful floors

EVERY time you lay a vivid Chinese or Oriental rug on your hard neutral-tinted wood floor, you're recognizing the importance of color in floors.

Now decorators are going farther—choosing a floor that is itself distinctive and colorful, a floor such as Nairn Inlaid Linoleum, and making it the foundation of the entire room scheme.

Quaint Dutch tiles, block patterns, moiré effects—for any period of furniture or interior there's a beautiful Nairn pattern that will add the modern touch of color and distinction to your floors.

Loveliest of all is the new *Belflor* Inlaid. A new and wonderful process renders each tile in a *Belflor* pattern slightly different in color-blending; the floor looks hand-tinted.

And you get so much besides beauty in *Belflor* and the other Nairn Inlaids: noiselessness, comfort, unmatched durability.

These floors are practically permanent. With an occasional waxing, the soft colors stay fresh indefinitely for they go clear through to the sturdy burlap back.

And all this at a price below that of any similar floor-covering.

Why not look into the possibilities of colorful floors for *your* home? Ask your dealer to show you the Nairn patterns and to tell you about *Belflor*. Or write us for folder showing patterns in colors.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago
Kansas City San Francisco Atlanta Minneapolis
Cleveland Dallas Pittsburgh New Orleans

NAIRN INLAID LINOLEUM

Jean, Joan, Jane *and* Jimmie the only CABINET BABIES

– *washing their Dainty little Clothes*

ELIZABETH H. SHAW
WASHINGTON, D. C.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1924

"YOU'VE HEARD of many kinds of babies, but 'Lux babies' are quite a new thing, especially famous ones. Of course, they are not fed on Lux, but they have all their dainty dresses and soft flannels and cuddly woolens *washed in Lux.*

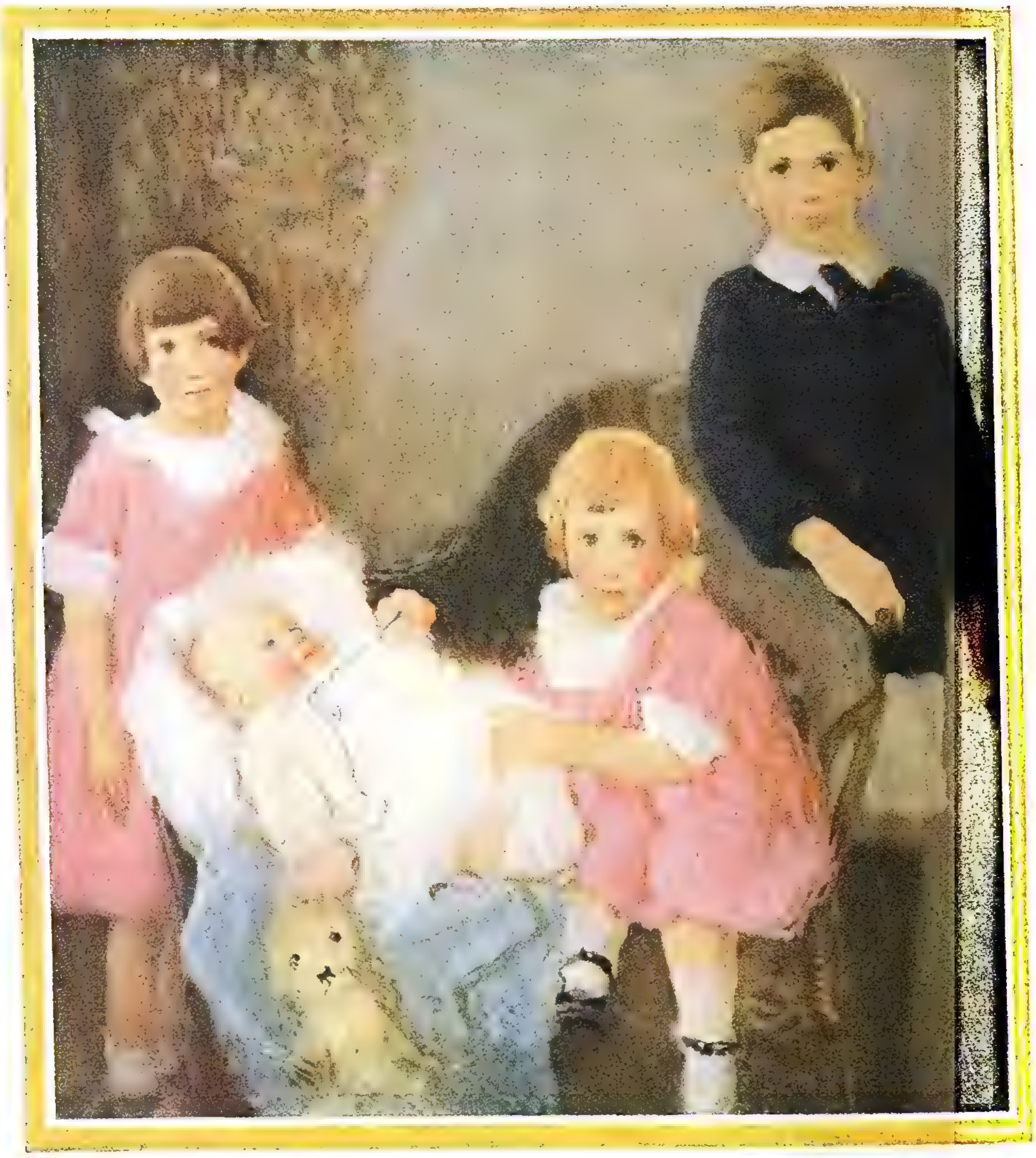
"Two of these famous Lux babies are Jean and Joan, the only Cabinet Babies in Washington, daughters of the Secretary of Labor and Mrs. James J. Davis.

"They both like the softness and fragrance of their clothes laundered in Lux and their Mother says: '*I don't know how Mothers with several babies kept everything clean before Lux was invented! It is so easy for the nurse to swish the things in the creamy suds and hang them out to dry—while the baby takes a nap!*'

"Jean and Joan have a sister Jane who is a very particular young lady about her clothes, too. She refuses to put on any dress unless the sleeves are 'pasted,' which is the way she tells whether the dress is freshly laundered or not! And seven-year-old brother Jimmy has all his play suits and silk blouses washed in Lux. So you can see how such a family of four lively children increases the output of Lux.

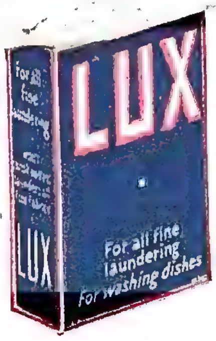
"Their mother says: '*With two babies and a constant demand for "pasted" sleeves and Jimmy's innumerable shirts, we give thanks daily for Lux. I buy it by the case of one hundred boxes!*'"

ELIZABETH H. SHAW



Two winsome little girls—the precious baby and her stalwart young brother. Who wouldn't delight in four such lovely children and take pride in keeping their little clothes fresh, immaculate and exquisite.

Lux won't hurt anything that water alone won't injure



HOW TO WASH THE PRECIOUS LITTLE WOOLENS

Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out or put through a loose wringer.

Woolens should be dried in an even temperature; that of the ordinary room is the best. Shirts and stockings may be dried on wooden forms.

PROTECT YOUR BABY'S TENDER SKIN

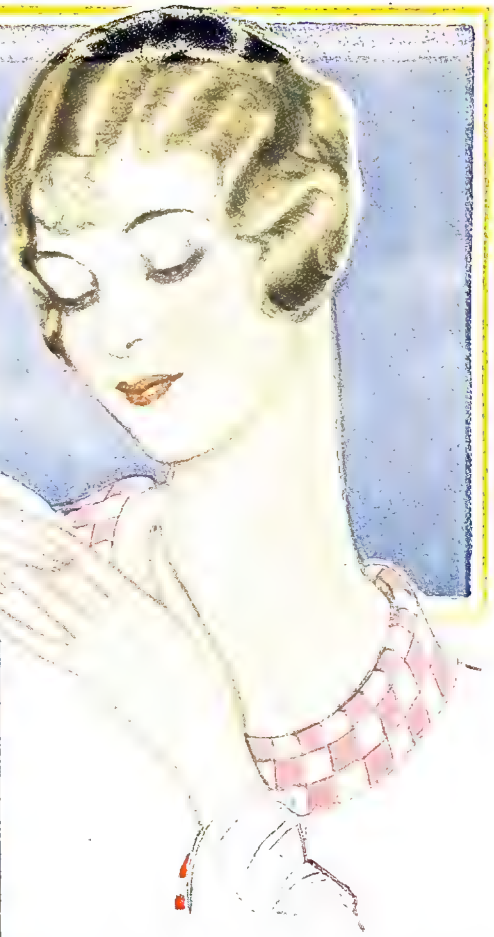
Physicians say that when a baby cries it is often because his diapers are rough and scratchy or his little clothes irritate his sensitive skin.

That is why more and more mothers will not trust their baby's garments to anything but Lux. Lux contains no free alkali to remain on diapers and clothes in an irritating fine white powder. Lux won't irritate the most sensitive skin. Use it for all the important little clothes. Get Lux today.

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass

Your hands and all the clothes you wash . . .

deserve the same consideration you give fine fabrics . .



In the water an hour and a half every day washing the dishes—your poor faithful hands.

Spare them that coarsened red look that comes from using strong kitchen soap—it literally burns out the beautifying oils from the skin of your hands.

They deserve the kindest of all soaps—Lux. You know how gentle Lux is, you've used it for years to wash your silks and woolens, your finest things, and it has always left your hands in beautiful condition.

Use Lux in place of bar soap for washing dishes. Toss a single teaspoonful into your dishpan. The quick rich suds are every bit as easy on your hands as fine toilet soap. *A single teaspoonful is all you need!*

Nowadays, everything you wash is too nice to trust to ordinary laundry soap

Your muslin night gowns and chemises, your gay little house dresses, Mary's dainty gingham frocks, Tommy's fine little cotton blouses, the household linen—all these things cost so much nowadays that they deserve to be washed with the same consideration your finer things receive.

Washing with ordinary laundry soap is harder on your clothes than the actual wearing of them. Harsh soaps destroy the very life of the fabric.

Use Lux for the family laundry—magical Lux! See how much longer ginghams keep their fresh, new look. Cuffs wear longer, dimities and muslins don't wear thin in places and give out so quickly. Your table cloths and napkins—the bed linen, too—you get longer service from everything you wash with Lux.

You know how wonderfully cleansing Lux is, what big brimming suds spring from a tiny bit of the magic flakes. A little Lux goes so far that it is actually more economical than kitchen soap.

The rich Lux suds clean so perfectly. Everything comes out of the gentle Lux bath looking so beautiful! Use Lux next washday and see how your clothes sparkle on the line.

One teaspoonful enough for dishwashing

"Saves my hands!"—"Wonderful for the laundry!" women everywhere say . . .

"I always disliked dishwater unless it was foaming with suds. I used an enormous amount of soap in the shaker. Now I get the same results with one teaspoonful of Lux in the dishwater. And now can cheerfully do my wash with comforting thought that these mild luxuriant Lux suds can do my hands no harm."

"Being the mother of three growing girls and one small boy, I naturally have a great deal of washing to do. I find that Lux helps me out more than anything I have ever used. It makes the clothes whiter and sweeter than ordinary soaps and powders. Then too—I find Lux economical. It takes such a small amount of the white flakes to make such a large amount of magic suds. Lux is a wonder-worker."

In addition to the well-known uses — washing silks, woolens, fine cottons and linens—use Lux for dishes, the family laundry, shampoo, babies' milk bottles, paint, porcelain, woodwork, rugs and linoleum.

A little Lux goes so far it's a real economy to use it

Make their breakfasts a delightful game

Children think these fairy grains are confections—you know they're rich grain foods

IT'S the unusual in food that tempts the childish appetite; food that's different from the ordinary. Serve that kind of cereal, and you need never coax a child to eat.

Quaker Puffed Rice is selected rice, steam exploded to eight times its normal size—every food cell broken to make digestion easy; crisp and toasty grains, luscious and richly appetizing!

The flavor is like nut-meats; grain food with the enticement of a confection. The needed minerals and carbohydrates you have here in balanced combination. And when served with milk, a dish that's strong in vitamines.

For a delightful change, serve this most alluring of grain foods. Then note the new delight it offers to the children—how, too, it attracts the adults of the family.

Serve with milk and cream, or in bowls of half and half. Try with fresh and cooked fruits, as a garnishment with ice cream, as a between-meal tid-bit to take the place of sweets. Today, order a package from your grocer.

Send for the new Quaker Cook Book. 75 new and universal recipes, covering everything from correct soup thickening to cookies and desserts . . . oats, wheat, rice, corn, barley, illustrated in color. Send 10c for a copy postpaid. The Quaker Oats Company, 80 East Jackson Street, Chicago.

Quaker Puffed Wheat
Quaker Puffed Rice

The Fair Girl of Wu

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

in the cottage and provided for her, and there she dwelt, a lone, bitter woman. Soon afterward we hear your uncle Cosmo is working in the slums of London, reclaiming the drunken, tragic people; and then after that he's a clerk in holy orders, and soon he's preaching before the Queen, and then there's the devil's own row with his Archbishop, so they send him off to Borneo."

James Carabine removed his spectacles and put them back in the case; took off his thimble, pushed the needle in the red bandanna handkerchief, and stowed all in his capacious tail pocket.

"So that's how your uncle became Bishop of Borneo, Mr. Kerry," says James Carabine, "and the Chinese woman came to Destiny Bay."

I COULD now understand the cold contempt of my uncle Valentine for my saintly other uncle, the Bishop of Borneo. His episcopal crozier and throne—bah! His slow martyrdom—bah! Anselo Loveridge, I knew as we country and mountain people know, was all right—was all right in this world or the next. He would grow in strength and kindliness, that Romany. And he was not one to suffer sympathy. But the picture of the lone little foreign woman will never leave me. She could never have understood. And month after month and year after year she had gone through exile and imprisonment, far from friends and home and garden.

"WEEP ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him," writes Jeremiah, "but weep sore for him that goeth away; for he shall return no more, nor see his native country." And to the Chinese their formal gardens, their ridiculous houses, their soft plum- and pear-blossoms are as dear as are to us of Destiny Bay the sweet bogland of snipe and bittern, the purple mountains, and the peacock sea, which are around us and are deep in our hearts.

"Why didn't you find out about her? Why didn't you send her back? Why didn't you do something?"

My uncle Valentine had returned from his lodge-meeting and had come into the gun-room. There he stood, the six feet four of him, the immense red beard of him! Out of that brown-lined majestic face wisdom should speak with the tongue of men and angels.

"And how could we?" answered my uncle Valentine with his vast simplicity, "and how the —— could we? And not a word of her language at us?"

Sleeping Secrets

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

she— She bent low over him, laying her cheek against his lips.

Phyllis was flushed with placid sleep. The shadows of her golden eyelashes looked lavender against her skin. Her doll was sprawling across her chest, rising and falling quickly with her baby breathing.

Thyrza regarded her deeply. It was the first time she had taken her doll to bed with her. That seemed a fact of curious significance. Donny lay sleeping, free and masculine, but the doll lay heavy on Phyllis's chest, symbolical of the burden of maternity.

She snatched it away and placed it on a chair. Then she touched the child's forehead as if in blessing, and went downstairs to her husband.

THE following Wednesday she went into the drawing-room to see that everything was spick and span. She looked over the dining-room table in fear that something had been forgotten. Then she went into the kitchen and lifted each lid of the pots and pans. Everything was cooking nicely.

Bob was bringing home a very important business man that evening and they were having late dinner in consequence. She was always careful to make adequate preparation for any of Bob's friends, but this one was rich and influential, Bob said, and might be of very great use to him if all went well. He never gave any explanation of his business affairs. Thyrza expected none. House and husband and children were quite enough for any woman to think about. She and all her friends were in entire agreement upon that point. Besides it was manly for a man to withhold some part of his confidences. It was a sign of masculinity, like a deep voice and a beard.

Bob had said this friend might be of great use to him. That was enough for Thyrza. "Friend" is a word that is illegitimately used in business circles. She quite understood what it signified.

She put on her prettiest frock, the one she had worn at New Brighton Tower. She wanted to trample on it, then throw it on the fire and watch it burn. But it had cost six guineas, and six guineas has to be earned. Her second best frock was a four-guinea affair. The extra two-guinea impression was worth the agony of reminder her best frock caused her. Agony costs nothing, and cost retains its full significance when your grandparents have lived from hand to mouth.

The memory of Friday hung upon her spirit like a chain. She tried herself and found herself guilty. She, Mrs. Lindley, had let a strange man kiss her. She had kissed him in return. She was a bad woman, and no one knew it. She had never known it herself until last Friday.

She thought of Bob with softest humility, felt fiercely tender to the children. She took another look through the rooms. Bob's friend would find everything perfectly satisfactory.

She wondered what he would be like. In a book he would turn out to be—*him*, but thank God for real life. A poet would not turn business man. Thank God! Thank God!

At a quarter to eight she heard Bob's key in the door. She went into the hall, a hostess's smile upon her face, prepared to make a correct remark. But the smile died when she saw Bob's friend, and her heart gaped open to receive it, like a grave.

Bob's friend was the adventurer, the poet, the talker of the stars, the slim. dark, courteous, faintly smiling man who had held her in his arms and kissed her.

BOB introduced him, and began to talk in his cheery, hearty fashion, but she didn't hear what he was saying.

She attended to the two men over dinner, and Bob still talked, but still she couldn't hear what he was saying. She was deaf with fear and misery. She anticipated catastrophe, but couldn't imagine it. He—how strange to hear him called Gourthorpe!—preserved a silence that terrified her. He was making plans. How had he tracked her down? He was making plans. She remembered his strained look when she left him on the landing-stage. He didn't understand. He loved her, and thought she loved him. But she didn't. It was her husband that she loved. Yet she had kissed this stranger, not loving him.

Her frenzied thoughts had the seeming

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

No floors like waxed floors—
no wax like Old English

WHY are waxed floors generally considered to be the last word in floor beauty? Because they have a soft, deep lustre that is peculiar to wax itself, and a refinement that nothing but wax can give. And why Old English Wax? Because with all its matchless beauty it goes farther and the finish lasts longer. It costs less to put down, and less to keep up, both in money and work. Just an occasional rewaxing of the walk spots and what uniform, permanently lustrous floors you will have! They'll never show a scratch or a heel-mark, because Old English Wax cannot be scratched or marred.

The easiest way to wax

Apply Old English Wax with the Old English Waxer-Polisher. Here's a true work-saver! This modern, labor-saving device does two things—it waxes, then polishes. How easily it glides! How easily your work is done! Without bending; without kneeling. It is low in cost. It lasts a lifetime. Hundreds of thousands of women are using it.

FREE TO YOU

You will receive a can of Old English Wax free if you buy an Old English Waxer-Polisher now. This new labor-saving device does two things—it waxes, then polishes the floor. It's a great improvement over any weighted brush, which does not apply the wax, but merely polishes. Lasts a lifetime. Take advantage of our short-time offer. If your dealer can't supply you, mail the coupon below.

Matchless for beauty

But whether you use the Old English Waxer-Polisher, or apply it with a cloth, you can be certain that Old English Wax will give your floors the utmost in beauty, with the least work and expense.

Sold at paint, hardware, drug, house-furnishing and department stores.

THE A. S. BOYLE COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO. CANADIAN FACTORY: TORONTO

Old English Wax
PASTE LIQUID POWDER
FOR FLOORS, LINOLEUM, WOODWORK, FURNITURE, DANCING

Send for this Valuable Book—*Free*

It is full of home-beauty secrets and authoritative information on how to beautify and care for floors, linoleum, woodwork, furniture, etc.—all, in fact, that we have learned in twenty-eight years, condensed into easy reading. A valuable reference book. Mail the coupon.

THE A. S. BOYLE COMPANY, 1514 Dana Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

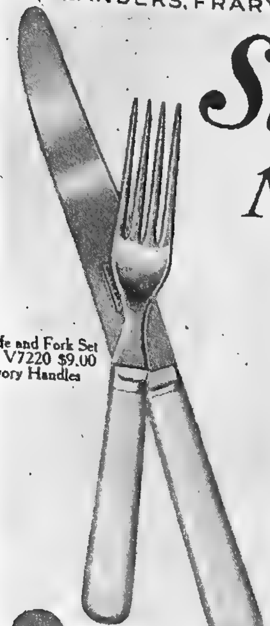
☐ **Check here for free book only**
Send me your free book, "Beautiful Floors, Woodwork, and Furniture—Their Finish and Care."

☐ **Check here for Waxer-Polisher**
Send me, all charges paid, an Old English Waxer-Polisher with a can of Wax Free at the special time-limited price of $3.90 (Denver and West, $4.25; Canada, $4.50; Winnipeg and West, $5.00), which I enclose.

Name..
Address..
....

THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME
UNIVERSAL
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN

Stainless!
No more tedious scouring and polishing


Knife and Fork Set No. V7220 $9.00 Ivory Handles

UNIVERSAL

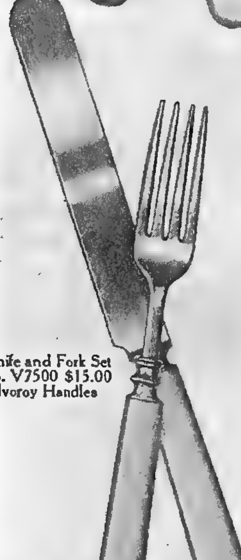
Resistain Steel Cutlery

LIGHTENS your kitchen work because it is rust, stain and tarnish proof—always bright and Sharp.

Special Introductory Offer

To give everyone an opportunity of realizing the merits of this most important discovery in the manufacture of high grade cutlery, we will mail upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps to cover postage and handling charge one 25 cent Resistain Steel Paring Knife.

UNIVERSAL Table and Kitchen Cutlery for all purposes can now be had in Resistain Steel.

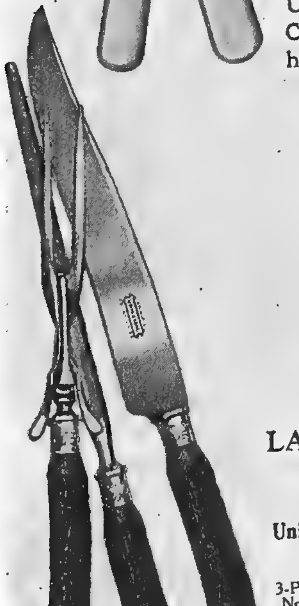

Knife and Fork Set No. V7500 $15.00 Ivoroy Handles

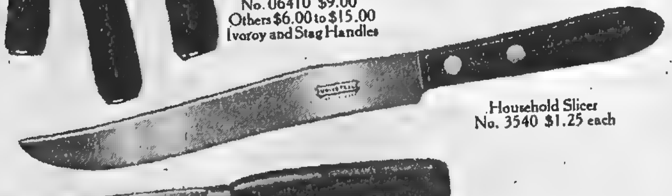
Insist upon this Trade Mark
STAINLESS
UNIVERSAL
RESISTAIN STEEL
It is Your Protection

Border shows many other UNIVERSAL Household Helps Sold by all Good Dealers

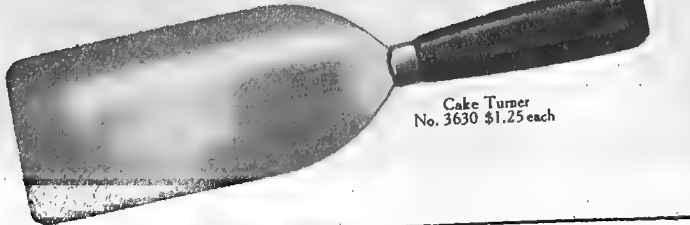
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK
NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

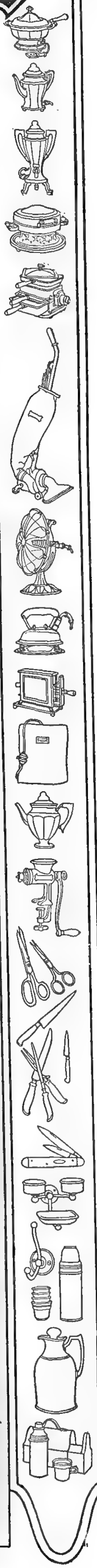
Manufacturers of the Famous Universal Home Needs for over Half a Century


3-Piece Carving Set No. 06410 $9.00 Others $6.00 to $15.00 Ivoroy and Stag Handles


Household Slicer No. 3540 $1.25 each

Grape Fruit Knife No. 3670 50c each


Cake Turner No. 3630 $1.25 each



Sleeping Secrets

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

clearness of coming hysteria. He loved her. He was making plans. The fate of her husband and children was in jeopardy because she had failed them. Any moment he would speak, and Bob, cheerful, hearty, trustful Bob, would look at her with hatred and suspicion.

After dinner, when they went into the drawing-room, Donny screamed and called out "Daddy!"

"He has nightmare occasionally," said Bob to Gourthorpe, plainly gratified that the child had called for him and no one else. "I'll stay with him till he's right. I won't be a minute."

HIS going out of the room brought Thyrza to full consciousness. She stretched out her hand and said in a voice that surprized her with its hoarseness, "Don't tell him. You'll leave me alone, won't you? He's my husband. I don't want to leave him. I've two children. Don't tell him. I ask you in the name of God——"

When he didn't speak she trembled visibly, whimpered a little, and approached him humbly.

"Say nothing and go. I was wicked; I own it. I let you think I loved you. But I didn't. It was—it was"—she paused despairingly—"I don't know what it was. But go. My husband would rather be told I was dead. If he knew he might forgive me. But a woman can't live with a man who is forgiving all the time and all the time *remembering*."

"I don't understand you," said Gourthorpe, regarding her agitated movements with detached interest and unable to prevent himself from reflecting that nothing is more true to life than the gestures of melodrama. "What has happened? What is the matter? Is it that you are afraid I'll tell your husband of last Friday? What a curious idea! What is there to tell?"

"You won't tell him, then. Thank you, but I want nothing clandestine. I don't love you. You'll leave me alone, won't you? I was a wicked woman last Friday. But generally I'm good. I am. I am."

"Why do you think you were wicked?"

She whimpered again.

"I have a good husband and two beautiful children——"

"I see. So you think you should consequently be condemned to a life of utter seriousness. How old were you when you married?"

"Nineteen."

"I thought so. You married too young for your emotional comfort. A woman of your temperament should experience a number of love-affairs before settling down into middle-class matrimony. Men state as facts what they wish to believe. Domesticity and wifehood should content a woman and therefore they do. But they don't. They never have done. Not your sort of woman."

She said confusedly, "My sort?"

"As tho the hearts of the little Victorian women even beat less fiercely within their stiff, boned bodices because they were popularly regarded as things to faint with and not to feel. What arch-deceivers women have to be, poor creatures! What sacrificial hypocrites!"

She interrupted him wildly.

"Don't talk poetry and cleverness. Promise me, promise me quickly."

"What shall I promise you?"

"To go away. How did you track me down?"

"I didn't."

"You didn't?"

"My dear girl, you're making a crime out of a few poetical moments. You were a part of a lovely night, like the stars and the sky and the river. That was all."

She repeated the words stupidly.

"That—was—all."

"You must try to get rid of your Puritan conscience, which is developed to the point of abnormality. You must be sensible. Of course you love your husband and children. But you want recreation all the same, and if it takes the form of romantic episodes instead of crochet-work or the piano, what does it matter? You're making a tragedy out of nothing."

"Out—of—nothing."

"You must forget about it. What is there to remember?"

She repeated vaguely, "To remember?"

"I never gave the matter another thought. In fact, I'd have forgotten all about it if I hadn't met you again."

She said in a whispered scream, "Forgotten?"

"If I kept on remembering all the women I've kissed I'd have no brain left for my business matters," he laughed. "Put the whole thing out of your mind."

She drew away from him in deep distaste. All the women he'd kissed! She saw her own face in the glass and was afraid of it. She made straightening movements about her hair, touched her frock in places.

"I'll go and see how Donny is."

She went up-stairs, forced Bob to go down, and sat beside Donny.

She suffered the weakness that follows agitation, and for a time concerned herself with quelling the trembling of her limbs. Then her inherited instincts rose to her brain and took on the form of thoughts.

He was a wicked man. She had been wicked for one wild evening in all her lifetime, and all her lifetime would be remorseful, but he was wicked always. And he could talk about it with a smile. She could have forgiven him if he had been repentant, been patient, if he had talked of love. But he hadn't loved her, and he had laughed. He said he would have forgotten if he hadn't met her again. He would have forgotten. And the memory of it had hung about her spirit like a chain.

SHE sat beside Donny all evening, and when Gourthorpe had gone and Bob remonstrated with her for absenting herself she replied in decisive, wifely tones, "I stayed away on purpose. I don't like the man, Bob. He's *fast*. He's *low*. His views of life are disgusting. He has no ideals."

Bob laughed good-humoredly.

"He's certainly a man of the world, but——"

"I dislike him. His views of life——"

"Funny of him to let you see them——"

"They came through his conversation——"

"Good old Thyrza!"

She formed her lips primly and sat very straight. "I saw some excellent serge at five and eleven a yard. It would do splendidly for the children's new coats. What do you say to blue?"

"Blue's very nice."

"And, Bob, do tell Mr. Hartington when you see him about the coal. It's simply disgraceful lately."

"Righto."

He stood up yawning.

"Is the front door bolted?"

"Yes. And, Bobby, don't associate with men of Mr. Gourthorpe's type. They may influence you in spite of yourself."

"No fear! He's a bit of a crank, you know. Likes poetry and all that sort of thing."

She shuddered slightly.

"We won't talk of him. I'll get that serge to-morrow and run up the coats myself. Dressmakers' charges are awful."

"Oh, let the dressmaker do them. You work hard enough as it is."

"I want to work, Bob; I want to do all I can for you and the children. Thank God I've married a decent man."

He put his hands on her shoulders with awkward affection.

"What a good little woman you are!"

Miss Mary Pask

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

on my arm. I looked down at the hand, and thought to myself: "*That* can't deceive me."

I have always been a noticer of hands. The key to character that other people seek in the eyes, the mouth, the modeling of the skull, I find in the curve of the nails, the cut of the finger-tips, the way the palm, rosy or sallow, swells up from its base. I remembered Mary Pask's hand vividly, because it was so like a caricature of herself: round, puffy, pink, yet prematurely old and useless. And there, unmistakably, it lay on my sleeve; but changed and shriveled—somehow like one of those pale, freckled toadstools that the least touch resolves to dust. Well—to dust? Of course.

I looked at the soft, wrinkled fingers, with their foolish little oval finger-tips that used to be so innocently and naturally pink, and now were blue under the yellowing nails—and my flesh rose in ridges of fear.

"Come in, come in," she fluted, cocking her white untidy head on one side and rolling her bulging blue eyes at me. The horrible thing was that she still practised the same arts, all the childish wiles of a clumsy, capering coquetry. I felt her pull on my sleeve, and it drew me in her wake like a steel cable.

THE room she led me into was—well, "unchanged" is the term generally used in such cases. For, as a rule, after people die, things are tidied up, furniture is sold, remembrances are dispatched to the family. But some morbid piety (or Grace's instructions, perhaps) had kept this room looking exactly as I supposed it had in Miss Pask's lifetime. I wasn't in the mood for noting details; but in the faint dabble of moving candle-light I was half aware of bedraggled cushions, odds and ends of copper pots, and a jar holding a faded branch of some late-flowering shrub. A real Mary Pask "interior"!

The white figure flitted spectrally to the chimneypiece, lit two more candles, and set down the third on a table. I hadn't supposed I was superstitious—but those three candles! Hardly knowing what I did, I hurriedly bent and blew one out. Her laugh sounded behind me.

"Three candles—you still mind that sort of thing? I've got beyond all that, you know," she chuckled. "Such a comfort—such a sense of freedom!" A fresh shiver joined the others already coursing over me.

"Come and sit down by me," she entreated, sinking to a sofa. "It's such an age since I've seen a living being."

Her choice of terms was certainly strange, and as she leaned back on the white slippery sofa and beckoned me with one of those unburied hands my impulse was to turn and run. But her old face, hovering there in the candle-light, with the unnaturally red cheeks like varnished apples and the blue eyes swimming in vague kindliness, seemed to appeal to me against my cowardice, to remind me that, dead or alive, Mary Pask would never harm a fly.

"Do sit down!" she repeated, and I took the other corner of the sofa.

"It's so wonderfully good of you—I suppose Grace asked you to come?" She laughed again—her conversation had always been punctuated by rambling laughter. "It's an event—quite an event! I've had so few visitors since my death, you see."

Another bucketful of cold water ran over me; but I looked at her resolutely, and again the innocence of her face disarmed me.

I cleared my throat and spoke—with a huge panting effort, as if I had been heaving up a gravestone. "You live here alone?" I brought out.

"Ah, I'm glad to hear your voice—I still remember voices, tho I hear so few," she murmured dreamily. "Yes—I live here alone. The old woman you saw goes away at night. She won't stay after dark. She says she can't. Isn't it funny? But it doesn't matter; I like the darkness." She leaned to me with one of her irrelevant smiles. "The dead," she said, "naturally get used to it."

Once more I cleared my throat; but nothing followed.

She continued to gaze at me with confidential blinks. "And Grace? Tell me all about my darling. I wish I could have seen her again—just once." Her laugh came out grotesquely. "When she got the news of my death—were you with her? Was she terribly upset?"

I stumbled to my feet with a meaningless stammer. I couldn't answer—I couldn't go on looking at her.

"Ah, I see—it's too painful," she acquiesced, her eyes brimming, and she turned her shaking head away.

"But after all—I'm glad she was so sorry. It's what I've been longing to be told and hardly hoped for. Grace forgets—" She stood up too, and flitted across the room, wavering nearer and nearer to the door.

"Thank God!" I thought, "she's going."

"Do you know this place by daylight?" she asked abruptly.

I shook my head.

"It's very beautiful. But you wouldn't have seen *me* then. You'd have had to take your choice between me and the landscape. I hate the light—it makes my head ache. And so I sleep all day. I was just waking up when you came." She smiled at me with an increasing air of confidence. "Do you know where I usually sleep? Down below there—in the garden!" Her laugh shrilled out again. "There's a shady corner down at the bottom where the sun never bothers one. Sometimes I sleep there till the stars come out."

The phrase about the garden, in the Consul's cable, came back to me, and I thought: "After all, it's not such an unhappy state. I wonder if she isn't better off than when she was alive?"

Perhaps she was—but I was sure *I* wasn't, in her company. And her way of sidling nearer to the door made me distinctly want to reach it before she did. In a rush of cowardice I strode ahead of her, but a second later she had the latch in her hand and was leaning against the panels, her long white raiment hanging about her like grave-clothes. She drooped her head a little sideways and peered at me under her lashless lids.

"You're not going?" she reproached me.

I dived down in vain for my missing voice, and silently signed that I was.

"Going—going away? Altogether?" Her eyes were still fixed on me, and I saw two tears gather in their corners and run down over the red, glistening circles on her cheeks. "Oh, but you mustn't," she said gently. "I'm too lonely."

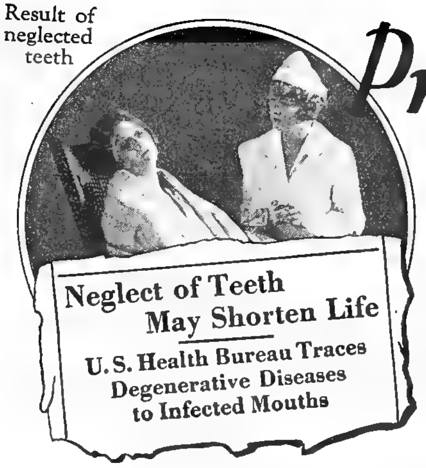
I STAMMERED something inarticulate, my eyes on the blue-nailed hand that grasped the latch. Suddenly the window behind us crashed open, and a gust of wind, surging in out of the blackness, extinguished the candle on the nearest chimney-corner. I glanced back nervously to see if the other candle were going out too.

"You don't like the noise of the wind? *I* do. It's all I have to talk to. People don't like me much since I've been dead. Queer, isn't it? The peasants are so superstitious. At times I'm really lonely—" Her voice cracked in a last effort at laughter, and she swayed toward me, one hand still on the latch.

"Lonely, lonely! If you *knew* how lonely! It was a lie when I told you I wasn't! And now you come, and your face looks friendly—and you say you're going to leave me! No—no—no—you

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

Result of neglected teeth



Prevent this

Neglect of teeth, the U. S. Public Health Service points out, may mean an infected mouth. Then abscesses may form. Poison may spread through the system, causing rheumatism, heart disease, kidney trouble or other ailments, which may materially shorten life.

Use Colgate's

It removes causes of tooth decay

SCIENCE proves that many dread diseases are traceable to tooth decay. Because of this, preventive dentistry is sweeping the United States. Dentists everywhere are interested in this modern move to prevent tooth trouble and thus prevent much sickness.

Delay May Mean Decay

The time to fight tooth trouble is before it starts. Delay is dangerous, for modern foods are soft, likely to start unhealthy conditions that may become far advanced without the slightest warning. Don't wait for aches and pains to tell you. Don't wait until good looks are gone.

Colgate's is Safe and Effective

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is a modern dentifrice—widely recommended by modern dentists. It "washes" your teeth thoroughly clean—does not scratch or scour them. The combined action of its soap and chalk gently removes clinging food particles. Causes of tooth decay thus are safely and effectively removed by Colgate's. It is safe for a lifetime.

The Safe Course of Treatment

Take good care of your teeth and they will take good care of you. Brush them after each meal. No matter what kind of tooth brush you use, Colgate's improves it. The taste of Colgate's is pleasant. It is made sensibly, advertised sensibly, and sold at a sensible price, 25c for a large size tube. Consult your dentist twice a year. It pays.

COLGATE & CO.—*Established 1806*

These pretty girls know how to care for their teeth

Free—

Generous trial tube

Colgate & Co.
Dept.419, 581 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me, free, a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream

Name ....

Address ....

(This offer good only in U. S. A.)

No more trouble than a kitten

WHEN everything is right—food, sleep, skin—baby is no more trouble than a kitten. But neglect the Mennen Talcum showers for even a day and he will show the difference—so cross and chafed and fretful. No wonder baby loves Mennen's. Each downy fleck is like a little fairy sponge. Swiftly . . . ever so gently . . . it absorbs all irritating *moisture*—all the perspiration, urine and bath-water which lodges in the chubby folds of baby's skin.

Soft, pure Mennen Borated also spreads a smooth, velvet-like film over tender infant flesh, saving it from the *friction* of damp clothes and woolly blankets, and the rubbing together of baby's own sensitive skin-folds.

In this cooling, soothing talcum are blended five mild, healing elements which help baby skin to throw off *infection* and keep the dimpled body always fresh and sweet.

Never omit the Mennen shower after every bath and change of diapers, before each nap, and whenever baby cries.

P.S. For the most helpful book that ever guided a mother through the trials of baby care, mail the coupon below with only 25c.

MENNEN
BORATED
TALCUM

MAIL COUPON

AUNT BELLE
c/o The Mennen Company
337 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.

I enclose 25c [coin or stamps]. Please send The Mennen Baby Book, postpaid, in plain package to

Name ....

Address ....

....

Miss Mary Pask

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

sha'n't! Or else, why did you come? It's cruel. I used to think I knew what loneliness was—after Grace married, you know. Grace thought she was always thinking of me, but she wasn't. She called me 'darling,' but she was thinking of her husband and children.

"I said to myself then: 'You couldn't be lonelier if you were dead.' But I know better now—there's been no loneliness like this last year's—none! And sometimes I sit here and think: 'If a man came along some day and took a fancy to you?'" She gave another wavering cackle. "Well, such things *have* happened, you know, even after youth's gone—a man who'd had his troubles too. But no one came till to-night—and now you say you're going!" Suddenly she flung herself toward me. "Oh, stay with me, stay with me—just to-night. It's so sweet and quiet here! No one need know—no one will ever come and trouble us."

I ought to have shut the window when the first gust came. I might have known there would soon be another, fiercer one. It came now, slamming back the loose-hinged lattice, filling the room with the noise of the sea and with wet swirls of fog, and dashing the other candle to the floor. The light went out, and I stood there—we stood there—lost to each other in the roaring, coiling darkness. My heart seemed to stop beating; I had to fetch up my breath with great heaves that covered me with sweat.

The door—the door—well, I knew I had been facing it when the candle went. Something white and wraith-like seemed to melt and crumple up before me in the night, and, avoiding the spot where it had sunk away, I stumbled around it in a wide circle, got the latch in my hand, caught my foot in a scarf or sleeve trailing loose and invisible, and freed myself with a jerk from this last obstacle. I had the door open now. As I got into the hall I heard a whimper from the blackness behind me; but I scrambled on to the door, dragged it open, and bolted out into the night. I slammed the door on that pitiful low whimper, and the fog and wind enveloped me in their healing arms.

WHEN I was well enough to trust myself to think about it all again I found that a very little thinking got my temperature up, and my heart hammering in my throat. No use—I simply couldn't stand it, for I'd seen Grace in crape, weeping over the cable, and yet I'd sat and talked with her sister on the same sofa—her sister who'd been dead a year!

The circle was a vicious one; I couldn't break through it. The fact that I was down with fever the next morning might have explained it; yet I couldn't get away from the clinging reality of the vision. Supposing it *was* a ghost I had been talking to, and not a mere projection of my fever? Supposing something survived of Mary Pask—enough to cry out to me the unuttered loneliness of a lifetime, to express at last what the living woman had always had to keep dumb and hidden? The thought moved me curiously—in my weakness I lay and wept over it. No end of women were like that, I supposed, and perhaps, after death, if they got their chance they tried to use it. Old tales and legends floated through my mind; the bride of Corinth, the medieval vampire—but what names to attach to the plaintive image of Mary Pask!

My weak mind wandered in and out among these visions and conjectures, and the longer I lived with them the more convinced I became that something *which had been Mary Pask* had talked with me that night. I made up my mind, when I was up again, to drive back to the place (in broad daylight this time), to hunt out the grave in the garden—that "shady corner where the sun never bothers one"—and appease the poor ghost with a few flowers. But the doctors decided otherwise; and perhaps my weak will unknowingly abetted them. At any rate, I yielded to their insistence that I should be driven straight from my hotel to the train for Paris, and thence transshipped, like a piece of luggage, to the Swiss sanitarium they had in view for me.

Of course I meant to come back when I was patched up again, and meanwhile, more and more tenderly, but more intermittently, my thoughts went back from my snow-mountain to that wailing Autumn night above the Baie des Trépassés, and the revelation of the dead Mary Pask who was so much more real to me than ever the living one had been.

AFTER all, why should I tell Grace Bridgeworth—ever? I had had a glimpse of things that were really no business of hers. If the revelation had been vouchsafed to me, ought I not to bury it in those deepest depths where the inexplicable and the unforgetable sleep together? And, besides, what interest could there be to a woman like Grace in a tale she could neither understand nor believe in? She would just set me down as "queer"—and enough people had done that already.

My first object, when I finally did get back to New York, was to convince everybody of my complete return to mental and physical soundness; and into this scheme of evidence my experience with Mary Pask did not seem to fit. All things considered, I would hold my tongue.

But after a while the thought of the grave began to trouble me. I wondered if Grace had ever had a proper gravestone put on it. The queer, neglected look of the house gave me the idea that perhaps she had done nothing—had brushed the whole matter aside, to be attended to when she next went abroad. "Grace forgets," I heard the poor ghost quaver. No, decidedly, there could be no harm in putting (tactfully) just that one question about the care of the grave; the more so as I was beginning to reproach myself for not having gone back to see with my own eyes how it was kept.

Grace and Horace welcomed me with all their old friendliness, and I soon slipped into the habit of dropping in on them for a meal when I thought they were likely to be alone. Nevertheless my opportunity didn't come at once—I had to wait for some weeks. And then, as I sat alone with Grace one evening, my glance lit on a photograph of her sister—an old, faded photograph which seemed to meet my eyes reproachfully.

"By the way, Grace, I don't believe I ever told you: I went down to that little place of—of your sister's the day before I was taken ill."

At once her face lit up emotionally. "No, you never told me. How sweet of you to go!" The ready tears filled her eyes. "I'm *so* glad you did." She lowered her voice and added softly: "And did you see her?"

The question sent one of my old shudders over me. I looked with amazement at Mrs. Bridgeworth's plump face, smiling at me through a veil of tears. "I do reproach myself more and more about darling Mary," she added tremulously. "But tell me—tell me everything," she entreated.

There was a knot in my throat; I felt almost as uncomfortable as I had in Mary Pask's own presence. Yet I had never before noticed anything uncanny about Grace Bridgeworth. I forced my voice up to my lips.

"Everything? Oh, I can't!" I tried to smile.

"But you did see her?"

I managed to nod, still smiling.

Her face grew haggard—yes, haggard! "And the change was so great that you can't speak of it? Was that it?"

I shook my head. After all, what had shocked me was that the change was so slight—that between being dead and alive there was, after all, so little difference, except that of an increase in reality. But Grace's eyes were still searching me insistently. "You must tell me," she reiterated. "I know I ought to have gone there long ago——"

"Yes, perhaps you ought," I hesitated. "To see about the grave, at least."

SHE sat silent, her eyes still on my face. Her tears had stopped, but her look of solicitude grew into a stare of something like terror. Slowly, almost reluctantly, she stretched out her hand and laid it on mine for an instant. "Dear old friend—" she began.

"Unfortunately," I interrupted, "I couldn't get back myself to see the grave—because I was taken ill the next day."

"Yes, yes; of course, I know." She paused. "Are you *sure* you went there at all?" she hazarded abruptly.

"Sure? Good Lord—" It was my turn to stare. "Do you suspect me of not being quite right yet?" I asked with an uneasy laugh.

"No—no—of course not—but I don't understand."

"Understand what? I went into the house. I saw everything, in fact, *but* her grave."

"Her grave?" Grace jumped up, clasping her hands on her breast and darting away from me. At the other end of the room she stood and gazed and then moved slowly back.

"Then, after all—I wonder?" She held her eyes on me, half fearful and half reassured. "Could it be simply that you never heard?"

"Never heard?"

"But it was in all the papers! Don't you ever read them? I meant to write. I thought I *had* written—but I said: 'At any rate, he'll see it in the papers.' You know, I'm always lazy about letters."

"See what in the papers?"

"Why, that she *didn't* die. She isn't dead! There isn't any grave, my dear man! It was only a cataleptic trance. An extraordinary case, the doctors say. But didn't she tell you all about it—if you say you saw her?" She burst into half-hysterical laughter. "Surely she must have told you that she wasn't dead?"

"No," I said slowly, "she didn't tell me that."

We talked about it together for a long time after that—talked on till Horace came back from his men's dinner after midnight. Grace insisted on going in and out of the whole subject, over and over again. As she kept repeating it, it was certainly the only time that poor Mary had ever been in the papers. But tho I sat and listened patiently I couldn't get up any real interest in what she said. I felt I should never again be interested in Mary Pask, or in anything concerning her.

Pictorial Review Booklets

Send for the following booklets to Home Bureau Service, Pictorial Review, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York, N. Y.

"Manners in Public Places."
A little book of etiquette
10 cents

"Eating to Stay Slender."
How to keep the right weight
10 cents

LIGHTING THE PATH TO ECONOMY
Catalogue Number 102
Spring & Summer 1925
MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.
THE OLDEST MAIL ORDER HOUSE IS TODAY THE MOST PROGRESSIVE
We never sacrifice quality to make a low price.

Is a Saving of $50.00 Interesting to you?

ARE you *using* this Catalogue? Do you and your family use every opportunity for saving money that this book has brought into your home?

Try This Plan for Saving

Every time you need to buy anything for your own personal use, for the family or the home, look it up in Ward's Catalogue. Take advantage of the saving.

Then keep a list of everything you buy and the amount you saved. Thousands of our customers do this, and frequently they write us, "My savings in buying at Ward's amount to at least $50.00 cash each season."

How Ward's Low Prices Are Made for You

Sixty million dollars' worth of goods have been bought for this book—bought for cash in large quantities to get the lowest prices. Frequently we buy 100,000 pairs of shoes in one order to get a lower price.

And at Ward's the savings made by our big buying for cash, these savings are yours—always yours.

Always Compare Quality as Well as Price

In gathering our vast assortments of merchandise, our buyers search the markets of the world for low prices. But only for low prices on goods of standard quality. We never buy goods to offer you unless they are the kind of goods that will stand inspection and use—the kind that will hold your good will. At Ward's "we never sacrifice quality to make a low price." We offer no "price baits."

Use Your Catalogue—Save Money Every Month

You have a copy of this Catalogue. Use it for everything you need to buy. Ordering each month from Ward's means a monthly saving. $50.00 in cash will soon be saved if you use your catalogue for everything you buy.

Everything for the Home, The Family and the Farm

Every Woman, young and old, will find this catalogue of interest. Have you studied carefully the big department of shoes for every member of the family? Have you studied its New York Fashions? Do you realize that this book offers nearly everything you buy to use or wear at a big saving?

The Man and Boy will find this book of value. Whether interested in tires or accessories for the automobile, or in radio, in stylish, serviceable clothes, or work clothes, or hardware, or tools, always Ward's Catalogue offers you a saving.

The Home has many needs. It needs most of all to be made comfortable and beautiful. Ward's catalogue is a real Homemaker. It offers everything new and pleasing, the newest in curtains and rugs and furniture, everything that goes to make a house a home.

Your Orders Are Shipped Within 24 Hours

Your order will be shipped within 24 hours. We appreciate your orders at Ward's and we give your orders immediate attention.

But more than this—one of our six big houses is near you. Just consider how much less time it takes for your letter to reach us—how much less time for your goods to get to you and how much less the cost of transportation. It is quicker and cheaper to order from Ward's.

ESTABLISHED 1872

Montgomery Ward & Co.

The Oldest Mail Order House is Today the Most Progressive

Chicago Kansas City St. Paul Portland, Ore. Oakland, Calif. Fort Worth

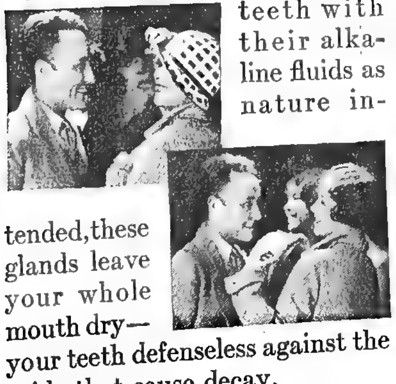
Keep your teeth shining and safe—with Pebeco

WHEN your Mouth Glands dry up teeth *inevitably* decay

The only way to protect the teeth successfully is to keep the mouth glands flowing normally

DENTISTS say that practically no mouth today is normally moist and safe for teeth.

Modern cooked foods, too soft, too quickly swallowed, do not require enough chewing. From sheer lack of exercise your mouth glands dry up. Instead of protecting your teeth with their alkaline fluids as nature intended, these glands leave your whole mouth dry—your teeth defenseless against the acids that cause decay.



By harsh scouring thousands of men and women today succeed in keeping their teeth white. *But never safe from decay.* Five minutes after ordinary brushing the acids form again.

Dentists now recognize that there is only one way to keep teeth both white and safe. Today you can successfully counteract the acids of decay with a toothpaste that restores the normal flow of the mouth glands.

* * *

Pebeco is the simple natural way to prevent tooth decay. It acts directly on the salivary glands. As soon as it enters your mouth it starts a full, normal flow of alkaline saliva.

With constant daily use Pebeco completely restores the natural, protective action of your glands. Their alkaline fluids again bathe your teeth day and night. The acids of decay are neutralized as fast as they form.

Pebeco leaves your gums clean and soothed—your whole mouth normal and healthy. *And in this healthy mouth your teeth are kept not only white and shining, but safe.*

Start today. Send for a trial tube of Pebeco. Made only by Pebeco, Inc., New York. Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc. Canadian Agents: H. F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto, Ont. At all druggists.

Free Offer

Send coupon for Free Generous Tube

LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors*, Dept. J-12
635 Greenwich Street, New York, N. Y.
Send me free your new large sized sample tube of Pebeco.
Name ....
Street ....
City .... State ....

The Travel Club's Program

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

was made on the Atlantic seaboard under the auspices of Patrick Henry and Paul Revere, but in the course of a long, steady pushing of the frontier from one ocean to the other. A travel club following the frontier and marking the records of its marvelous Westward movement will have a new vision of America.

South America is well documented for the traveler, either for commercial ends or in search of adventure. I am glad when some enterprising club asks advice on programs about Canada; there are plenty of books for them, and the Toronto Public Library is uncommonly kind about answering questions.

A program of "Explorations" draws on the absorbing books of that third type mentioned at the outset of this inquiry; "vagabond" writers, like Safroni-Middleton and Cunninghame-Graham have added greatly to this collection, which includes Shackleton's "South!" Savage-Landor's "Everywhere," Hurley's New Guinea book, "Pearls and Savages," and the huge collection of books about Egypt and its monuments.

You can use the large and growing literature on Africa—not only travel-books like Johnson's "Camera Trails in Africa" or the sympathetic sketches of Jean Kenyon Mackenzie, but novels like Brett-Young's "Woodsmoke, "Johnston's "The Man Who Did the Right Thing," or "The Long Walk of Samba Diouf," by the Tharauds. Use novels wherever you can, if they are as illuminating as Nexö's "Pelle the Conqueror" for Denmark, Selma Lagerlöf's "Jerusalem" for her country, or Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil" for his.

A season could be given to a program of "Authors as Travelers." America alone would furnish books by Longfellow, "Mark Twain," Bayard Taylor, Edith Wharton, Lafcadio Hearn, W. D. Howells, Henry James, Katharine Fullerton Gerould, and Theodore Dreiser, and it could draw on writers as diverse as Kipling, Bennett, Chesterton, Loti, Stevenson, Clemenceau, and Gissing. If artists are scattered through, Hopkinson Smith and Peixotto have written as well as they painted.

Another program could be on travel-books considered as literature—"Classics of Travel." South America provides several of these: Beebe's "Edge of the Jungle," the works of W. H. Hudson, Tomlinson's "The Sea and the Jungle," Gertrude Mathews's "Treasure." I need go no further along such a list than Emerson's "English Traits" and Henry Adams's "Mont St. Michel and Chartres"; but remember that for the Southwest there are the works of Mary Austin, of which the latest is "The Land of Journeys' Ending."

There is a literary and historical atlas of the world in Everyman's that will be useful, and the Syracuse Public Library lately printed in one of its bulletins a fiction-map of the United States that would enliven a club's study.

As for pictures, there are endless resources, but one of the best books to combine fine ones with authoritative reading-matter is the four-volume "Wonders of the Past," that does for older civilizations and their existing records what is being done for those of the present by a similar series, "Our World To-day," and by the tremendous undertaking of the "World Travels" series by Frank Carpenter, now putting a girdle round the earth in some dozen volumes.

Don't Try to "Find Yourself" by the Touch System

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

furnishing valuable information to the girl who wants to "find herself" by an intelligent method. The director of this bureau is Miss Emma Hirth, one of the best-known experts in this country on vocations for women.

But perhaps the most far-reaching and significant agency of this kind is the Southern Woman's Educational Alliance, of which Dr. O. L. Hatcher of Richmond, Va., is founder and director.

Dr. Hatcher saw the evils following in the wake of badly chosen work for young women. She found that thousands of untrained girls from the South were drifting to the cities, where they found only discontent and often tragic unhappiness. In ten years she has given friendly guidance and practical assistance to more than ten thousand girls through the Southern Woman's Educational Alliance.

One of these girls is intern in a great hospital, another is holding a university fellowship for important research; and still another has won two art scholarships for European study, and is succeeding as a portrait-painter. Among them are editors, social workers, secretaries to college presidents, advertising experts, and a member of a conservative Southern law firm.

The Southern Woman's Educational Alliance is described as a "clearing-house of educational and vocational opportunity for girls in the South, helping them to find the education and the vocation best suited to them individually, and then helping them to get it." The work is done through personal interviews and correspondence, in rural districts through schools and personal visits to homes and talks with girls and their parents. The service to the individual girl is absolutely free.

Dr. Hatcher's work has been so practical and so far-reaching as to attract national attention. A branch is located in New York, of which Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson is president. Lady Astor is a founder member, and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson is deeply interested in it.

Miss Cordelia Cox, as rural counselor for the alliance concerning the need of educational and vocational guidance in rural communities, has worked intensively in two North Carolina counties on one of a group of selected experiments in social research being undertaken by the Institute of Social Research of the University of North Carolina. The findings will be used by the alliance as a basis for guidance work among other rural communities, and when printed it will be available for other agencies interested in the various aspects of rural education.

Of specific interest also is the announcement that Dr. Iva L. Peters of Goucher College has become associate head of the vocational guidance department. Her work is with reference to vocational information and guidance service to colleges, and she has prepared the outline of a "find yourself" course to be offered to colleges as a second semester course.

Don't try to "find yourself" by the touch system. Get scientific advice and practical assistance from one of these national agencies. If they can not help you definitely and personally, they can put you in touch with help near your own home. Don't be a square peg in a round hole. You don't have to be.

"When a Man Marries"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

back, like so many ducklings in a slow movie.

His bride-to-be quitted her father's arm, much to that gentleman's relief, and ran up the aisle to the choir-stalls. Humming and beating time with her hands, she leaned over the organ-console and marked the cadence of the march for the submissive organist.

"Taa—taa—ta—taaa, taa—taa—ta—taaa—like that—no faster," she said.

"Prolong the agony," whispered Bentham in his ear. Luke turned bruskly away. "String it out," Bentham's whisper pursued him. "It's once in a lifetime," came the voice. "And don't it beat——how Millie eats it up?" Luke got out of hearing quickly.

The rector took charge.

"Millicent walks on your right arm, Mr. Smith," he was saying. "Luke, it's up to your best man to get you out of the vestry-room so that you meet Millicent just at the head of the aisle. You offer her your left arm. Mr. Smith lets go. The betrothal, you know, takes place at the foot of the choir-steps. Then you advance to the sanctuary rail."

The rest was a jumble. Dowagers: "My dear, that rose point-lace is sixty years old—simply exquisite . . . stunning silver tea-service, but much too heavy and big for that tiny little flat. . . . No, we simply couldn't ask them to the house—such a crush, and they're *very* new in town—charming, of course, charming, but where *can* you draw the line? . . . Poiret twill! ravishing! . . . we thought of serving the cream in forms —so stimulating to conversation, especially animals—but we decided on that new kind—Spumoni—Russian, you know —the new note—exotic. . . ."

"I bet she kicks back with her right foot when you kiss her at the altar," whispered Bentham. Luke snarled at him.

IN THE thronged church next day the marriage took place. The vestry door creaked when Luke and his best-man emerged. Luke had an apologetic impulse to turn and close it behind him carefully. No need—the sexton was shutting it. Forward then. A surge of faces seemed to douse him with glances. But he was wrong—all eyes were upon the bride.

And with reason. Millicent was beautiful. A chiseled blonde beauty, features delicate and regular, sweet like white frosting—such women should be married every day.

Luke observed instantly that the whole bridal procession was moving too fast —all but Millicent and her father. The little flower-girls tottering forward with a heel-and-toe action, a little wiggly in the middle; the bridesmaids swimming in their wake—they all had outdistanced Millicent and Mr. Smith. Luke discerned that Mr. Smith was nervously trying to mend the cadence, to keep up with the procession—a sheep's impulse.

But Millicent's hand was on her father's arm. He was being restrained like a middle-aged and silly horse. Nothing would hurry Millicent at that moment. It was hers. Placid, dreamy, with eyes cast a little upward and mouth a little winsome but sanctified, golden and ivory, she approached.

The space between Millicent and the last bridesmaid was widening so that they seemed to be in different parties. Still Millicent did not hurry, and still she restrained her shying father.

Soon nothing remained but the bridal kiss. Luke nerved himself. Millicent surged serenely into his arms. Luke looked over her shoulder. Was she kicking back with her right foot?

MILLICENT and Luke sat in the drawing-room of the train speeding to New York. Luke was a little puzzled. Millicent in the past had displayed considerable vivacity—all during the days of his courtship, at the bridge-party when their engagement had been announced, at the various "showers" that seemed to be in order, at functions both public and private which they had attended, when they had been alone.

But now she seemed changed. Luke thought it might have been the let-down after the nervous strain under which Millicent might be expected to have lived during the last few hours. But, as a matter of fact, she had never seemed so composed in her life. The nervous strain must have been very deep down indeed, because it hadn't once appeared, to his knowledge. No—rather it was a sort of composure, a matter-of-factness such as he had never noted in Millicent before. Hitherto she had responded with a pretty shyness to Luke's advances. There had been a quality of innocence, of girlishness, almost of pitifulness in her manner toward Luke—a quality, he knew, that had been very winning to him indeed, and had done much to stir his protective and affectionate impulses toward her.

THAT was gone now, at least for the moment. Millicent was still rapt in the wedding. She couldn't recall whether old Mrs. Smithers had given her that excruciating set of doilies or that even more impossible lamp held aloft by Venus and Cupid. They could exchange at least ten of the thirteen pairs of candlesticks and get a real good toaster, and Millicent would look over the five-dollar table at the gift-shop when she returned to see if she couldn't do better than all those glazed bowls and basins for holding tulips. Millicent wondered if the ice-cream had held out—there seemed to be some doubt about it when they escaped. Luke must be careful of the hat, because it would have to last Heaven knows how long; and, besides, her hair had just been waved, and the conductor might come in.

It was rather a long ride, and they had dinner on the train, which, soon after, slid into the Grand Central. They were presently installed in the suite Luke had reserved, and he went to a window to open it.

As he stood by the window the New York night hailed him. It cried to him in a thousand tongues, in a spectrum of lights, in a bewilderment of darting gestures. It swirled before the window in long shadows of parallelograms and diagonals, in puffs of steamy smoke that were whipped to nothing by a rowdy wind.

"Millicent, look!" cried Luke. "Isn't it beautiful?"

"Yes," Millicent answered not very enthusiastically. She stood beside him, tired at last by the ride. Luke put his arm about her, and she rested close to him. But in a moment she was away.

She burrowed in her traveling-case, then straightened up.

"Why don't you go for a little walk, dear," she said primly.

"I think I will," Luke answered, and made for the door.

WEST on Forty-second Street. Motor-trucks were backing their loads of dirty March snow in the middle of the street, where gangs of men shoveled. The yellow lamp-clusters of Fifth Avenue looped north and south like rosettes of a Watteau interior. Sixth Avenue with its looming "L" structure was sordid and inimical, and as Luke turned north an "L" train rolling by showered down upon his ears its antisocial, demoralizing roar. Under the impact of sound and the confusion of the streets Luke suddenly felt depression taking his spirit. He felt he was an outlander, a stranger in this strange land of New York. The shoving throngs were enemies; the lights and laughter were not for him. And he was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit for Permanent Waving

Sent Everywhere on THIRTY DAYS' FREE TRIAL

THE Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit does its work quickly, safely and comfortably wherever it goes.

IT is thrilling to see your straight hair, whether long or bobbed, transformed quickly into charming, soft waves, curls and ringlets that curl of themselves!

Send for our free, interesting booklet.

An Outstanding Success

LET your straight hair be permanently wavy this Spring. Enjoy the relief and confidence which natural waves, curls and ringlets alone can give you. Sign your *own* Declaration of Independence from lifelong slavery to nightly crimpers and hot curling-irons. In other words, in your own home, let the eminent Mr. Charles Nestle's famous invention transform your hair —no matter how straight or stubborn—into waves, curls and ringlets that last ALL THE TIME, and look even prettier under the influence of perspiration, shampoos, bathing, dampness, etc.

Mr. Nestle's Wonderful LANOIL Discovery

has enthusiastic endorsement from the world's leading scientists, hairdressers and beauty editors. In his two New York establishments several hundred women daily enjoy LANOIL waves. Professional LANOIL-wavers elsewhere give many thousands this wonderful treatment. But in private homes, even more than this is done by means of the dainty, reasonably-priced Outfit illustrated above, which works so *simply*, so *quickly* and so *comfortably* that mothers take pleasure in waving their children's hair, children their mother's; school girls, nurses and teachers club together to do this work, and even husbands have been known to take a hand in it!

Interesting, Simple and Safe

is the Nestle LANOIL permanent waving process. You merely wet the hair with the sympathetic LANOIL lotion, wind it, strand by strand, on the Nestle mechanical curlers, slip the little heater over each curler for just seven minutes, remove, unwind and shampoo. And now the wonder *grows*—for the harder you rub, comb, wash or brush your waves and curls, the prettier do they become, because the gentle LANOIL steam has made your hair *naturally wavy*.

Each Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit Contains Free Trial Supplies

You may have our free, interesting booklet of further particulars if you like, but a trial of the Outfit itself is also *free*. Send a postal, letter or the coupon below, enclosing its $15 purchase price (or let us forward your Outfit C.O.D. and pay the postman when it arrives). Wave your hair with the *free trial supplies*, following the simple, clear directions. Then, if you are not delighted with your results and satisfied that the Outfit does ALL we represent, return it within thirty days—and we guarantee to refund immediately every cent of the $15 with absolutely *no* deduction for postage, packing, free trial materials or use of the Outfit.

Many thousands of Outfits have been sold on this liberal trial basis since September, 1922. They bring happiness wherever they go. So do not delay. Send for yours today, that you may the sooner know the joy, pride and comfort of waves, curls and ringlets that last ALL THE TIME.

NESTLE LANOIL CO., LTD., Dept. P
Established 1905
12 and 14 East 49th Street, New York City
Just off Fifth Avenue

Fill in, tear off and mail coupon today

NESTLE LANOIL CO., LTD., Dept. P
12 & 14 East 49th St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me the Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit for Permanent Waving. I understand that if, after using the Outfit and the free trial materials, I am not satisfied, I may return the Outfit any time within 30 days, and receive back every cent of its cost of $15.

[] I enclose $15 in check, money order, or bank draft as a deposit.

[] I enclose *no* money. Please send C. O. D.

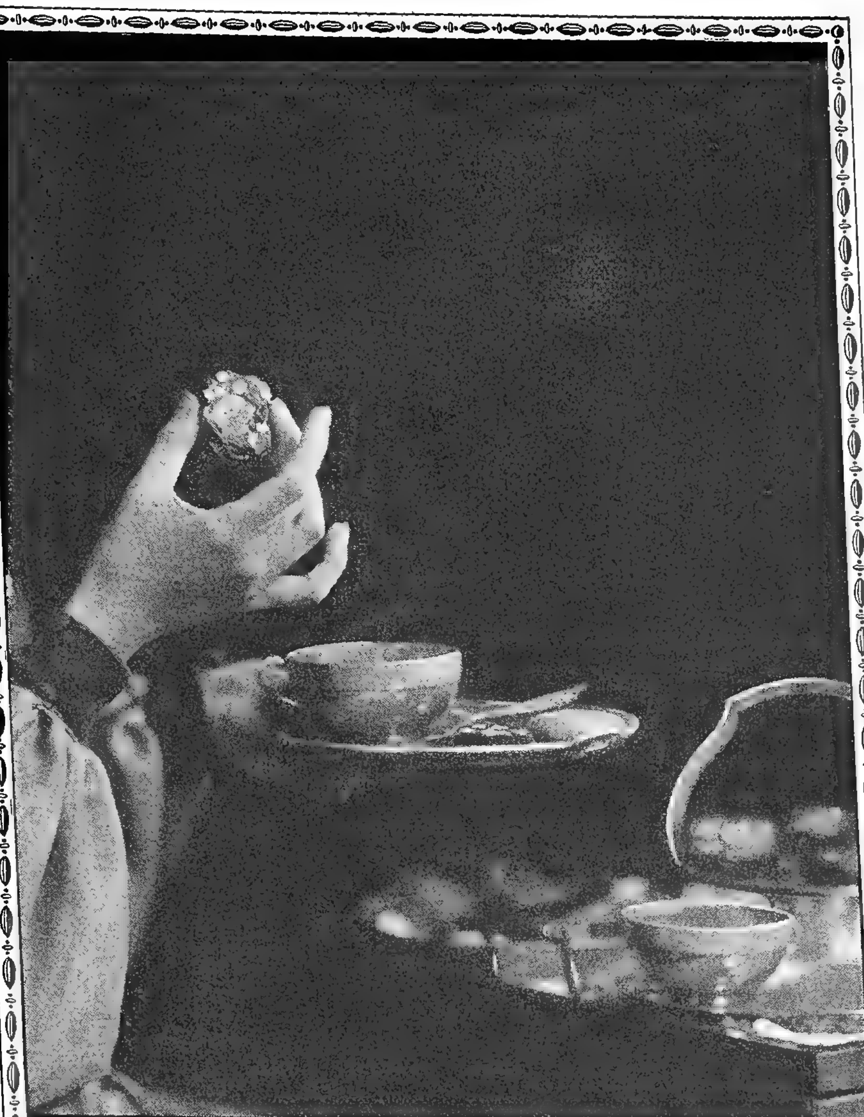
OR, check HERE.............if only FREE booklet of further particulars is desired. If your hair is white or *very* ash blond, mention it here..........................

(From foreign countries, send Sixteen Dollars, check, money order or cash equivalent in U. S. currency. Canadians may order from Raymond Harper, 416 Bloor Street W., Toronto, Canada, $20 duty free.)

Name..

Street..

City.......................*State*......................



"What *delicious* candy!" *she said.* "Nan, what *is* it?"

"Why, it's that new candy, Oh Henry!" answered Nan. "You *slice* it, you know. Don't you just love the novelty of it?"

Slicing Oh Henry! *is* a novelty in candy . . . a delightful one, too. And since Chicago women started slicing Oh Henry! a year or so ago, for teas, bridge games, Mah-Jongg and the family's use, the novelty of this new way of serving candy has taken Oh Henry! into many, many homes.

But there is more than mere novelty to sliced Oh Henry! It's one of the most delicious candies you ever tasted. Imagine a rich butter cream dipped in a luscious, chewy caramel, rolled in crispy, crunchy nutmeats, and then thickly coated with the mellowest milk chocolate!

Doesn't that sound *good?* Well, that's Oh Henry! Do you wonder that people eat more Oh Henry! than any other one candy? Or that in many homes, Oh Henry! is as welcome as chocolates?

Telephone for a few bars of Oh Henry! Try this new way of serving candy. You'll like the convenience of having a few bars in the pantry to slice whenever candy is wanted. And it isn't expensive . . . a 10c bar cuts into 8 liberal . . . and *delicious* . . . slices. At your grocery, drug or candy store.

Oh Henry!

SLICED

Write for a clever little booklet, in colors, on serving Oh Henry! sliced Williamson Candy Co., Chicago

© W. C. Co.-1925

"When a Man Marries"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

tired, very tired, on the verge of nervous exhaustion—as he suddenly discerned.

Luke turned into a drug-store and ordered aromatic spirits of ammonia—a foolish tipple that he occasionally indulged because he believed it braced him up. As he quit the drug-store another "L" train brushed the air overhead, and in the midst of it Luke became aware of the persistent, riotous grinding of an auto-horn, and then, as if in a delirium of sound, he heard his name being shouted, shouted over and over again, above the din. Was he going crazy? He halted.

"Whittaker! Lew-tenant Whittaker! Field-marshal Whittaker! Luke, you —— shavetail!"

He turned, and as he did so a massive glittering limousine was nosing along the curb beside him. A head and shoulder, an arm waving a top-hat, protruded from the window. In the interior a billowy fur wrap was vaguely evident, and an audacious red coiffure.

"You're out o' the army now—look behind!" cried the voice.

THEN Luke recognized the features of Alvin Beekman, his captain in France. Luke was in the motor, sinking back into the cushions, before he knew it. An enchanting fragrance of perfume was in his nostrils.

"Strike me pink!" cried Beekman. "What in perdition brings you to town without letting me know, and sends you walking like a disconsolate ghost on Sixth Avenue?"

Luke opened his mouth, but Beekman silenced him with a gesture.

"Don't tell me!" he commanded. "Whatever it is, I don't believe I could bear to hear it. My fortitude's very low to-night."

Luke, a little bewildered, smiled at the other, who was grinning at him like the Cheshire cat. He was elated at seeing Beekman again. The New-Yorker, so debonair, so rich, so competent, had in earlier days in France seemed to Luke the salt of the earth—the exact type of American Luke himself, under a lucky star, would have chosen to be.

The two had struck up a close friendship, and there had been talk of how they would continue it "after the War." But Luke's kismet had led him homing to the little up-State town, and he had never been free to accept Beekman's invitations, which naturally had become more and more infrequent. Hence, as he rested so luxuriously in the cushioned seat that was virtually a divan, he abandoned himself to the simple pleasure of seeing again his old comrade. And, seated there relaxed and charmed, a sensation of peace came upon him. Just to be in this pleasant company was a balm, after the nervous excitement of the day. He decided to postpone—just for a moment—telling Beekman the news of his marriage.

THE car was moving softly northward. Beekman shouted a few words in French to the chauffeur.

"What luck!" he continued. "We were wondering who we could find to divert Flo with. Luke, you can tell her all about the snow up-State, and about the cunning little pigs and calves and the other domestic fauna. Flo loves nature, doesn't she, Jeanne—*elle a l'âme sauvage, 's'pas?*"

"*Si, si,*" replied Jeanne. She cast radiant orbs on Luke, a glance that seemed to stroke him with little kisses. "*Et moi aussi,*" she added.

Beekman laughed.

"Jeanne speaks excellent English," he said, "but we have to talk French on account of the chauffeur. He's Alsatian. So long as we keep no secrets from Louis he condescends to stay with me. Otherwise——"

The window directly behind the chauffeur was open.

"*Autrement tu t'en fiche de moi, dis-donc, Louis!*" Beekman shouted.

One tremendous mustache, visible to Luke protruding from the chauffeur's face, palpitated jovially. Louis turned his head an instant, displaying a battalion of bright teeth. Then he bent stolidly forward again.

"*Ah—va't'en, vieux rouspetteur,*" called Beekman. Then to his companions he added, "He's indispensable."

The motor wound out of one of the upper Forties into Seventh Avenue. It was then that Luke recalled himself with a start. The joke had gone far enough. It was time now—more than time—to announce his secret. Remorse filled him as he thought of Millicent waiting for him at the hotel.

"Look, old man," he said lamely, "I really can't——"

"Attend and consider," interrupted Beekman imperatively. "First we'll drop in at the Russian Bivouac. Then the Hollister—you'll be enchanted with Hilda. Then the Cotton Patch—a place to stir unspeakable emotions. Afterward, if we're in the mood for some very superior slumming, we'll go down to West Street on the docks to Charlie Ott's place. That's where Louis plays the rôle of body-guard."

Luke began to feel that the thing was getting silly—and the longer he put off his confession, the harder it got. He felt like a criminal or a little boy with a guilty conscience. It was ridiculous!

THE motor turned into the Park, and was coasting over the wide ice-packed lanes. Occasional lamps, turning piles of snow to crystal at the road's edges and revealing a Japanese tracery of bare twigs here and there, gave a glamourous, unworldly charm to the swift-passing prospect. As the car approached each shrouded turning, Luke, almost in spite of himself, found himself alive with wonder. The ride was like an exploration of the never-never land. But the thought of Millicent—Millicent—Millicent—was now beating in his mind with the reiteration of the tire-chains on the macadam.

"Beekman," he stuttered, "I'm—I'm not dressed for a party!"

"Of course you are," Beekman caught him up. "Just the right note—carefully careless—like what-the-man-will-wear in the programs. I was going to change back after dinner, but I forgot. Stiff bosoms —— nuisance, believe me. We don't have to dress—Jeanne and Flo take care of that."

Luke nerved himself.

"It's absolutely impossible, old man," he burst out. "I might as well make a clean breast of it——"

With a wave of his hand Beekman disposed of the whole problem, but in an instant as the car slowed down, in a street outside the Park, he leaned forward.

"Here we are!" he cried.

The three tumbled pell-mell out of the limousine, and before Luke had time to speak or think they were ducking under the basement portal of a garish-painted restaurant. Sounds that were like an iridescence against thunder-clouds greeted them, and Luke, as Beekman and Jeanne prestoed him out of his coat and hat, could see, within, a smoky room lit by ornate, multicolored lanterns, and at the end of it a Cossack-booted orchestra. Its members shouted while they played, venting halloos as diminished sevenths dizzily resolved into new chromatics that seemed to fizz. These were lambent sounds, and they caroused against the bourdon of a heavy instrument whose thrum—thrum—thrum was like the parade of fate.

Jeanne did not lay aside her great fur wrap, but she seized Luke by the arm and bundled him piecemeal onto the dance-floor.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

JELL-O *America's most famous dessert*

WITH the dessert, the dinner reaches its climax. Formerly, rich pastries, heavy puddings and confections composed this course. All these were, no doubt, very delicious, but bad for the digestion.

However, customs change—there arose a demand for a light, nourishing sweet, simple and easy to prepare, yet forming a tempting dessert.

All this we get in JELL-O. Made from purest gelatin, cane sugar and fruit juices, containing only healthful ingredients, it is the best and safest dessert for children.

Our recipe book contains many delightful suggestions for serving Jell-O. Write us for it.

THE JELL-O COMPANY Inc. LE ROY ~ NEW YORK

© 1924 by The Jell-O Company Inc

You May Admire a Painting, But-You Wouldn't Want to Eat it.

Likewise, you may admire the golden beauty and perfect roundness of an orange and grapefruit. But that's no guarantee that they'll be juicy and sweet or the best you *can* buy. Not at all!

Here's the way to make sure of getting the sweetest and juiciest oranges or grapefruit:

Pay no attention whatever to their color nor shape. Just lift them and note whether or not they are heavy for their size. Then select the *heaviest* ones. It is weight, not appearance, that tells you the eating value of an orange or grapefruit. For weight definitely indicates the fruit are full of juice—heavy with flavory, liquid deliciousness!

If you will always apply this simple test, you will soon realize how your eyes have been deceiving you. Then you will discover that oranges or grapefruit which are "rusty" colored, darkly mottled or irregular in shape, are quite often much juicier and more delicious than those which merely please your eye.

The fact is that all these shades and shapes of grapefruit often come from the selfsame tree! And the same perfectly nurtured orange tree will produce juicy "russets" as well as "brights" and "goldens."

But there's one direct and *sure* way of getting the sweetest, juiciest and most nourishing oranges and grapefruit: Do as thousands of intelligent fruit buyers now do. Specify

Sealdsweet
Florida Oranges
and Grapefruit

Sweeter Juicier Healthier

Why These Delicious Fruits Benefit Your Health

Authorities all agree that one of the chief essentials of bodily health is the "alkaline balance of the blood." For it is this "alkali reserve" which makes the blood capable of eliminating dangerous impurities and supplying the life-giving forces in all the air you breathe.

And here's a curious fact: Your usual "bread, cereal and meat" diet leaves an "acid residue" in the body, while oranges and grapefruit, so-called "acid foods," leave an "*alkaline* reserve"—*essential* to your health.

Realizing this scientific fact—which is only one of *several* important health features of the orange and grapefruit, you'll want the juiciest and most delicious—your fullest money's worth—of them. Then all you need do is look for this trade-mark on their tissue wrappers when buying them:

TRADE MARK
Sealdsweet
REGISTERED

Sealdheart Grapefruit
(In Tins)

Whenever you are unable to obtain fresh Sealdsweet Grapefruit, or prefer the fruit in tins, ask your grocer for Sealdheart Grapefruit. It is the inner meat and juice, separated from the membranes and outer rind, of the delicious Sealdsweet Florida Grapefruit. Merely chill Sealdheart Grapefruit, and it is ready to serve.

It's the Juice that Counts

Why shouldn't you be as careful about QUALITY IN CANNED FRUITS as we are?

You ought to be!

You and your family are the ones who eat them.

Certainly there's no use in experimenting with the many varying qualities—the hundreds of different brands on the market today—especially when you know how particular we are about the quality of DEL MONTE.

The secret of buying canned fruits is just this: *Know* the brand you want—then see that you get it.

Say DEL MONTE! And you call for finest fruits from the world's most favored orchards—the pick of the crop—gathered at the very moment of perfection—and brought to your table ready to serve with all their natural delicacy and flavor.

You always know in advance exactly what DEL MONTE quality is—the same uniform goodness in every variety—no matter where or when you buy.

Isn't it worth while being particular?

Have You Tried Sliced Peaches Lately?

Everyone knows the delicious flavor of DEL MONTE Peach Halves. But do you know that you can also buy DEL MONTE Peaches, *sliced,* ready to serve without preparation, just as they come from the can?

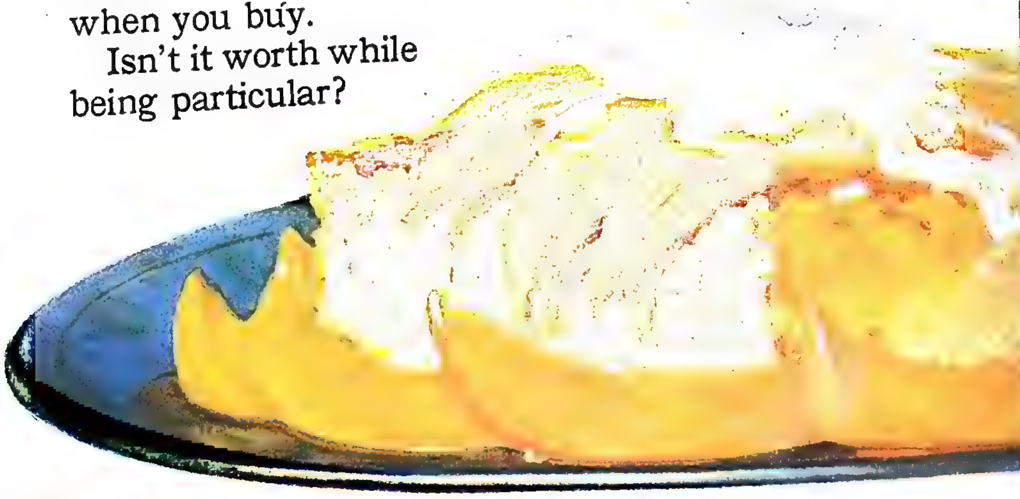
They are specially prepared this way and packed in a rich syrup that brings out all their natural delicate flavor. You will find them unusually tempting when served with cream for breakfast; and a prime favorite, too, as a simple dessert for lunch or dinner.

But sliced peaches are much more than just a dessert by themselves. They add a new variety, a different appeal to endless other dishes. For instance, try them between layers of left-over sponge cake, in bread pudding, as a fruit topping for custards, as a filling for your jelly roll, in a juicy sliced peach pie, or with oranges on lettuce as a fresh winter salad.

DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches illustrate just a measure of the menu variety always at your command with all DEL MONTE Fruits. For pleasing variation, try DEL MONTE Royal Anne Cherries, De Luxe Plums, Peaches Halved, Bartlett Pears or Pineapple.

Every Woman Will Want This New Book

We don't believe there is a good cook in the country that would be without a copy of "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book" if she knew what it really represented. It is a picked collection of the fruit dishes personally preferred by the leading cooking experts of the country—and covers in simple, but authoritative fashion, the service of canned fruits for every occasion. Wouldn't you like a copy? It's free! Write us today—addressing Department 31F, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Cal.



Just be sure you say **DEL MONTE**

"When a Man Marries"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

"Alvin will find a table," she said. "Come, dance."

Luke obeyed. With a leap of the heart he plunged into the beat of the music that was like a sunny surf. Jeanne, befurred, was swan's-down in his arms, and Luke, agitating his legs with zest, gave himself up to the invigoration of the moment.

It was the most exciting music Luke had ever heard, and there was no doubt that Jeanne was the best dancer alive. Once or twice he looked at her, and when he did her eyes, under their picket of lashes, were as jolly as they were radiant. "What fun this is!" they seemed to say. "This is the way life should be—gay and vivid and rich," they seemed to say. What a girl! What a girl, to meet you half-way, to enjoy existence the way most women enjoy facts such as willow-tree china and chintses!

Then Luke thought of a girl whose name began with an M, and at the same instant the music stopped. Beekman crossed the floor to meet them.

"Come along," he said. "I've telephoned Flo, and we're all going to get her and come back here afterward."

Willy-nilly, Luke was swept back into the limousine, and in no time the tires were purring over the icy Park macadam again. Suddenly Luke felt smothered. Revulsion — remorse — exasperation stirred him. He would exert himself! He must get out of this car at once, and back to the Admiral!

"Beekman," he shouted, "I *can't* go with you! I absolutely can't and that's all there is to it. I've got something to tell you——"

There was such a definite querulousness in Luke's voice that Beekman looked serious for a moment. Luke swept on, rather thickly:

"The fact is," he blurted, "the fact is—and I'm *streemly* sorry to break up the party and all that—I was married to-day and my wife is waiting for me at the Admiral."

"Oh, my Heavens!" shouted Beekman. Even Louis joined in the whoop that went up. Luke laughed, himself. The automobile had reached one of the Central Park West exits. Without an order given, Louis turned the car south.

"I'LL get out here," said Luke firmly, a few moments later. They had reached Forty-second Street at Fifth Avenue. Luke felt he wanted a few minutes' walk to compose himself.

"All right, Luke," said Beekman, busying himself with the door. Jeanne gave Luke her hand.

"I can never understand," she said, "why you men get married—any more than I can understand why any woman stays single."

Luke ducked inarticulately. He couldn't think of the proper graceful, amusing word to toss in response.

"But," said Jeanne, "I don't think you will be a ve-ree good husband anyhow."

"Why not?" Luke inquired.

"I'm afraid you're too nice," the radiant girl responded, and smiled into his eyes.

"Well, well, well," cried Beekman, who was still chuckling. "Many felicitations, dear old fellow—and you must let me come to lunch soon—or, better still, bring your wife along on a party some night."

"Best luck, old chap," he chuckled, his voice sounding strange above the sound of the motor and a certain ringing that was taking place in Luke's ears. "Cheero, Luke!"

Luke plodded, a little zigzag with excitement, toward the Admiral. The voices of Beekman and Jeanne still rang jauntily, tinkling, in his ears, and the comparative voicelessness around him made him desolate. He almost stopped. He turned his head northward where those two harlequin souls were still swiftly fleeing, toward a silken route. They were making merry—at his expense, he mused.

He thought of Millicent and his heart swelled. He thought of her delicate, wan grace, her pallid but bewitching beauty, the reluctances of her mind. What had happened to him that these matters, which had moved him so strongly, now suddenly seemed a little alien, a little anemic? Or was that untrue? Or was it that spirits of ammonia he had drunk?

THE air was brisk. Shop-windows blazoned the street like banners. People went past, brushing Luke as they walked — indestructible, wilful, hubs bearing their circle of contacts with labor or with ease, propelling their souls with grimaces or smiles through Forty-second Street. How many of these men, Luke pondered with a sense of strangeness and bewilderment, were walking to meet their brides? How many of these women were keeping rendezvous? Children, too, what of them? Rich, poor, what about them? Somewhere, a bit north among the city streets, laughter was passing from lip to lip with happiness brimmed—there would be music, wanton, gay.

The ornate lobby was full of scent and movement. An orchestra lingered on a vaulting phrase. Luke distinguished the tones of cello and saxophone. He trudged through the lobby. Somewhere in the back of his mind a phrase lurked—Luke discovered that he was always thinking in phrases. It kept step with his steps: "The bridegroom cometh—the bridegroom cometh." He laughed. How funny! Luke stopped.

"I feel rotten," he said to himself. He sat down heavily in a chair in a secluded part of the lobby. His heart went icy. Millicent would never understand.

If he could only have taken her to that Russian place—but she would never understand that, either. Gaiety—revelry—what were these words that Luke found himself repeating? They had not occurred to him in years, he pondered—they were out of his life. And yet—and yet—they were *in* his life—he welcomed them! They warmed his heart.

"Well—up-stairs with you!" says Luke to himself. But not just at that moment. He looked around the lobby. The scented air swirled about him in almost material, languorous coils. The swoon of a cello made him gasp. That note again? It had a dying fall. (Always thinking in those fool phrases, thought Luke.)

Well—up-stairs! But first, air. A little air. A little coolness. He found himself standing under the porte-cochère. The wind was tonic. It filled Luke's lungs. He found himself immoderately laughing. How wonderful were the air, the sounds, the lights! He was very happy. Now, then——

The room was dark. "Where have you been, Luke? You've been gone a long time," came Millicent's voice.

"Yes, dear, I got pretty far away," Luke answered.

"MANNERS IN PUBLIC PLACES"
Send ten cents for this first booklet of Pictorial Review's New Series of "Little Lessons in Etiquette"
Address HOME BUREAU SERVICE
Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

JANIE'S SECRET

By Grace G. Reihm

JANIE stood in the doorway watching the group that passed down the front walk to Bob Merrill's car. Their laughing voices floated back to her. How gay they were. She stifled a sigh even as she waved a cheery return to their "good nights."

She was stacking sheet music at the piano when a familiar tattoo on the door presaged the breezy entrance of pretty Mildred Keene.

"Where's the Hungry Horde?" Mildred demanded airily. "Departed to other fields, I suppose. Who was here to-night?"

"Oh, the usual crowd. Jack and Thad and the Benson boys, and—" Janie hesitated. Her color deepened. "And Bob Merrill."

"Humph! Likes your cooking, doesn't he? And so do all the others. What do they think you are—a professional entertainer?"

"Why, they don't think anything about it, Millie. I'm just Tom's sister to them—just Janie. I don't mind the cooking."

"No, but you do mind the lonely evenings after they're gone." Mildred's eyes searched her friend's face. Then she asked gently, "On whom is Bob calling to-night?"

Janie bent hastily over the music. She tried to speak casually. "Peggy Marsh."

"Peggy has 'class,' Janie."

"Yes, I know"—her lips tremulous. "But, Mildred, that hasn't a thing to do with me."

"See here, Janie Norton!" Mildred gripped her arm and propelled her toward the long mirror. "Look at yourself. You need clothes—pretty, up-to-date, colorful things to deepen the brown of your eyes and hair. See what that old drab serge does to you. Why did you buy it, anyway?"

"Because it was cheap. It's no use, Mildred," she added bravely, "I'll have to remain plain Janie."

"Nonsense! It's nice to be a good cook, but if you're ever to get any fun out of life, you'll have to begin to consider the eye." She glanced at her wrist watch. "Mercy! I'll have to fly to keep that engagement with Hal—the last for a while, you know. I leave on the early morning train, but I'll run over the minute I get back."

Lacking her chum's comforting presence, the house seemed more desolate than ever to Janie. She had learned to dread Sunday evenings anyway. Well—one could always read. She picked up a magazine.

When Tom came in at eleven, he found his sister so engrossed in a letter that he could extract from her only an occasional monosyllable. Which wasn't at all like Janie, he observed, as he went off to bed.

It was some weeks later that Mildred again ran up the Nortons' steps and burst unannounced into the living-room.

A familiar room, yes; but the radiant Janie playing a perfect accompaniment to Bob Merrill's perfect tenor wasn't the girl Mildred had tried to comfort and advise. She was a new and beautiful Janie of unsuspected charm.

It was upon Janie's frock that Mildred's gaze became riveted . . . a silken crepe thing of wonderful tans and browns with touches of orange and gold.

After the usual commonplaces, with Mildred's eyes begging answer to the question she couldn't ask because of Bob, Janie followed her to the door and whispered, "Come over in the morning. I'll tell you all about it."

"It was the very last night you were here, Mildred," Janie began next day. "I saw a magazine article about the Woman's Institute explaining how it is teaching thousands of girls like me to make their own clothes at home in spare time. I wrote that night. This is the result." She lifted from its closet hook a smart gray crepe dress with an outline check of old blue.

"And you made it!" exclaimed Mildred. "Janie, it's beautiful! How have you learned so much in these few weeks?"

"Why, I started right in by making lovely things . . . couldn't help learning, because everything is so clear and the Institute guides you in every step. And, Mildred," excitement entered her voice, "I'm making money sewing for others. I made **two** dresses for Mrs. Ward, and she's so pleased she says she's going to tell all her friends."

"And—Bob?" queried Mildred.

"—takes me everywhere. Oh, Mildred"—her voice broke through sheer joy, "for the first time in my life I'm really happy. I didn't know clothes could make such a difference in a girl's life."

• • •

DON'T you want to write the Woman's Institute before night too—just as Janie did? Just a word of interest will bring you—free—an attractive 32-page booklet with the full story of what the Institute can do for you.

It tells how you can have lovely dresses just in free minutes at home—make them at tiniest cost . . . give them little striking touches that make them distinctively becoming to you . . . be ready for happy times . . . make money.

A mere request may bring, you, too, more good luck than you ever had before. Won't you send this coupon so we can start the booklet to you by return mail?

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 2-R, Scranton, Penna.

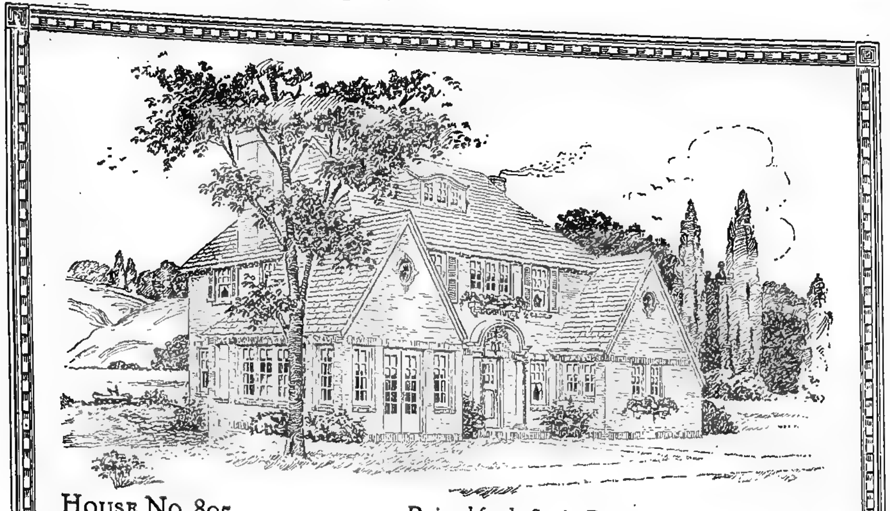
Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked below—

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name...
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address..

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



House No. 805 *Designed for the Service Dept., American Face Brick Assn.*

This attractive house illustrates the character of the designs shown in our "Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans."

Think Before You Build

To most people a home means an investment for a lifetime. A misstep is a serious matter. That is why it is worth while to think before you build.

Many learn too late that they might have had the beauty and the permanence of a Face Brick house at an actual saving over a period of years. But each year—as home-builders appreciate more the relation of depreciation, up-keep, repairs, painting and fuel costs to home-owning—the number of Face Brick houses increases.

Booklets You Ought to Have:

"The Story of Brick" is, as one reader says, "a liberal education in home-building." It gives just the information the prospective builder wants. Sent free.

"Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans" in four booklets, showing respectively 3 to 4-room, 5-room, 6-room, and 7 to 8-room houses, in all 104. Unusual and distinctive designs combined with convenient interiors. Any one booklet, 25 cents. The entire set, one dollar.

"The Home of Beauty" shows fifty two-story six-room houses selected from 350 designs submitted by architects in a nation-wide competition. Sent for 50 cents.

"The Home Fires," a most attractive fireplace book, with many designs, gives full directions for fireplace construction. Sent for 25 cents.

"A New House for the Old," will tell you all about restoring an old house with a beautiful, permanent overcoat of Face Brick. Sent free.

Address, American Face Brick Association, 1726 Peoples Life Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Just 17c a day pays for this Beautiful Chair

Tapestry or Velour

Over 1000 other bargains. Furniture, Rugs, Lamps, Silver, China, Blankets, Stoves, etc. **Save big money** at our Factory-to-Family prices. Pay as little as $3 down; up to a year and a half to pay balance. Get all your Furnishings at once—pay as you use. Thousands buying this new way.

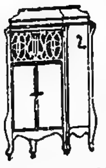
Big Catalog FREE

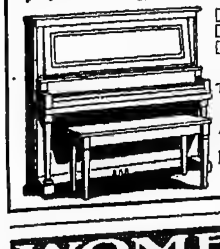
New Spring *"Larkin Book of Better Homes."* Shows everything for parlor, porch, dining-room, bedroom, kitchen. **Bargain Prices** on famous Symphonola Phonographs. Also Symphonic Pianos, Player-Pianos in genuine Mahogany, Walnut, Fumed Oak. Free trial. Up to 4 years to pay. Satisfaction or money back. Check below article interested in.

☐ Home Furnishings
☐ Pianos or Players
☐ Phonographs

Cut out this adv.—write TO-DAY for big FREE book.

Larkin Co Inc.
Dept. 438 Buffalo, N. Y.
Peoria, Ill. Chicago, Ill.





WOMEN!!
EARN $5 TO $15 DAILY

Turn spare hours into money introducing LITTLE TOIDEY—the new practical, low-priced home and travel necessity for every baby. Just the thing all mothers are looking for. Exclusive folding and fastening features make quick sales. Pleasant work. No experience needed. Your profits begin at once. Write NOW and be first in your territory.

JUVENILE WOOD PRODUCTS, Inc.
Dept 24 Fort Wayne, Indiana

Pat. 9-10-18
Pat. Pending

The Original SPACE SAVER Dishes

These dishes fit securely on top of one another. No slipping, no spilling or wasting of food, have cut-outs for cold air circulation, keeping food free from mold. Glass is **SANITARY**, easy to clean.

One space for four or more—increasing capacity of your ice box, pantry and kitchen cabinet **400%**.

Ask for the SPASO SAVO *DISHES* TRADE MARK REG.

Made in Pressed Crystal Glass
For storing and serving only.

No. B1, set 4 dishes—2 large, 2 small (at right above) . . . $1.00
No. B3, set 3 dishes—2 small, 1 large and 1 cover (at left above) 1.00
Same cover fits 2 small or 1 large dish

Also made in Fry's Pearl Oven Glass

Guaranteed not to break from heat or cold. Saves dish washing—cook, serve and store in same dish.

No. B2, set 4 dishes—2 small, 2 large (at right above) . . . $3.00
No. B4, set 3 dishes—2 small, 1 large, 3 in. deep (at left above) 3.00

The **ORIGINAL** Space Saver Dishes are for sale at the BEST stores. Look for their ads. If your dealer can not supply you, write us, we will have a set sent you or mail one direct via parcel post C. O. D. *(Mailing cost 25c extra per set.)*

SPACE SAVER DISH Co. 60 East Lake St.
Chicago, Ill.

WELCOME TO NEW YORK
AND THE ALAMAC
BWAY & 71ST.
A masterpiece of
Modern Hotel Creation
LATZ OWNERSHIP - MANAGEMENT

Steadying the New Generation

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

tried to sing when they heard the other youngsters singing. It was a bit funny because we have never taught them any hymns, and they could only mumble along with the other children. Then my wife and I heard your sermon all the way through. I think it got to my wife a little. She said when you were done: 'We've lived here eight years, we've criticized religion right and left, and we've never set foot inside any church or sent these children to any Sunday-school. I think we'd better keep still after this, or else go to church for a while and see what modern ministers are really talking about.'"

The most pathetic thing in that familiar scene is not the spiritual isolation of the parents. It is the religious illiteracy of the children. The parents—consciously or unconsciously—have taken from them part of their racial and cultural inheritance. They have also robbed them of one of the greatest stabilizing forces age has ever found for youth: vital religious faith. Time and again it is the children from such homes who, entering the chaotic years of adolescence, find themselves unequipped for the inevitable struggle with themselves, and promptly become a moral problem for the community.

MEANTIME the other stabilizing forces have, in numberless homes, grown perceptibly weaker year by year. Many parents have steadily scoffed at the code of morals and manners accepted in an earlier day, and have insistently set their children an example of "unrestrained self-expression." The liberty in which we all believe has been confused with the license in which no thoughtful person can believe. These parents and older people, determined to maintain their "unfettered freedom," have ended by making themselves erratic and somewhat troublesome members of a social order which must, after all, have rules, regulations, and relentless responsibilities if a stable society is to endure.

When the older generation sets this particular example, is it any wonder that some representatives of the younger generation also scoff at law, sneer at moral conventions, and grow hilarious over "outgrown Puritan notions"? As for the influence of the home, one hardly need comment on the steady disintegration of American family life during the last half century. The change is evident to us all. The effects are beginning to prove more far-reaching than we thought.

"The modern home is a telephone-booth, surrounded by a small number of sleeping-rooms, in which we are unfortunately obliged to spend a small portion of our time." So writes one of our humorists. The unstudied definition given by a high-school boy is even more suggestive: "Home is the place where you have to stay while the car is being fixed." Quite a change from the home Carlyle talked about!

What is the remedy for this unhappy situation? We must make a resolute effort to strengthen the stabilizing forces in the heart of youth. When they regain their power the young people's problem of which we see and hear so much will disappear automatically. We must begin our work by reestablishing American home life. Granted that the task is no easy one under modern conditions. Parents make a tragic blunder if they divide their time and attention between money-making and money-spending, and give nothing of themselves to the children who, after all, are their most significant contribution to the life of the race. We must do what we can to reestablish an effective code of manners and morals for the new generation. What more valuable discussion could a group of mothers hold, for instance, than a discussion of the questions of social etiquette which

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87

LE PAGE'S mends *for keeps*

LEPAGE'S
LIQUID GLUE
ALWAYS READY FOR USE
MANUFACTURED BY RUSSIA CEMENT CO. GLOUCESTER, MASS.
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO
MONTREAL, LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN

COMPARED to the value of the article mended, the cost of the glue you use is practically nothing. Then while you are about it, why not use the best glue—LePage's? Have the satisfaction of knowing that the article is mended *for keeps* and that it won't come apart in a little while and have to be mended over again. Insist on LePage's.

LEPAGE'S GLUE

ASTHMA

The assurance of comfortable repose appeals to every sufferer from asthma.

The popularity of Vapo-Cresolene is due to—

Continuous treatment while the patient enjoys undisturbed rest.

Avoidance of internal medication.

Prompt relief. Unquestionable merit.

Vapo-Cresolene. "Used while you sleep"
Est. 1879

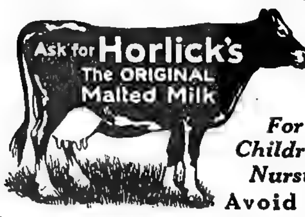
The Household remedy for bronchial troubles
Send for descriptive booklet 18B
Sold by druggists
THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
62 Cortlandt Street, New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

YOU can earn good money at home in your spare time making show cards for us. No canvassing or soliciting. We show you how by our new simple instructograph method. We supply both men and women with work at home no matter where you live and pay you cash for all work completed each week. Full particulars and booklet free. Write today.

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SYSTEM Ltd.
235 Adams Building, Toronto, Canada.

FREE TRIAL TILL JULY $245
No Payment Down
Style 12 Shown Here
AT FACTORY PRICE
Wing Pianos and Players shipped direct to you on free trial till July 1, 1925. Save 25 to 50 per cent. 40 year guarantee. Thousands in use. Write at once for new book showing 38 styles. Easy terms arranged if desired.
12 one of our 38 styles
Wing & Son, (Est. 1868) Dept 21-34 9th Ave. & 13th St., N.Y.



Safe Milk
For Infants, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers
Avoid Imitations

PAYSON'S THE ORIGINAL
For Silks, Cottons, Woolens
Put on with a common Pen
Prevents Loss
For MARKING CLOTHES
THE QUICK, PERMANENT, SENSIBLE —WAY—
INDELIBLE INK
At Stores or Sent Postpaid for 30¢
PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK CO.
84 HENSHAW AVE. NORTHAMPTON MASS.

so very clean

SANI-FLUSH cleans and purifies the toilet bowl. It cleans the hidden, unhealthful trap, which cannot be reached by other means. It destroys all foul odors.

Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush into the toilet bowl—follow directions on the can—and flush. Then watch how quickly and thoroughly it does its wonderful work. It removes all marks, stains and incrustations—leaves the bowl beautifully white and clean. No scrubbing. No dipping your hands in the water.

Sani-Flush is absolutely harmless to plumbing connections. Keep it handy in the bathroom.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can.

Sani-Flush
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring
THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

NIAGARA
BLUE RIBBON

IMPROVE your home with beautiful Niagara Wall-papers. Highest quality at reasonable price. Sold by good decorators everywhere.

Style Book

Send 10 cents for book of decorators' secrets and samples of latest styles. Gives history of each pattern.

Niagara Wall Paper Company
74 Walnut Avenue
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

WALL PAPER

"SAVE-A-THIRD" EXQUISITE SILKS

For better grade silks of all kinds in all new shades and patterns, something better than is carried in local stores, thousands take advantage of the WONDERFUL silks we sell DIRECT to CONSUMER, saving dealers' and middlemen's profits. Mrs. JOHNSON of New York states, "I wish to express my appreciation for the silks I ordered at Xmas. The colors and values were wonderful."

Lingerie Tubing - -	90c yard	Georgette	1.50 & 2.00 yard
Tubing for Stouts - -	1.00 "	All Silk Satin - -	2.00 "
English Broadcloth -	90c "	Printed Crepes -	2.00 "
Pongee for Lingerie	1.00 "	Satin Stripe Crepe	2.00 "
Radium for Lingerie	1.50 "	Silk & Wool Crepe	2.00 "
Striped Tub Silk - -	1.35 "	Canton Crepe - -	2.25 "
Taffetas - - - - - -	1.50 "	Satin Canton, Flat Crepe, Moire and Faille -	2.50 "
Crepe de Chine 1.50 &	2.00 "		
Broadcloth (all silk)	1.75 "		

Write for FREE sample.
Full Fashioned Stockings, pure silk, all colors - $1.25 a pair
Miss New York's Scarfs, Printed Crepe de Chine, Silk Fringe, 65 in. long - - - - - - - - - - - - $2.50 each
Agents write for special proposition
—ROBERTSVILLE SILK MILLS, Dept. R, 404 4th Ave., NEWYORK—

ROUGH ON RATS
TRADE MARK

Unbeatable Exterminator

GETS every rat where ordinary rat poisons fail. The secret is—you vary the bait by mixing it with a different food each night. Write for free booklet—"Ending Rats and Mice."
Dept P-2
E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

Steadying the New Generation

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

their twelve-year-old children will inevitably confront within five years?

If the influential parents in a community would reach a common understanding on such matters, and then act in concert to enforce their conclusions, many of our most baffling problems could be solved—the duration of juvenile dances, for instance, and the propriety of serving liquor to sixteen-year-olds. And we must certainly reestablish the influence of *some* religion and *some* church in the life of the new Americans. Granted that most sermons are dull, most services uninspiring, most Sunday-schools full of faults. These admittedly defective agencies still have a contribution to make to the life of youth, a contribution which parents and children overlook at their peril. Even if religious organizations do make mistakes, we can not afford to let our children grow to maturity without the stabilizing influence which religion, and religion alone, can bring.

There is an entry in John Wesley's diary which many modern parents would do well to ponder. The sturdy old Methodist wrote: "I went to church this morning and heard a very poor sermon. But I went again in the afternoon. Praise God, if the minister doesn't know his duty, I know mine."

A Young King on an Old Throne

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

olive-drab uniform braided in black, with a touch of gold. Half-way across his chest were rows of decorations. His sword, in a finely wrought scabbard, hung from his side.

He was something more than a replica of his ancestor Philip IV., I thought, as he stood shaking good-by with me. All of Philip's debonair picturesqueness has come down to him, but he has also the high, narrow brow and fine, long, oval face—a heritage derived from generations and generations of high breeding—which El Greco has immortalized in the greatest of all his masterpieces, "The Burial of Count Orgaz." It is faithful testimony that strong blood speaks for itself.

This same predominance of the Spaniard, even tho they are by blood predominantly Anglo-Saxon, is a visible mark of the royal children. Three of them, Prince Jaime, the second son; Enfanta Beatrice, the older daughter; and Don Juan, the third son, are prototypes of their father. They have his dash and his easy vivacity.

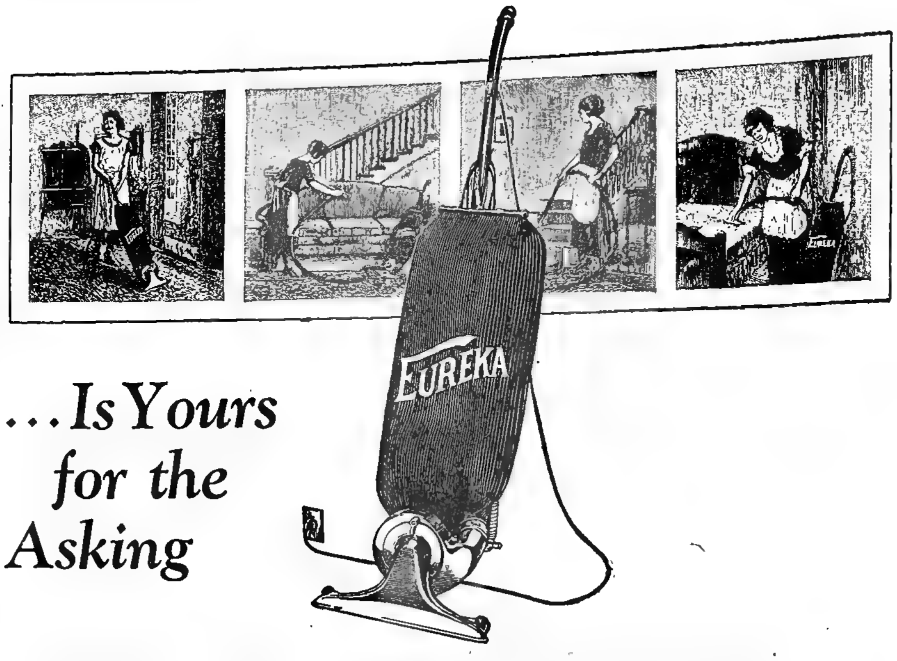
Two, Alfonso, Prince of the Asturias and heir to the throne, and Enfanta Maria Christina, are much like their mother, who was Princess Victoria Ena, daughter of Princess Beatrice of Battenberg. They have the fair skin and blue eyes of the Guelfs, and the colder dignity of the English. But they have that radiant smile and odd little turn of the lower lip, especially when they smile, which are a distinct heritage from their father.

Enfante Gonzalo, the baby, while not so marked a replica of his father as Beatrice and Don Juan, is nearly all Spaniard, with a verve and roguishness incomparable.

I had a delightful tea-hour with the royal children. Highly intelligent, easy and unconscious in their manners, they have a spirit which continually bubbles over. I have never seen happier children. One could guess at once that they were the product of love and not of an arranged marriage. And this is so. For eighteen years ago, when King Alfonso went questing for a Queen to grace his throne, his courtier controlers had

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

FREE HOUSE-CLEANING HELP



...Is Yours for the Asking

Eureka's Great National Educational Offer—Made to End Spring Housecleaning Drudgery

Resolve right now that this year's housecleaning will be *different*.

Let the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner show you the new, the easy and speedy way to clean house this spring.

Eureka's cleaning help is freely offered to you. Accept it as freely—without a penny of cost or the slightest obligation.

The marvelous efficiency that has won for the Grand Prize Eureka a place of daily usefulness in more than a million American homes will work wonders during your spring housecleaning. It is this same amazing ability to clean so deeply and thoroughly that has made the Eureka the repeated first choice of world authorities for the highest honors obtainable.

You can whisk dust and dirt out of carpets and rugs, renovate mattresses right on the beds, thoroughly clean shelves, cupboards, pictures, hangings, upholstery and hidden corners—all so quickly and easily that each task is done almost before you realize it.

$4.75 down

Should you then decide, as so many women do, that the helpfulness of the Grand Prize Eureka is something you can no longer afford to do without, a special low $4.75 down payment and unusually easy terms are available to you.

To accept this generous offer of free housecleaning help, simply notify the Eureka dealer near you, or sign and mail the coupon. A Eureka will be delivered to your door, and called for after you are through using it.

But accept quickly. so there will be no delay in supplying you.

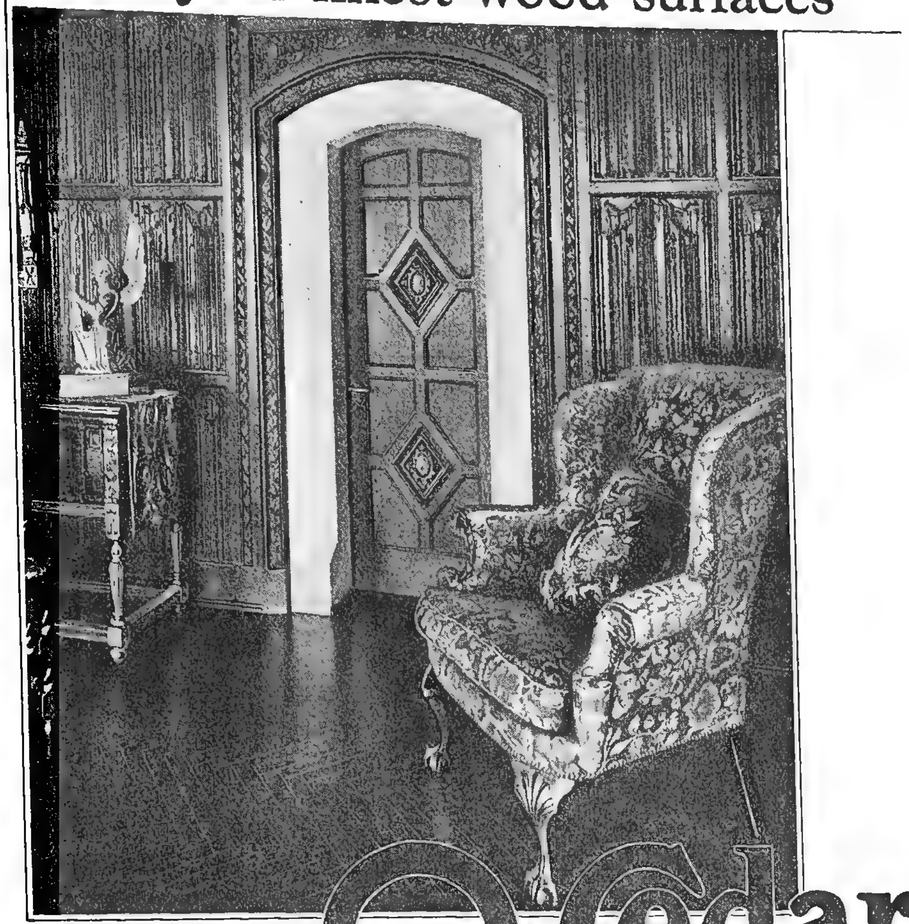
EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, DETROIT, U.S.A.
Makers of Electric Vacuum Cleaners Since 1909
Canadian Factory: Kitchener, Ont.; Foreign Branch: 8 Fisher Street, Holborn, London, W. C. 1, England

(160)

The Grand Prize
EUREKA
VACUUM CLEANER
It Gets the Dirt

Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co.
Detroit, Mich.
At no cost or obligation to me, please deliver a Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner for free use during my spring housecleaning.
Name __________
Address __________
City __________
P.R.

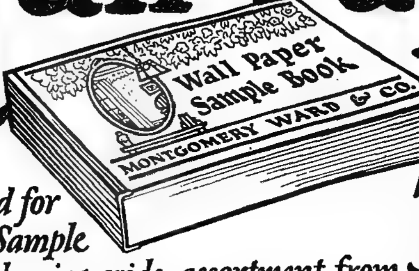
For your finest wood surfaces



It cleans as it polishes

O-Cedar Polish

Wall Paper



Send for large Sample Book showing wide assortment from 3¢ per single roll up

NOW you can afford to re-paper every room. A few dollars will re-paper several rooms! Look at your home. If there is a dingy, faded wall, write for Ward's free sample book of Wall Papers.

You can now buy papers *at one-half the prices you have known.* Here are low prices that are simply amazing. Think of good paper at 3 cents a single roll. Think of papering an entire room—10 x 12 feet, side walls and ceiling, all for as little as 82 cents.

Over 100 Actual Samples in this book—free

Large sized samples of the newest, best patterns. Tapestries, fabrics, all-overs and stripes. Everything desirable in the latest designs.

Write for your free copy of this book of 100 actual samples. See how little it now costs to re-paper. You can hang the paper yourself. The Sample Book tells you how.

Address our house nearest you. Ask for Wall Paper Sample Book No. 66-W

BED ROOM PAPERS
82¢ to $1.50
for entire room, including ceiling

DINING ROOM PAPERS
$1.00 to $3.00
for entire room, including ceiling

LIVING ROOM PAPERS
$1.25 to $5.90
for the entire room, incl. ceiling

ESTABLISHED 1872

Montgomery Ward & Co.

The Oldest Mail Order House is Today the Most Progressive

Chicago Kansas City St. Paul Portland, Ore. Oakland, Calif. Fort Worth

A Young King on an Old Throne

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

already discussed potential Princesses among themselves and with ambitious contenders for other powers.

It was well known that the Kaiser wanted him for a German Princess, while King Edward of England had thought of him for an English Princess other than Victoria Ena of Battenberg. But Alfonso was a youth, as he is a man, of his own mind. From the moment he saw the tall, lovely, golden-haired Ena flitting through the crystal room at Buckingham Palace, just before a dinner given in his honor by King Edward, he knew who was to be his Queen.

"Who is that beautiful girl?" he is said to have asked. By request he was soon presented, and was soon head over heels in love.

TO REPEAT, the sheer joyousness of their children is a token of this. Children bred in coldness do not effervesce with the *joie de vivre* of the royal youngsters of Spain.

They bounded into the nursery to meet me, their faces flushed and their eyes sparkling, just fresh from a ride in the park with their mother. They were in olive-drab riding-costume—the boys in the usual knickerbockers, jackets, and high black boots, the girls in skirted habits. The little boys saluted with a military click of their heels and then shook hands with as eager a welcome as that given by their sisters.

Don Gonzalo, nine years old, could scarcely wait for Miss Eugénie Doherty, the nursery governess through whose hospitality I had been asked to tea, to end our introduction, before bursting forth eagerly, "Oh, Mrs. Parkhurst, I had such a fine ride to-day! I rode all alone on a big horse for the first time without a leading-rein."

I asked him if he liked to ride.

"Better than anything," he quickly answered. "I like to ride with mama and papa."

"We all like that best," the four of them piped in a tone.

Don Juan, with native tact, explained, "You know I'm very much interested in America. It's my favorite country. I read about it all the time. Some day I shall go there."

"I like Asia best," Gonzalo declared, anxious not to be left out of the conversation. He ran to get his books, showing them to me, and translating, as they were in Spanish, a number of passages.

Don Juan, who is to enter the army as an officer in the engineers—his own choice of a career—was most interested in American inventions, and he spoke of them with a knowledge and authority quite amazing in one so young.

The young Princesses, or Enfantas as they are called, left us, but now returned wearing simple knitted skirts and jumpers of French blue worsted, such as any American schoolgirl would wear. Enfanta Beatrice is fifteen, Maria Christina not yet fourteen. And yet they have the height and the poise of much older girls. They were keenly interested in a story I had done about the Prince of Wales, in the Pictorial Review, and which had appeared in its Spanish edition as well. Maria Christina beamed when I told her that both she and her brother, the Prince of the Asturias, bore a very strong resemblance to their English cousin. And they do.

Like her mother, Enfanta Maria Christina has unusual musical talent. She plays the piano with a technique and a feeling quite beyond her age. She practises many hours a day, and has a gift, I am told, also like her mother, for musical composition. The Queen of Spain has a number of delightful ballads, both score and libretto, to her artistic credit.

All of the Spanish children are linguists. The oldest ones speak French, Spanish, Italian, and English. The two little ones speak English, French, and Spanish, and are now studying Italian. English, out of deference, no doubt, to Her Majesty, is the language of the royal household. It is evident, also, that it is the chosen tongue of the children, for when Miss Doherty said to the little boys, "Speak to Mrs. Parkhurst in French, and show how well you can do," they answered in a duet, with a decided toss of their brown heads, "We much prefer to speak English."

A little interlude was indicative of the glad hearts of these children. One of the nurses came in from a walk bringing a bag of *churros*, which were the cause of much excitement. *Churros* are, I imagine, to Spain what the doughnut is to America. They have the same consistency, with more shortening, but they are forced through a tube and cooked almost instantly in deep fat, emerging from the pan in crisp spirals, when they are generously sprinkled with powdered sugar.

The tea-table was spread with all sorts of dainties—thin-buttered white and brown bread according to the English custom, delicious *petits-fours*, and chocolate layer-cake. Like children the world over, they wanted the every-day thing which was a novelty to them. Maria Christina opened the bag with a shout, and the other three gathered about her in ardent discussion as to equal rights in their division.

The Enfantas stayed with us but a few minutes, as they were on their way to their mother, who was to leave that evening for a week's visit to Valencia—a misfortune for me, as otherwise I should have been received by her.

The little boys, with what I am told is characteristic Spanish generosity, wanted to make me innumerable presents. We finally compromised upon some snap-shots which had been taken with their own cameras, and a bouquet of the hyacinths, gillias, daffodils, and narcissi which were everywhere in vases about the rooms.

Painstakingly they autographed the snap-shots, which showed them donkey-back and digging, barefoot, on the beach. They gave slight heed to Miss Doherty's protest that they were not good pictures of them.

"We want to give Mrs. Parkhurst something we took ourselves!" they both exclaimed, Gonzalo asking, with an ingenuous turn of his head as his eyes twinkled, "We're not so ugly, do you think?"

BOTH the King and Queen are devoted to their children, who, in turn, adore them. Every spare moment away from the duties of the court Their Majesties pass with their little ones. The King is like a big brother with his boys, and he likes nothing better than to tumble about with them in the nursery, joining in their games. Miss Doherty, who has fallen completely under their spell, tells amusing anecdotes of their mischievous charm.

She said that sometimes she felt, perhaps, as if they were getting out of hand. Once when they had just been brimming over with uncontrollable spirits, she thought it might bring them to time if she spoke to the King. That evening, when they were ready for bed, he had a few moments' leisure before dinner, and he sent for them to come to him. So they put on their robes and went to his rooms. Miss Doherty saw her chance, and she went to the door and said, "Your Majesty, I have to tell tales."

He laughed and bade her come in, saying, "What have my naughty boys been doing?"

"They don't want to get up in the morning, and they don't want to say their prayers, and they don't want to eat——"

She got no further. Both of them were clinging to her.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

Food can tire him out— or keep him fresh and vigorous

Why this delicious food makes such a difference in the way we feel

We are beginning to realize that our choice of food on any one day determines more or less the way we feel on that particular day.

But what we do not realize is that our choice of food day in and day out makes a profound and lasting difference to our health.

Authorities now agree that the almost universal fatigue, the nervousness of our daily lives—the lack of vigor that leads gradually to failure, ill-health, actual disease—is due largely to:

Foods that place too great a burden on our digestive system. Foods that drain our nervous forces and fail to supply our bodies with the very nourishment they need.

Food in its most easily digested form

In Grape-Nuts you get the rich nourishment of whole wheat and barley in its most digestible form. Your system absorbs it without strain and without delay.

Slow-baked for 22 hours, Grape-Nuts has been turned into a substance which the body most readily uses for strength and vigor.

There is no long process of digestion that taxes your nervous forces and wears down your body machinery.

On the contrary, Grape-Nuts actually hastens the digestion of various other foods—foods which eaten alone take much longer to turn into nourishment.

Women who plan the family meals for health and efficiency find Grape-Nuts an ideal food. It supplies perfectly the needs of grown-ups, and of children who use up so much vitality in the strenuous business of growing.

Physical vigor *and mental driving power don't "just happen" to us. In adults and children alike it is built day by day with the food they eat. And this power rests largely in the hands of the woman who plans the meals.*

Grape-Nuts is ideal for breakfast or lunch—because at these times your food must be easy to digest. Grape-Nuts puts no strain on your body when you need all your force and vitality for work—yet it supplies you with the utmost in nourishment to meet the tasks of the day.

Serve Grape-Nuts every day. Try substituting it for other foods—especially the heavier, less digestible dishes—and notice the result!

If you have never tried Grape-Nuts you will find the taste deliciously different. Its crisp, crunchy kernels—its rich, full flavor—will stimulate your appetite and add a zest to the whole meal.

Two Added Reasons why doctors and dentists recommend Grape-Nuts

The dentist tells us to "eat more crisp, hard foods" because they keep our teeth and gums healthy. The doctor tells us that these foods are vital because by chewing them we start digestion in the mouth, where it should start.

The crisp, crunchy kernels of Grape-Nuts are not only delicious—their very crispness fills a real need in the diet.

For children especially, Grape-Nuts fills a real need. It teaches them to chew properly, helps to develop healthy teeth and gums, and aids digestion.

The Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. Makers of Post Health Products: Grape-Nuts, Postum Cereal, Instant Postum, Post's Bran Flakes and Post Toasties (Double-Thick Corn-Flakes).

Half of all we eat

—whether grown-ups or children—should be made up of certain vital food elements called "carbohydrates," say the highest authorities today.

In many foods, however, the carbohydrate granules are encased in many layers, or sheaves, of indigestible material.

From carbohydrates in that form, we cannot get the vital nourishment we need.

In Grape-Nuts, by a special slow-baking process of 22 hours, this outer indigestible coating is broken down.

This is why Grape-Nuts gives you the vital carbohydrates in a form which is taken up and used by the body immediately.

Grape-Nuts retains the value of the whole wheat—vitamins, mineral salts, and proteins. Served with milk or cream, it makes a balanced ration.

Grape-Nuts
IN THIS FOOD IS NOURISHMENT YOU NEED
Post Health Products
POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Inc.

©P. C. Co., Inc., 1925

FREE *Send coupon for sample packages—enough for four full servings.*

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Inc., Dept. B-11
Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me free trial packages and booklet.

Post Health Products

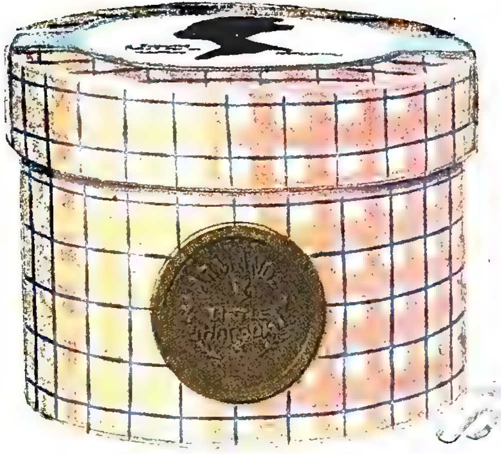
Name..
Address..
City..State..............................
If you live in Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front Street, East, Toronto, Ont.

Baked 22 hours • your body quickly turns it into nourishment

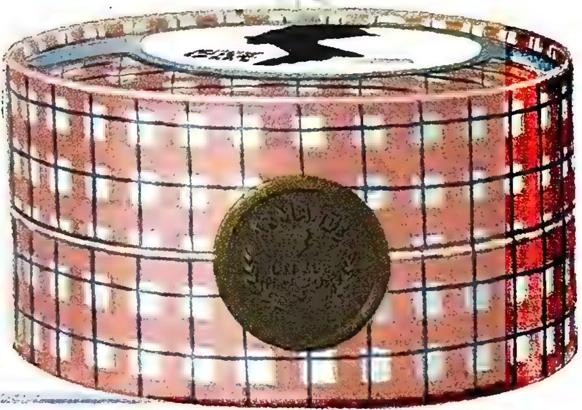
ARMAND Cold Cream Powder will give you more real satisfaction than any face powder you have ever used. The magic bit of cold cream it contains banishes forever any fear of "nose shine." You leave your dressing table in the morning knowing that your complexion will look its loveliest all through the hours of business or sports. The secret of securing the best results from Armand Cold Cream Powder is to rub it well into the skin with a firm puff until it blends with your own flesh tones. It is this rubbing-in process together with the touch of cold cream that brings out the hidden beauty and keeps the powder always in place. Before making another application of Armand Cold Cream Powder, during the day, remove the old powder with a soft cloth. With it will come the dust and grime of the busy hours and you will find your skin soft and smooth and ready for another protecting film of Armand Cold Cream Powder. (The particular morning or evening toilet in your dressing room will require thorough cleansing of the skin. Use Armand Cold Cream.) Thus you can look your best always and have the happy satisfaction of experiencing that "just right" feeling.

To please women who have not yet tried Armand Cold Cream Powder and who are accustomed to a light powder, Armand offers Peridore. In Armand Peridore Powder there is a glorious lightness that makes it a revelation to users of light powders. Its extreme fineness gives a covering quality unusual in a light-weight powder.

So that you may experiment yourself and experience the difference that Armand Cold Cream Powder makes in your skin—and so that the women who prefer light-weight powders may try Armand Peridore, twin guest-room boxes of these two lovely powders, together with a copy of the Armand "Creed of Beauty," will be sent you upon receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps. Just fill out and mail the coupon below. Address Armand—Des Moines.



Armand Cold Cream Powder—*originated by Armand. Dense, fine, remarkably soft and adherent. Its faint fragrance will blend with your favorite perfume. Select the tint that will enhance your own skin loveliness. Always $1.00 a box.*



Armand Peridore Powder—*Women who are accustomed to light powders will find Armand Peridore Powder in every way more effective and more satisfactory than any light-weight powder they have ever used. Always $1.00 a box.*

ARMAND

In The · PINK · & · WHITE · BOXES

These are the Armand Beauty Aids

Cold Cream Powder
Peridore Powder
Bouquet Powder
Rose Powder
Compacts—Single and Twin
Compacte Refills
Cold Cream Rouge and Refills
Cold Cream—Jars and Tubes
Vanishing Cream—Jars and Tubes
Cold Cream Lipstick
Cold Cream Talcum

Armand—Des Moines; Armand, Ltd., St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada; Florian et Armand, Paris; Florian and Armand, Ltd., London.

GUARANTEE

No matter where purchased, if any Armand product does not entirely please you, you may take it back and your money will be returned.

ARMAND—Des Moines D

I enclose ten cents ☐ stamps ☐ coin. Please send me the guest-room boxes of Armand Cold Cream Powder and Armand Peridore in the tint checked below.

White Pink Creme Brunette Tint Natural
Armand Flame (double brunette)

Name...
Street...
City.................................State.........................

A Young King on an Old Throne

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

"Don't tell papa on us, Nannie, please. We'll be good," they pleaded, half laughing, half in earnest.

"But I must," she replied, smiling at the King over their heads, so that he knew her real humor. "I think, Your Majesty, they are getting too big for me. They really should have a tutor——"

Another protest, with much hugging of their "Nannie," as they cried, "We can't do without you. No, no! We'll be so good."

And so the King called Miss Doherty aside.

"What can I do?" he said. "They are rogues, I know. After all, they're boys, and I don't want them to grow up like butter. However, I'll speak to them."

THE happiest season of the year, and one always looked forward to by the whole family, is the Summer spent at the sea—at San Sebastian. The duties of sovereignship are not then so exacting, and the King and Queen pass day after day picnicking on the beach or in the mountains with their six fine children. They go out early in the morning, swim and wade in the sea or river, fish, climb the mountains, and have their luncheon and often their tea in regular old-fashioned picnic manner.

These royal parents hate to see their children grow up, for they, no doubt, look ahead to a time of heartache when they will all marry and leave the home. Not long ago the Queen was in the nursery, looking over things, and Miss Doherty said, "I suppose, Your Majesty, we will soon be closing the nursery."

The Queen looked at her wistfully, replying, "Oh, no, Nannie, we shall not even think about it for two years, and then we shall only begin to think of it."

One afternoon in Madrid, when I was walking in El Retiro, the public gardens, close to the bridle-path, I heard the clatter of many horses' hoofs. I turned to see the Queen and her six fine children, with the grooms at a distance, cantering by me. The Queen is indeed beautiful. She is statuesque, with a mass of wavy golden hair. Her eyes are deep blue, darkly fringed. And she has that incomparable soft, peach-bloom English skin. They are a handsome couple, the King and Queen of Spain, and with their children they constitute a royal family of which any people must be proud.

Many stories are told in Spain, and in England, also, of the fine courage of King Alfonso. They consider him one of the bravest figures in Europe, and he is as brave spiritually as he is physically. As a child he was inclined to be delicate, and the older courtiers surrounding him and the Queen Mother would have kept him rather much away from the rugged sports of more robust children. But he had a different mind, and when he was old enough, he followed it. No horse was ever too wild for him to ride, no sport too exacting. When he came to maturity he was the same.

Perhaps the world has forgotten the attempt to bomb him and his bride on their wedding-day. But those who saw it will not. An eye-witness told me that he had never seen such poise and presence of mind as the King's on that day. The horses of the royal coach drawing the bridal couple were blown to bits. Many of the people near it suffered the same terrible fate. The King stepped out of the carriage, pale, it is true, because of his concern for his subjects who had been so cruelly killed and mangled. But he forgot about himself entirely, and thought only of his bride and of their people.

It was evident on that day what the people think of their monarch, for when the assassin, who was not from Madrid but a Catalan from Barcelona, jumped down from the balcony from where he had thrown the bomb, the populace rended him limb from limb and scattered his bones and flesh in pieces on the pavement. Again, in Paris, not so many years ago, when he rode through the streets with Poincaré, and an Italian tried to bomb him, he exhibited the same presence of mind and apparent absence of fear.

There have been other attempts, they say, from time to time, but in spite of these he stanchly refuses to be always hedged about by armed guards. He drives his own car fearlessly through the streets of Madrid. He plays polo and golf unattended, and when he goes abroad, while he has his aids, they are not always with him. I saw him several times in Madrid, and he seems much freer than our President dare be.

I do not think a King could have a kindlier or more democratic spirit than Alfonso. The Prince Consort of Holland chanced to be in Madrid when I was there, and was stopping at the Ritz Hotel. One night I was sitting with some American friends in the lobby. The Prince Consort was having his after-dinner coffee in the lounge, where the King joined him. Some of the members of our party had met the Prince Consort in Brussels. When he saw them he turned round and bowed, waving brightly at them. The King, out of sheer friendliness, recognizing them as Americans, waved and smiled too. He is like that with every one. The poorest person in the streets of Madrid is as likely to receive a greeting hand from their gallant ruler as the greatest hidalgo in the land. His children are being tutored in the same catechism of friendliness.

In London I met a hostess who entertains the King and Queen when they are in England. She told me that once, just after a demonstration in Barcelona, she asked him if he were never afraid. She said his answer was immediate and spontaneous. "Alfonso *is* sometimes. But the King of Spain is never afraid."

I HAVE mentioned the dominant Spaniard in King Alfonso. He smacks something of the Frank as well. He has a volatility and a flair for action which are not marks of the Spaniard. With the latter it is "mañana," a languid bidding to put off to-day what can be done as easily to-morrow. A virtue in the slow march of an older civilization, when art was long and time alone was fleeting, it is a flagrant fault in the rapid dance of to-day.

And it is King Alfonso's ability to act quickly which is in some part responsible for the Directorate. When he saw that if his country were to recover its vitality it must quicken its step, his vision became his impulse, and with Gallic spontaneity, through the Directorate, a change in the current has been effected.

It took Spanish courage to do this. It meant abrogating old traditions, and offending, perhaps, those in his Cabinet who were obstinate toward innovation. It meant braving the criticism of a part of his people who were also adverse to change. But the discontent which has shaken governments in the last ten years was making itself felt among a rising few in Spain.

On even ground between the two ingredients of political disturbances—stolid conservatism and rank radicalism—stood the King and General Primo Rivera. They saw that the hour of Spain's deliverance from the shackles of outgrown ideas and the tyranny of immature ones was at hand, and so, with characteristic bravery, this enterprising sovereign declared a military Directorate. What its political aspects are I am not qualified to say. But this is patent: Spain—the vital part of it—is awake, and it is not going to sleep again, unless all signs fail. The old and the new are beginning to walk hand in hand, and progress is making itself felt.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

One Task Less!

One task less and all tasks lighter—with the PREMIER DUPLEX. Its ball-bearing motor and brush, packed in lubricant, do away with the nuisance of oiling.

And its vigorous double action makes light work of the biggest cleaning job. With powerful suction to draw out all the deepest crunched-in dirt, and a motor-driven brush to pick up all the clinging threads, the PREMIER DUPLEX really cleans. It means less work—lighter work—and more thorough work!

Premier Duplex
ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER

A TOY PREMIER DUPLEX FOR THE YOUNGSTERS!
Pin a one dollar bill to the coupon to get a toy Premier Duplex, 21 inches high. Send *just* the coupon for a *free* color-booklet on the Premier Duplex.
Name__________________
Street address__________________City__________
R. F. D.________State____________Telephone No.______
ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO.
Cleveland, Ohio Dept. 204
Distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company, Ltd., Toronto and Winnipeg, and the Canadian General Electric Company, Ltd., General Offices, Toronto.

BRUNETTE

Woven spell of dark mysteries—lyricsheen of moonlight—magic shimmer of starlight—silken lustre telling of subtle allure.

BROWN

Depths that invite and question—blend of fire and shadow—warm tones of old paintings—will-o'-the wisps in gossamer.

BLONDE

Gold of dreams and memories—grain-gold—wine-gold—sun-gold—treasure-gold—gold of conquest—gold of passion.

Work a Miracle of Radiance in Your Hair

Use the lustre-secret of the fashionable hairdressers—

A touch of henna in the shampoo

You may use in your own home the secret of the most fashionable hairdressers, by which they give freshness, life, and lustre to the hair of society women—whether they are blonde, brown-haired, or brunette.

This secret is simply *a touch of henna in the shampoo.* Merely a *touch* of henna is used for a subtle value. And the effect is *magical. The color of the hair does not change.* The blonde remains a blonde, the brunette a brunette. But the hair is transformed. The *touch of henna in the shampoo* makes it radiant with its own natural color, quality, and lustre.

All women do not know what a wealth of undiscovered beauty their hair holds for them, if they would bring it out with a *touch of henna in the shampoo.*

Hennafoam Shampoo contains just *the right touch of henna,* especially prepared and blended with pure, cleansing, vegetable oils. The clear, delicately perfumed liquid of Hennafoam Shampoo foams up in clouds of soft lather. As the lather cleanses and refreshes the hair, the *touch of henna* works lustre-magic. *Reveal the full beauty of your hair. Begin using Hennafoam Shampoo today.*

This Shampoo brings out the natural lustre in every type of hair—blonde, brown, or brunette.

Hennafoam
TRADE MARK REG
SHAMPOO

If you cannot get Hennafoam Shampoo from your dealer, send 50c to Hennafoam Corp., 511 W. 42d St., N.Y.

—contains the "touch of henna" that makes all hair lustrous

Virginia Valli, shining-eyed star of Universal Pictures

The Pleading Eyes of Virginia Valli

WHO could resist eyes so limpidly lovely, so softly veiled by curling lashes? Do they not make you realize how your own eyes could be improved by an accenting of the lashes?

Darken your lashes with Winx, a waterproof liquid which makes the lashes appear longer and thicker. Dries as soon as applied. Harmless and undetectable. Winx (black or brown), 75c. At drug or department stores or by mail.

For outlining your eyebrows try *Winxette* (Winx in cake form). Applied with a brush, complete, 50c.

Mail the coupon with a dime today for a generous sample of Winx. And another dime brings you a sample of Pert, the rouge that lasts 24 hours.

ROSS COMPANY
250 West 17th Street New York

WINX
Waterproof

ROSS COMPANY, 250 W. 17th Street, New York.
1 dime brings a sample of WINX.
Another dime brings a sample of PERT ROUGE.

Name..

St. and No..................................

City and State..............................
(PLEASE PRINT)

Have Shapely Feet Unmarred by BUNIONS

FASHION and comfort demand that feet fit snugly into the dainty pumps of today. There must be no hump to mar shapely feet—no racking torture to upset comfort. Bunions are unnecessary and dangerous. You can remove them quickly, harmlessly, pleasantly with the new, marvelous solvent, **Pedodyne.** Pedodyne stops pain almost instantly, banishes the disfiguring hump, and relieves the swollen burning sensation.

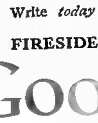
SENT ON TRIAL

Write today and I will gladly arrange to send you a box of Pedodyne Solvent for you to try. Simply write and say "I want to try Pedodyne." There is no obligation. **—Dept. F-361**

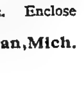
Kay Laboratories 186 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

Women at Home Make Big Money This New Way

Fireside Industries offers a wonderful opportunity to make big money—in spare hours or full time—*at home.* Delightful artistic work. Absolutely no previous experience or ability necessary. We show you exactly how to do everything, and furnish outfit of materials without extra cost. Your success is assured.



Free Book Shows How



Write *today* for free book giving full particulars. Enclose 2c stamp. Don't miss this chance!

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES, Dept. A-194, Adrian, Mich.

A Young King on an Old Throne

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

The test of a nation's ultimate fiber lies in its school system. Until recently education of the masses did not vex the lawmakers of Spain. Only ten per cent. of the people—those whose parents could afford to pay—were educated. Now some free schools have been established in the cities. Others are to follow in the country when a necessary first step is taken—that of road-building. Roads are the accessory of schools. In Spain there is a dearth of them.

ONE of the most impressive aspects of Spain is the strange self-assurance of its highways. They run straight ahead, from north to south or east to west, as the case may be, on their way to the sea or to what were enemy countries. Their freedom from crossroads is amazing, and one knows at once that they were built with a view more to military activity than to agricultural and industrial pursuits.

Between Madrid and Toledo, a distance of some thirty-seven miles, there are but three or four crossroads. Dotting picturesquely the vast stretches of rolling green farmlands are the moth-colored adobe walls and rose-tiled roofs of pastoral villages set miles away on the hills.

All day long tiny donkey caravans make their way across the fields. In the early morning they may be seen trotting toward the larger roadside towns, their crimson pack-saddles laden with great sacks of potatoes, onions, wool—with often a small boy, a girl, or, like as not, a chicken-coop mounted atop of them; and at dusk they return, mounted as heavily with hams, pots and pans, bundles of cloth, coal-oil tins, baskets of dishes, innumerable pairs of shoes tied together, in fact, almost anything that might be needed in a household, walking wearily as their picaresque black-capped, gaily-scarfed masters prod them on with busy cudgels.

Colorful and romantic they are, to be sure, but not of the swift fiat of to-day. Pitifully enough, they must go, perhaps, or stay only as incidental patches of beauty from an age long gone in futility. For money is at hand for new roads. Millions of pesetas have been appropriated for more extensive railways and equipment.

Spain is stirring to the demands of a more exacting if less magical civilization.

I was interested to know, in this readjustment of economic and social values what change, if any, there would be in woman's status. It was not possible, in my short time with him, to question the King. So I asked la Condesa del Puerto, the prefect of the Queen's household, who invited me to tea in the charming old palace which has been the home of the del Puertos for generation upon generation.

The Condesa is herself, I think, typical of the finest womanhood of Spain. Sitting in her drawing-room, on a divan covered with rare and ancient cardinal damask, and surrounded, in the soft twilight, by the art of century upon century, her finely wrought, cameo-like face and deep blue eyes lit up with a restrained eagerness as she spoke of the future of her women.

"The King," she explained, "is anxious for our women to take a more vivid interest in things. But you see with us things are different. We are contented with life as it is. Our men cherish and protect us. When we are young we have a place of deference in the household. When we are married we live peacefully in the homes of our husband's parents, where we have our own apartments and have our own distinct places in the household. It is difficult to interest us in affairs outside our domain. Already the Directorate has granted women limited suffrage. The grant will be extended as time advances."

A long step forward has been taken in the recent passage of a law by which poor mothers are to be maintained by the Government for six weeks after childbirth. Here I may say, "America, take notice."

And this is only one of the many reforms contemplated. Agricultural and industrial life are taking on a pronounced activity. Old methods are disappearing, new ones coming into gradual use. To all of these things the King is giving eager and generous support.

A phase of Spanish life that interested and puzzled me was the bull-fight. I could not see how a people so graceful, so kind and gentle, could take pleasure in such a brutal sport. Because I *was* puzzled I went to a bull-fight. I stayed but a few minutes. The crowd and the pageant were a lovely picture. The bull-ring, built like an amphitheater with tier upon tier of benches, had not a vacant seat.

Gay señoritas with their mantillas and brightly flowered shawls, brilliant green and red and orange always to be seen in scarf or hat; the uniforms of the Spanish soldiery—the blue and red and gold of the artillery, the black and red and gold of the infantry, and the green and yellow of the hussars—were indeed a glittering tapestry that is Spain itself.

With a burst of trumpetry the doors at one end of the ring opened, and the picadors, in black costumes gorgeously embroidered in gold and spangles, led the procession, followed by the toreadors in resplendent costumes of blue and gold and green. Next came the banderillos, equally gorgeous, and behind them the matadore, the real hero of the bull-fight, in magenta and sparkling paste. Last were the four horses yoked together and decorated in red and yellow tassels, with chains dragging behind them to drag the slain bull about the ring for the delectation of a clamoring populace.

The bull-fight I did not see, as after the first minute my back was turned. But what amazed me was the gentle, romantic Spaniard, languid-eyed and soft-tongued, suddenly transformed, an oddly exultant gleam in his eye as horses were gored and the bull submitted to wicked torture. Little children were there, some not more than two or three years old, shouting with delight.

I wondered how King Alfonso, so true a sportsman, could lend his approval to bull-fighting, until I was told by some one, who is in a position to know, that he hates bull-fights, and that he and the Queen go only when they are given for charity, and for political reasons must lend their presence. At such times the Queen wears very thick smoked glasses so that she can not see the ring, and the King is seen looking into space, his eyes turned from the ring. The Spanish populace still demands the bull-fight. It is a vestige of Roman influence. So the King must put aside his personal feelings. The royal children have never attended a bull-fight, and probably never will.

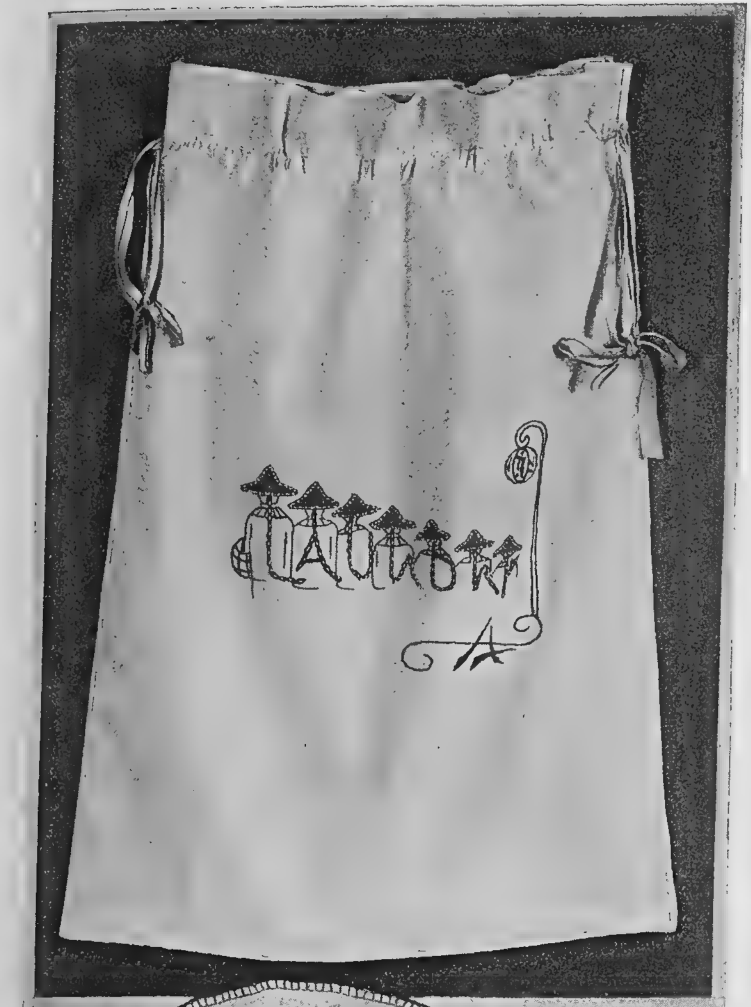
SOME, in error, have prophesied Spain as a vanishing kingdom. But those who have been there recently sense a future for her as fair and glorious as her past. And their augury of good fortune is laid at the feet of a King old enough in the inherent traditions of wisdom and power and young enough in years and vision to bring it to bear.

Those whose hearts are tuned to the call of beauty must feel overmuch pain lest the incessant whirl of to-day and to-morrow may mute the music of the long, lovely yesterday of Spain. They need not fear. Hers is the spirit of immortality.

In the stables of the King, it is true, there champs in its stall his favorite mount, Little Nellie Kelly.

But in the halls of the King one hears, if one has the ear, the chant of an unconquerable and undying art.

New Embroideries for Scarfs, Frocks, and a Laundry Bag


No. 13003 on Laundry Bag

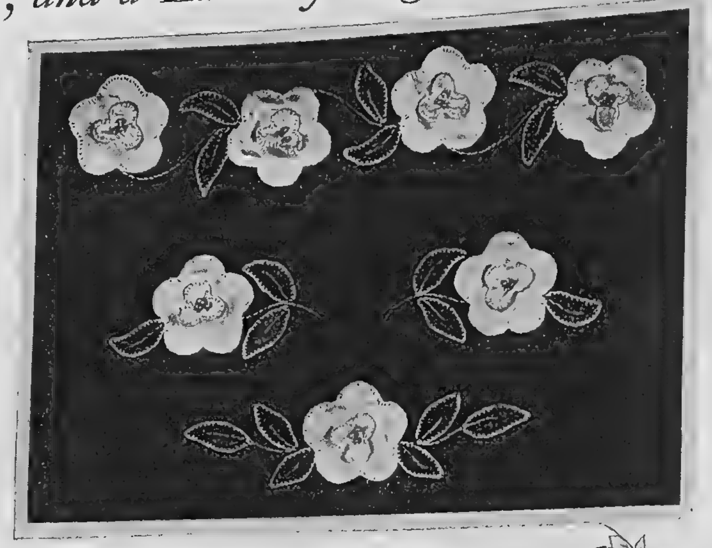
THE Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13003, blue only, has two motifs designed especially for a laundry bag. Use unbleached muslin and bind edges with bias binding in contrasting color. The hats are made of patches, buttonhole-stitched on and the cues are worked in chain-stitch.

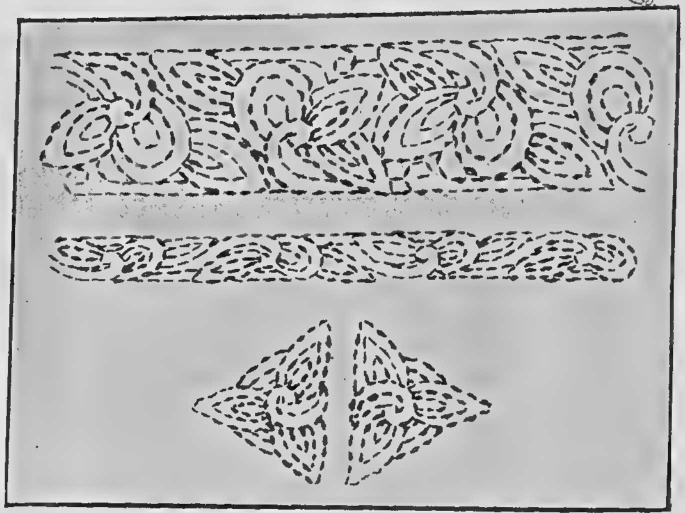
The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12898, blue or yellow, furnishes 1 centerpiece 27½ inches in diameter with cutting guides.

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12899, blue or yellow, furnishes a design for both ends of a scarf, 18 by 36, 18 by 45, or 18 by 54 inches long, suitable for appliqué or embroidery stitches.

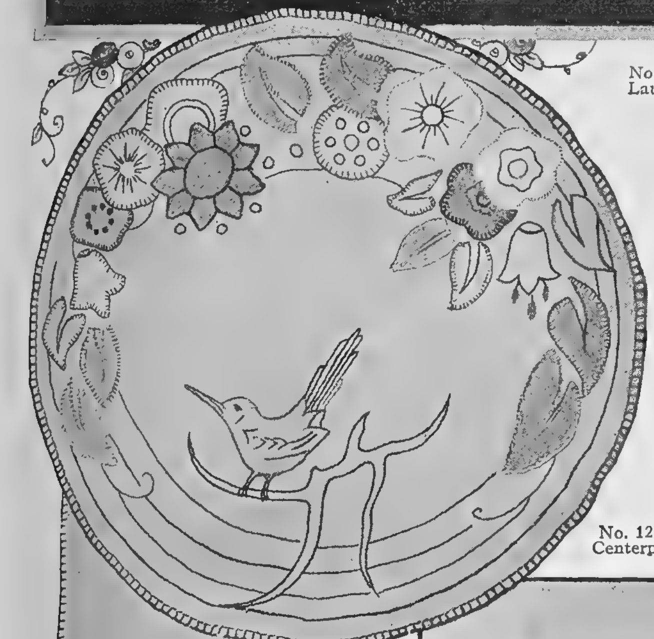
The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13005, blue or yellow, supplies 2¾ yards of border 3¾ inches wide, and duplicates and reverses of 2 motifs, 3 and 3¼ inches high. The design is to be developed in appliqué.

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13004, blue or yellow, furnishes 2 yards each of 2 borders 1½ and 5 inches wide and 2 motifs 10 inches high for slit pockets. It is to be developed in running stitches worked in rope silk.


No. 13005—Border and Motifs for Appliqué

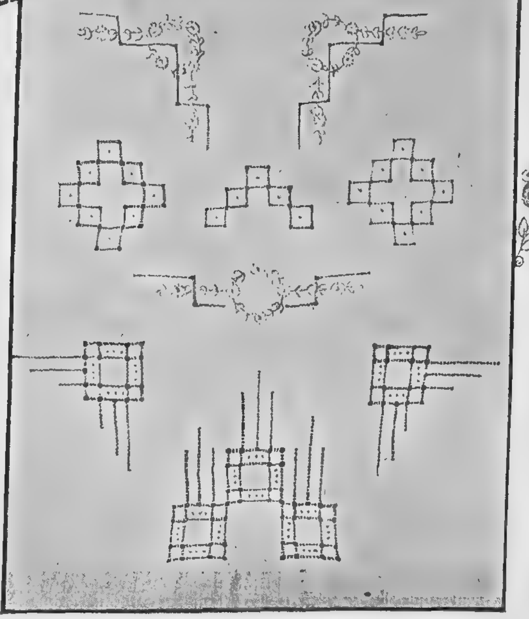

No. 13004—Borders and Pocket Trimming

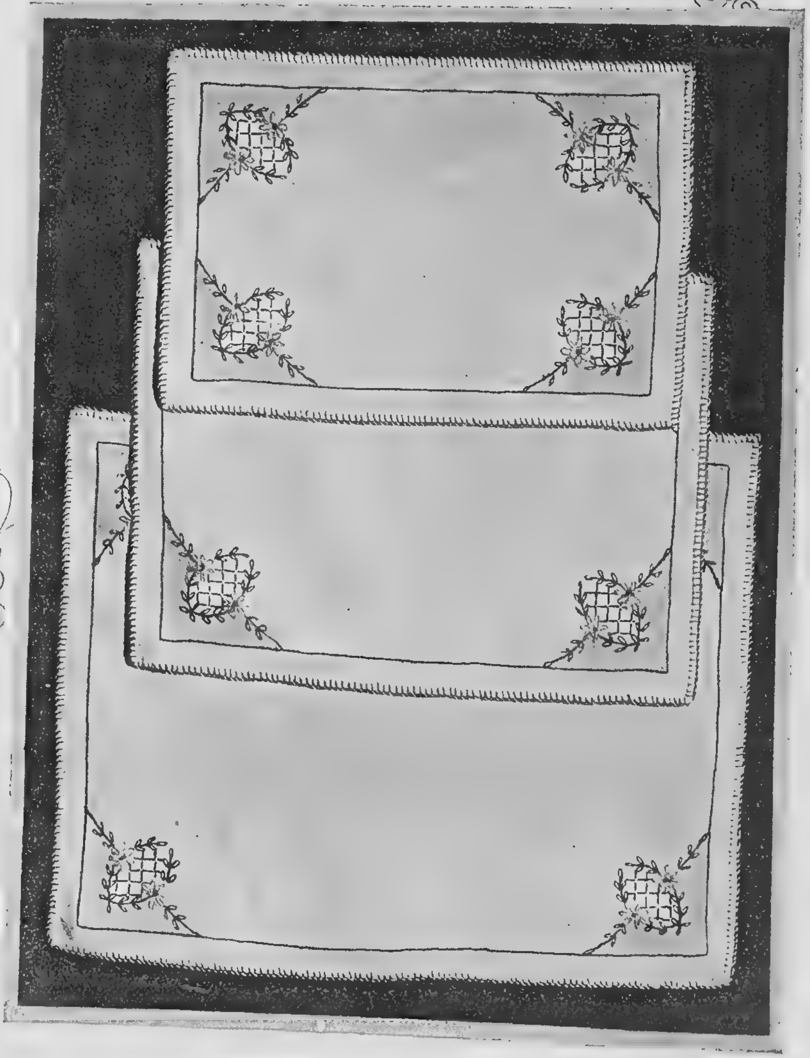
The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13007, blue only, consists of 3 scarfs of different sizes, 12 by 17, 14 by 19, and 18 by 23 inches, to be used for buffet sets, vanity tables, tray cloths, dressing tables, etc. The design is developed in appliqué with flowers, leaves and stems worked in lazy-daisy stitch, French knots may be used for the flower centers and button-hole for edging.


No. 12898 Centerpiece

No. 12899—Appliquéd Scarf

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13006, blue or yellow, provides 4 each of 6 motifs from 2 to 6¾ inches high, to be developed in hemstitching. The designs can be used with the hemstitching and worked in French knots, eyelets, and lazy-daisy stitches. Effective to trim lingerie, blouses, silk and cotton frocks, baby clothes and household linens.


No. 13006—Hemstitching Motifs


No. 13007—Suitable for Tray Cloths or Buffet Sets

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

FREE 10-day test. Send the coupon

Cloudy Teeth—dull teeth

How to make them whiter—quickly!

The new way world's dental authorities advise. What to do

THOSE whiter teeth that you envy. Don't think they are beyond you. You can now lighten dull and dingy teeth—make them gleam and glisten.

Modern science has discovered a new way. A method different in formula, action and effect from any you have ever used. This offers you a test. Simply use the coupon; it brings free a 10-day tube.

Look for film on your teeth—that's the cause How to combat it

Look at your teeth. If dull, cloudy, run your tongue across them. You will feel a film. That's the cause of the trouble. You must fight it.

Film is that viscous coat which you feel. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It hides the natural luster of your teeth.

It also holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. In contact with teeth, this acid invites decay. Millions of germs breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

So dingy teeth mean more than loss of good appearance. They may indicate danger, grave danger to your teeth.

New methods now that mean greater tooth beauty plus better protection from tooth troubles

Ordinary tooth pastes were unable to cope adequately with that film. Not one could effectively combat it. Harsh grit tended to injure the enamel. Soap and chalk were inadequate.

Now modern dental science has found new combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. They are embodied in a new type tooth paste called Pepsodent—a scientific method that is changing the tooth cleansing habits of some 50 different nations.

To millions this new way has proved the folly of having dull and dingy teeth. The folly of inviting tooth troubles when their chief cause can be combated.

Don't you think it worth while to try it for 10 days; then to note results yourself?

Send coupon for free 10-day test

Remember, every time you eat, food clings to your teeth. Film is constantly forming. The film that ruins teeth; that mars their luster, makes them look dingy and dull.

This new method will polish your teeth; give them a beauty that will delight you. It will help you quickly toward teeth such as you envy in others.

Make the test today. Clip the coupon for a free 10-day tube. Or get a full size tube of your druggist. Why follow old methods when world's dental authorities urge a better way?

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

FREE Mail Coupon for 10-Day Tube to Pepsodent REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1681
PEPSODENT COMPANY, Dept. 637, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Send to:

Name..

Address...

Only one tube to a family

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Minnie insisted that Alicia Adams be given one of the minor rôles, and Mrs. Lee was to portray a purveyor of gossip.

Then came the subject of leading man. Beauregard hoped to engage Gilbert Carlton. He had been attracting considerable attention, being the type which appeals to an audience made up of impressionable young girls. Only two years before he had left his position of salesman in a Fifth Avenue store to enter the movies. He was a tall, slender-bodied young man with a V-shaped torso, wide at his shoulders and small at his waist. He had a round, small head, with heavy, waving black hair. His lips were full, red, and sensuous; his nose, well chiseled; his large, heavily lashed, wide-apart eyes were set under femininely arched brows. With no experience on the stage, he had stepped into the motion-picture business and had acquired, after a year's schooling, a rather dexterous facility in the portrayal of superficial emotions.

Deane despised the man's arrogant personality, his conceit, his drawling, insolent speech, and his attitude toward women. He amused intelligent women; they were interested in his gay self-confidence and entertained by his patter. Young girls mistook his insolence for the charm of indifference, and his curious precision of manner for the very essence of good breeding. Women thought him handsome.

MINNIE and Carlton met in Beauregard's office. Her heart quickened at his smile when he held her hand in his long, warm clasp. She noticed that his nails were pink with a thick coating of liquid nail-polish and that he wore a diamond ring upon his third finger. He said pleasantly, "Charmed, Miss Day," with an emphasis that implied some subtle compliment.

"This is the young lady we wish you to support, Carlton," said Beauregard.

Carlton's glance rested with good-humored tolerance upon Minnie, who was suddenly aware of a strange, mounting joy.

"Indeed! How perfectly charming, Miss Day! Corking of you to ask me." Then he turned to Beauregard, giving him a searching, self-reproachful look. "But why didn't you phone a day or so sooner? I'm booked for the next picture, you know. Had no idea that it was something to do right away."

Minnie could not hide her disappointment. When Beauregard motioned her out of the room, she lingered in the hall, at the door. She heard the two men talking, Carlton's words jetting forth, brutal, uncomplimentary: "Who do you think I am, anyway—asking me to play opposite a nobody? Whoever heard of this silly little fool? Look here, Beauregard, I can play leads with the best of them——"

"But there's money in it."

"I don't care how much money there's in it. No offense, Beauregard; of course she's not a bad-looking little Jane and may, as you say, have a very big future ahead of her—sure she's pretty—but the woods are full of them."

Minnie shut her teeth upon a scream. She fled, her face scarlet, tears in her eyes, her heart fiercely insurgent, and in her mind an intensive eagerness for success as a weapon to humble such a man as Gilbert Carlton.

She sought Deane and frankly told him all about it. "Don't be unhappy over Carlton," he said. "Never worry about a cad. Be glad his bad influence is kept away from you. A man like that only values a woman for what he gets out of her. They're ruthless. They're the takers of the world; they give nothing. Keep away from them, Minnie."

In the five weeks that passed Minnie could not forget Carlton. She went to the cafés that he frequented. She saw him several times, but he never recognized her. Minnie delivered judgment on him: some day she would be in a position to strike back. It was a stinging lash to her ambition that he had called her ignorant, a nobody, a silly little fool.

Deane saw the rapid progress Minnie was making under Mrs. Lowell's tutelage and regretted it. He despised her new affectations, especially when he caught their reflections in her work. Part of his job was retaining his first impressions of Minnie, holding her to the very gestures she was learning so rapidly to discard.

The first picture reached the public. It opened Sunday at one of the Broadway theaters. The Flynn family was there when the doors opened. They sat in loge-seats, spellbound, all the afternoon, nor did they leave for dinner, tho Michael Flynn protested faintly that he was hungry.

The only thing about the picture that Mrs. Flynn, Nettie, and Elsie did not like were the cheap, drab dresses Minnie wore in her character of a shop-girl. "Say, Minnie," whispered her mother, "you'd think you was as poverty-stricken as them Russians down our block. Don't you never put on one of your new outfits?"

Minnie shook her head. "No," she answered angrily. "Deane wouldn't let me. That's the old tam I got with the first money he gave me—and that sleazy old sweater. I begged him to let me wear my new blue velvet, but do you think he would?"

Nettie eagerly took up Minnie's criticism of Deane. "He's got something against you, Minnie. I never liked that bird the only time I met him."

"She won't have to put up with him long," whispered Pete, leaning over to smile upon Minnie. "You've got 'em all skinned, I'll tell the world. Look the way you make the people in this theayter laugh and cry. Honest, Minnie, I never knew it was in you. What do you think about her, Papa? Ain't she the berries?"

Michael Flynn was studying the screen as the image of his daughter flickered on and off. "I guess it's all right, Pete. Papa don't know. It looks a lot like Minnie up there on the wall, but I somehow can't get used to her bein' in two places at once. I think it's makin' my head ache a little."

Even in the darkness he felt rather than saw their sharp, critical eyes bent upon him, and fear clutched at his throat. His lips moved soundlessly.

Mrs. Flynn sighed. "Your papa was always that backward, Minnie. I've put up with a lot in my life."

"Papa's all right," said Minnie with fond concern. "When I dress him up and take him around with me a little bit, he'll brighten up. You learn most of what you know from other people, anyway. That's what Deane says. You just wait until I get papa out of that rotten old plumbing-shop."

A FRIGHTFUL chill passed over Michael Flynn as if Minnie had opened a door and let a brisk, cold wind sweep around him. She had become such a force. And all her caresses drew her away rather than to him. He already saw the ill effects of too much unearned money upon Jimmy and Pete. Neither of them attempted now to look for a steady job. Jimmy never got up before ten o'clock. Introduced to Alicia Adams, he spent his evenings either in her apartment or, when Minnie provided him with enough money, at a vaudeville show and a cabaret afterward. However, he kept himself ready for Minnie's calls when she wanted to be seen in public. They were generally the evenings following a shopping expedition.

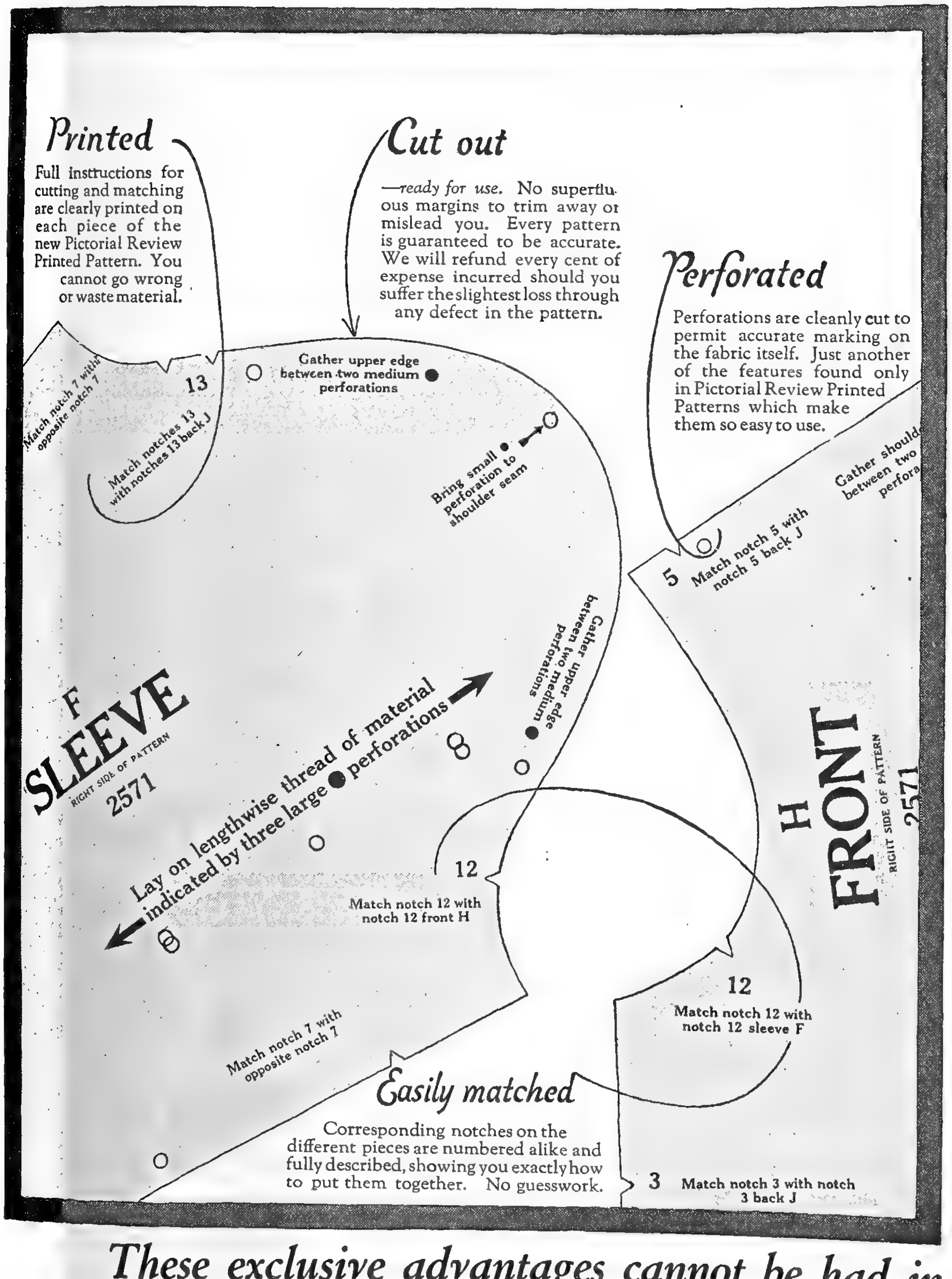
Billy never went with them, not after that unhappy evening at Martini's where Minnie had given her first party to celebrate Nettie's birthday. He had humil-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

'at last'

A SIMPLIFIED PRINTED PATTERN

-that almost talks to you-



Printed

Full instructions for cutting and matching are clearly printed on each piece of the new Pictorial Review Printed Pattern. You cannot go wrong or waste material.

Cut out

—ready for use. No superfluous margins to trim away or mislead you. Every pattern is guaranteed to be accurate. We will refund every cent of expense incurred should you suffer the slightest loss through any defect in the pattern.

Perforated

Perforations are cleanly cut to permit accurate marking on the fabric itself. Just another of the features found only in Pictorial Review Printed Patterns which make them so easy to use.

Easily matched

Corresponding notches on the different pieces are numbered alike and fully described, showing you exactly how to put them together. No guesswork.

Gather upper edge between two medium ● perforations
13
Match notch 7 with opposite notch 7
Match notches 13 with notches 13 back J
Bring small ● perforation to shoulder seam
Gather should between two perfora
5 Match notch 5 with notch 5 back J
Gather upper edge between two medium ● perforations
F
SLEEVE
RIGHT SIDE OF PATTERN
2571
Lay on lengthwise thread of material indicated by three large ● perforations
12
Match notch 12 with notch 12 front H
H
FRONT
RIGHT SIDE OF PATTERN
2571
12
Match notch 12 with notch 12 sleeve F
Match notch 7 with opposite notch 7
3 Match notch 3 with notch 3 back J

NOT only printed but also perforated and cut out and notched ready for use. No superfluous edges to trim or mislead you. No possible chance of wasting material. Every step clearly described on the pattern.

THE only pattern in the world that combines these remarkable advantages is the new Pictorial Review Printed Pattern.

HERE'S what these advantages mean:—You can now make your own clothes without a moment's fear of making a mistake—without a possible chance of cutting your cloth wrong.

EVERY notch, edge, corner and contour of the new Pictorial Review Printed Pattern has complete printed instructions—easy to read—easy to follow. It almost talks to you as you go along.

These exclusive advantages cannot be had in any other pattern

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERNS

- - they almost talk to you - -

And Mother said:
"You may get a package of Wrigley's too!"

After buying the eggs, meat and breakfast food - *"You may get a package of Wrigley's too."*

Wise mother: - she rewards the little errand runner with something delicious, long-lasting and beneficial.

Happy, healthy children, with Wrigley's - and best of all - the cost is small!

A leading dentist states that chewing gum not only cleans the teeth and aids digestion, but acts as a mild antiseptic in the mouth at the same time that it refreshes.

WRIGLEY'S

"after every meal"

THE FLAVOR
L-A-S-T-S
F25

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

iated all of them. In the first place he wouldn't let Minnie buy him a new suit of clothes or present him with a dinner-coat. And Minnie was so eager to acquire gentility that it was a mortal blow to have around her any one so unwilling to learn as Billy. He had sat all through that gay dinner, stonily indifferent to her flushed success.

Minnie had ordered the dinner: oyster stew, fried chicken, mashed potatoes, ice-cream and cake, and two bottles of claret. The claret made her voice rise higher and higher in shrill falsetto. She laughed with no excuse for laughter. Billy had whispered to her father that Minnie was playing the fool. Minnie overheard. They quarreled, and Billy left the table. Michael Flynn, sitting there, rigidly incased in his first stiff shirt and dinner-coat, thrust out his head, his wrinkled neck like a turtle's, and cried out in vain to Billy to return.

THAT evening Minnie and Nettie spent the night in a lower Broadway hotel. And this very hotel-room was responsible for another step in Minnie's upward climb. It was the most attractive bedroom Minnie had ever occupied. The wall-paper was blue and the coverlet on the brass bed was blue. The curtains were a blue-figured cretonne, faded tho still effective. A plain blue rug covered an inlaid polished floor.

Upon arising, Minnie opened the window and looked out over the roof-tops. "Classy beds, aren't they?" she remarked to Nettie when the latter turned over and rubbed her eyes. "I like blue in a bedroom; it sets off my hair. I was just thinking to myself that with all the money I make I ought to be living in a better place than Shultz's old rooming-house."

"I should say you ought to."

"What I should have is an up-town place, an apartment—somewhere I couldn't be ashamed to ask the crowd at the studio. I wouldn't have them know the kind of a hole I am living in for anything in the world. I've just stayed in that place because of Billy, and he thinks it's nice because he doesn't know any better."

"Honest, Min, how you can stand for that stick-in-the-mud is more than I can see."

"Billy's not so bad, Nettie; he's just stubborn. The only thing I've got against him is that he just simply won't try to learn anything. You don't know how hard I've tried to teach Billy little things like saying 'I' instead of 'me' and 'did' instead of 'done' and not to eat with his knife, but switch his fork over from one hand to another. I've found it all simple enough if only you put your mind to it."

Nettie grunted.

"I don't know why I ever took him away from that poor Madge Connors. She's still stuck on him."

"Let her have him, then, Minnie——"

"Don't forget, Nettie, I ain't—I'm not the only one that's got money. Madge Connors's father can't live forever with that kidney-trouble he's got. He's going to leave her a lot of money. I wouldn't be a bit surprized if she invested it in Hesselman's. Billy mentioned the other night that she was in to see him about it. He says it's as safe as in a bank. Wanted me to put my money into it. Can you imagine, Net, me doing a fool thing like that with my money?"

Nettie laughed scornfully.

Every one in Minnie's family except her father had urged her to leave Billy, but their attack resulted in fostering a protective feeling in her heart. She went back to Billy without protest after he had promised to move from their rooming-house.

Minnie found an apartment on Ninety-seventh Street, between Broadway and Amsterdam Avenue. She paid sixty-five dollars a month for it. It was a long, narrow, dark apartment with small, coffin-shaped rooms. The rear outlook was on dingy yards webbed with clotheslines, but a negro in spotted livery was on duty in the entrance-hall. To the Flynns he was the very symbol of luxury. Pete shook hands with him whenever they met at the swinging plate-glass doors.

When Minnie and Billy moved in Minnie invited Elsie and Pete to live with them. Minnie would have preferred Nettie, but the arrangements were made with Pete and Elsie because Elsie could cook and keep house, and Nettie had never learned to do either.

For the first two weeks Elsie studied Minnie's appetite and tried to serve it; but when Pete kicked about the diet she forgot her obligations to Minnie and sought to please her husband.

Billy seemed no part of the household. He came home, sat silently through dinner, read the evening paper, and went to bed, often long before Minnie.

"If Billy didn't look at me with eyes like a dog that's been hurt I could clear right out and leave him flat," Minnie confided to Elsie one night.

"That ain't a dog look," Elsie said. "It's just rank stupidity. Billy hasn't got sense enough to get out of his own way. He sits around here all evening, hardly answering you when you talk to him. When I showed him your photo in the morning paper and the article about you, do you think that Billy MacNally would read it? I should say not. Pete says Billy don't give a hang about you; that it's a lucky thing your own family loves you the way it does. Why, look at the way Billy acted to-night when Pete asked him to go down to shoot pool. Told Pete he couldn't afford to gamble with somebody else's money, just as if he thought me and Pete didn't work like dogs for every cent we get."

Minnie turned away and went into her own room. She saw her mistake in having them there, but it was too late. Elsie served Minnie's purpose fairly well, and Pete was going to be of great use to her. She was already looking at second-hand automobiles, and Pete was going to drive for her. She would buy him a cap, a uniform, and no one at the studio would know that he was her brother. The few who had been to her apartment had never seen Elsie and Pete.

On the day when Minnie signed a year's contract with Beauregard for two hundred and fifty dollars a week they bought a huge bright-red second-hand car. Minnie never forgot the thrill of driving to the studio in it, of arriving before them all, of Pete's opening the door for her, and of his touching his fingers to his cap and saying, "Will I wait, Miss?"

MINNIE'S second and third pictures were tremendous successes. The newspapers gave columns of praise to the new star. Her name appeared in electric lights on Broadway. She was asked to address a women's club. Several Broadway druggists made window-displays of her photographs. A new cold-cream and perfume were named after her. Picture fans began their hectic correspondence. Minnie was already receiving several hundred letters a month. Interviews with Miss June Day appeared in all magazines devoted to the picture industry, with intimate pictures of her life at the studio, her love for books, her devotion to her brother and mother, her passion for flowers; even stories of her beautiful, pampered childhood.

To illustrate these stories Minnie was photographed in her own pale-green dressing-room, which Beauregard had decorated for her. She was photographed lying in studied relaxation upon a satin-pillowed chaise-longue, reading with deep absorption Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman." She was shown with her arm lovingly around her mother's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

"Can I Reduce?"

Ask Miss Crawford!

Imagine taking off eighty-five pounds in four months! But this big reduction is not imaginary—Marjorie Crawford, 6710 Merrill Ave., Chicago, *did* it.

She used Wallace reducing records to play off this huge excess of weight, and this is what she has to say of Wallace's method.

"The day my weight reached 235 lbs. I sent for the free trial record and put in one earnest week of daily use. It was novel and I enjoyed it, and lost eight pounds that first week. I used the movements faithfully, and nothing else. I didn't take any medicine, I didn't starve myself, either, and there was not one week that I failed to lose at least five pounds until I was down very close to what a woman of my height should weigh. My present weight is 150. You can be sure I'm going to keep it there."

Anybody Can Reduce by This Remarkable Method

Thousands of women—men, too—have restored normal proportions in this way. Reducing 85 lbs. is unusual, but any number of women have played off thirty and forty pounds with these records. Many more have used them for lesser reductions. Such cases ordinarily take less than a month. If you weigh too much for comfort, health, or appearance's sake, you owe yourself this relief.

Free Proof to Anyone

Send name and address now and your first week's reducing lesson, record and all, will come by return mail, prepaid. Do not enclose any payment, don't promise to pay anything; this free trial means free.

You'll enjoy the use of this demonstration record. You'll commence to reduce the very first week. Let actual results decide whether you want to continue! The coupon brings everything:

WALLACE (538)
630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week's free trial the Original Wallace Reducing Record.

Name...

Address...

WEDDINGS

Engraved INVITATIONS and ANNOUNCEMENTS—VISITING CARDS

Correct in form. Perfect in execution. Direct from the nation's capital. Moderate prices. Send for samples. **Established 1906.**

HAUSLER & CO., Dept. E.
Washington, D. C.

6 Engraved Birthday Cards 50c.

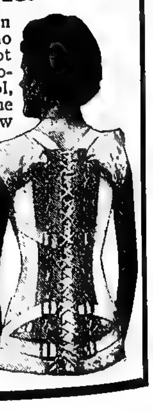
Deformities of the Back

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance three weeks. We have successfully treated more than 50,000 cases in over 20 years.

30 Days' Trial Free

We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.



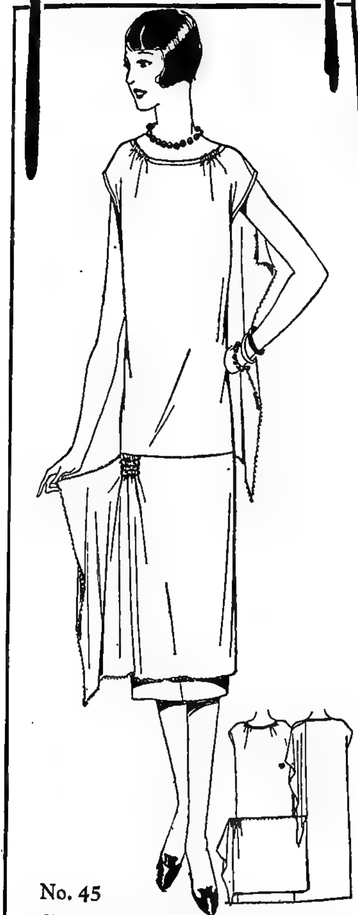
Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.

Send For Our Free Book.

If you will describe the case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

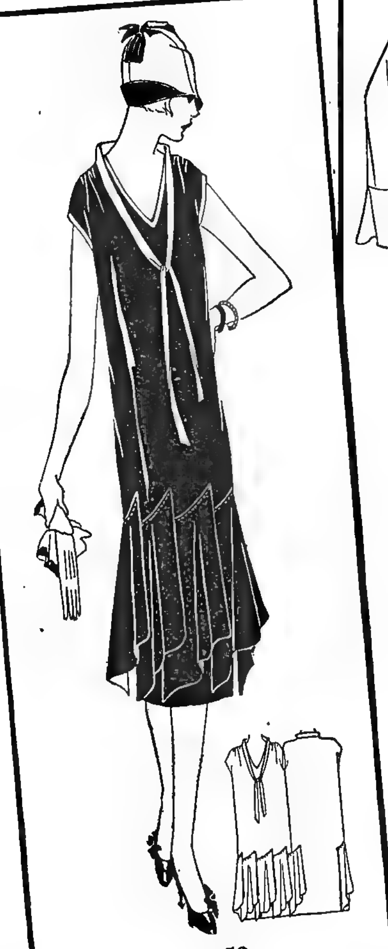
PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
77-4 Odd Fellows Temple
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

Modèle Parisien



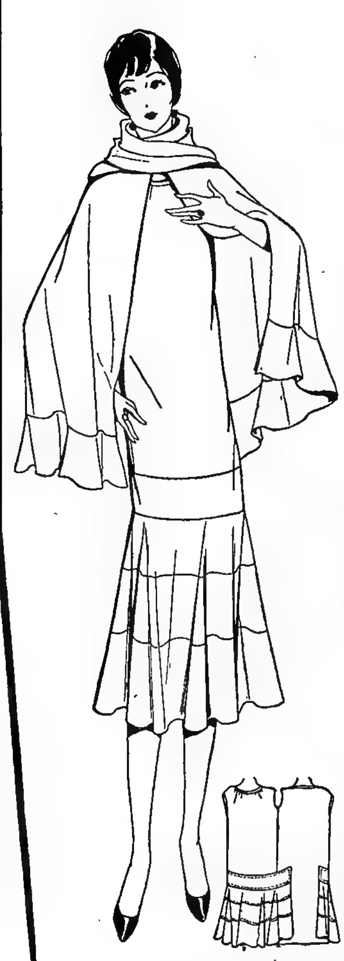
No. 45

Sizes 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Only a Parisien designer could achieve the chic simplicity that characterizes this dance frock.



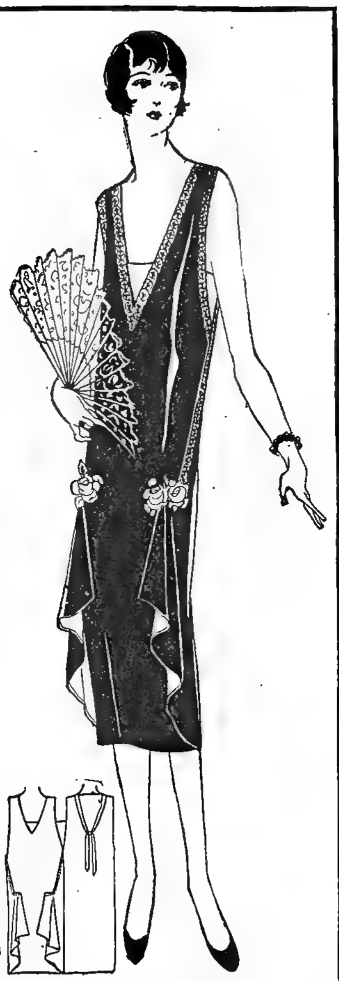
No. 50

Sizes 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Like flower petals are the flared panels of this graceful frock of cherry colored silk crêpe.



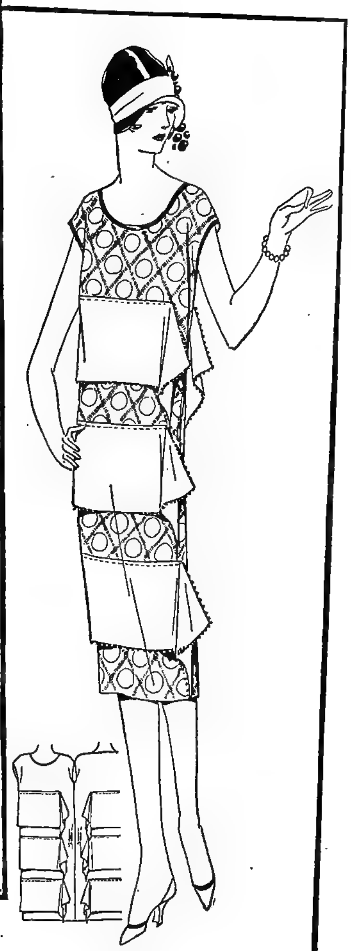
No. 46

Sizes 34 to 42 bust, 16 to 20 years. Champagne colored crêpe de Chine, shading to deeper tones in the flared skirt, fashions this exquisite ensemble cape frock.



No. 47

Sizes 34 to 42 bust, 16 to 20 years. Panels, forming cascade draperies at the sides, distinguish this black satin frock from other models. Metallic braid is smart trimming.



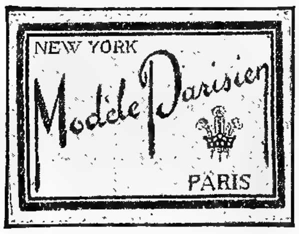
No. 48

Sizes 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. The unequaled cleverness of French couture is responsible for the straight bands of contrasting plain material on this model.

Un Service Exclusif

THE advance models illustrated on this page comprise a *chic* collection specially selected by our personal representative resident in Paris through an exclusive arrangement with the greatest *couturiers* of the *Champs Elysées, Rue de la Paix,* and *Place Vendôme.* To meet the requirements of those who demand the most advanced creations of the Paris world of fashion Modèle Parisien Patterns will be shown on this page every month. The first collection of models appeared in the December issue.

Marque de Distinction



To give that *distingué* touch of finality—that supreme *cachet* of authority—this specially designed label in silk is included free of charge with every Modèle Parisien Pattern. You can then sew it into whatever garment you have made and be proud to display it to your friends.

Advance patterns of these special models are on sale at all leading merchants under the name of

Modèle Parisien Patterns—Price $1.00 Each

If your favorite store does not yet carry them, place your order with that store or send direct to

MODÈLE PARISIEN PATTERNS
220 WEST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK

Special Subscription Offer to Exclusive Dressmakers

In response to many requests from exclusive dressmakers, we offer a special yearly subscription consisting of individual fashion cards for each Modèle Parisien design together with handsome art leatherette binder for only $6.00. Fill in coupon for sample fashion card and details, or send $6.00 and receive this exclusive service immediately.

Modèle Parisien Patterns,
220 W. 39th St., New York.

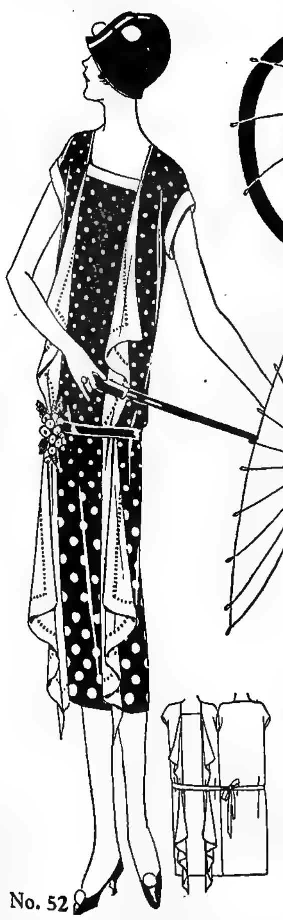
Enclosed find $6.00 for one year's subscription for Modèle Parisien designs, or please send without charge, sample card and details.

Name.......................................

Street.......................................

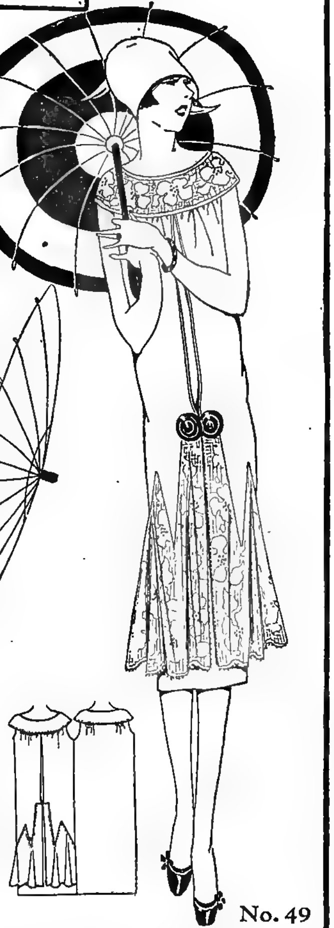
City.......................................

State.......................................



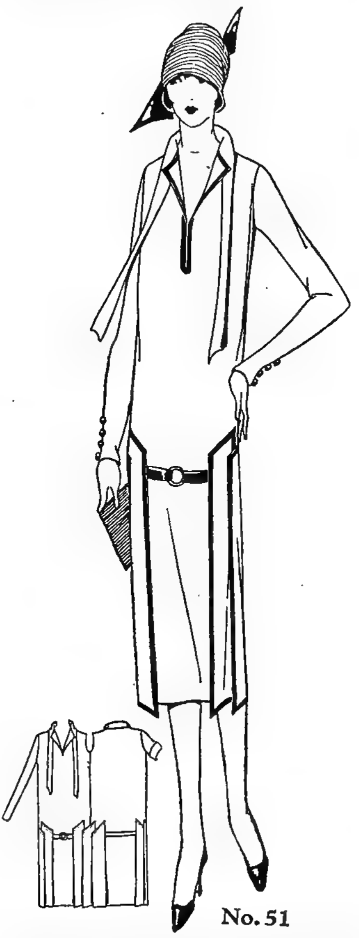
No. 52

Sizes 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Two hemstitched jabots give an air of Parisien chic to this frock.



No. 49

Sizes 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. This youthful frock of coral Georgette crepe has a pointed lunic.



No. 51

Sizes 34 to 46 bust, 16 to 20 years. Pointed trimming bands are cleverly used to accentuate the slim lines of this smart kasha frock.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

East of the Sun and West of the Moon

"There is buried a little carved chest" so a Poet tells us. In it a Queen had hidden sweet-smelling essences and powders of her once flame-like beauty.

For lovely woman has ever treasured those fragrant accessories de toilette.

And a Parfumer with the Soul of a Poet, studying this heritage of odeurs, caught captive a hauntingly alluring fragrance, embodied it in a silken-smooth Face Powder and dedicated it to a reigning French beauty of his hour.

Thus for three generations *Lablache* has remained the favored face powder of gentlewomen—a regal predecessor of *Lablache* accessories de toilette.

Beautifully presented—purely Parisian in atmosphere and essence—of an odeur hauntingly delicate, *Lablache* once tested will always be your *choice*.

If your druggist or favorite store does not have the new *Lablache* Requisites, write us direct, enclosing stamps, money order or check and we will mail you by next parcel post any *Lablache* requisite you desire. Sample of *Lablache* Face Powder—Flesh, White or Creme—sent free on request.

BEN. LEVY COMPANY
PARIS *Dept. 200*—125 Kingston St., BOSTON

New Dollar Box
Double Compact, 2 inches
Powder and Rouge
Price, $1.50
Powder Refill, 50c with Puff
Changeable Lipstick
Suits any Complexion
Price, 50c

Triple Compact, 2 inches
Powder, Rouge and Lipstick
Price, $1.75. Powder
Refill, 50c with Puff
Three-in-one Refill, $1.00
with two Puffs
Hexagon Eyebrow Pencil
Brown and Black. Price, 35c

Powder Compact
2½ inches
Extra Thin Purse Size
Price, $1.00
Refill, 60c with Puff
New Glove Rouge Vanity
Orange, Medium, Dark
Price, 50c

LABLACHE
THE CHOICE OF GENTLEWOMEN FOR THREE GENERATIONS

How Many Heads Should A Doll Have?

One is no longer enough.

Extra heads make a Famlee Doll heaps of extra fun. Changes into an entirely different character whenever desired—just by changing heads and costumes.

Heads screw on and off at the neck. Each firmly secure when in place, yet easily and instantly removed. Special character-costume for each head. Each character walks and talks. Beautifully life-like and lovable. 16 inches high. Unbreakable. Quality throughout—heads, body, costumes.

If you want to make a little girl supremely happy, give her a Famlee Family for Easter or her birthday. No matter how many other dolls she has, she will instantly fall in love with either of these fascinating Famlee Sets—each consisting of one body and three interchangeable heads, complete with costumes, packed in a pretty box:—

No. 302—Pierrette, Susie Bumps, Baby. No. 304—Dutch Girl, Dutch Boy, Baby.

Either set sent by mail prepaid on approval for five days examination in your own home. The price of each is $6—only a little more for a family of three than the usual price for a single doll of equal quality. Pay the postman on delivery. If you aren't completely delighted with the Famlee Family, simply return it and your money will be refunded. Please use the coupon. If your order is received before April 30th, a funny little Manikin costume will be included free.

Sent On Approval for 5 Days Examination

An Ideal Easter or Birthday Gift

* * * * * *

The Famlee Doll
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
A Whole Family of Dolls in One
Heaps of Extra Fun

Other Famlee Sets, with 5, 7 and 12 heads, pictured and described in our Doll-alogue—sent free on request.

Additional heads to enlarge any Famlee Family can be purchased separately. With costumes, these heads are $1.25 each: Crying Baby, Clown, Sailor Boy, Ensign, Japanese, Colored Boy. With costume and wig, the following are $1.50 each: School Girl, Indian Girl, Nurse, Sailor Girl, French Girl. Any head will fit any body. All described in the free Doll-alogue.

BERWICK DOLL CO.
Dept. 63, 480 Broadway, New York

SEND NO MONEY
Simply Mail This Coupon

The Berwick Doll Company,
Dept. 63, 480 Broadway, New York

Please send me prepaid on approval for five days examination, a Famlee Doll Set No. ......, with the Manikin costume included free if my order is received before April 30th. I will pay the postman $6 on delivery. If I am not satisfied, I will return the set and you are to refund my money.

Name..................................

Address..................................

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

mother's shoulder—Mrs. Flynn, stiff, silent, and awed, sitting in the rustling silk dress bought for the occasion.

So the public, through the newspapers and magazines, learned much about this charming, intelligent new star, June Day. They were kept in touch with her. They read articles signed by her, advising young girls how to prepare themselves for a career in the movies. Splendid advice Miss Day always gave: to study hard all the branches of the arts, especially dancing, literature, and music; to live simply, think clearly, make an exhaustive study of the needs of the screen and requirements of an actress.

"Thoughts are things," said Miss June Day at the conclusion of one of her beautiful articles, "and things can be photographed. The purity of a woman's soul is reflected through her eyes, which on the screen are the windows of her soul. Therefore, dear friends and screen aspirants, learn to rise above material matters. Live upon the higher plane, think clearly, beautifully, intelligently. I have found this the golden key to my own meteoric success."

No one knew quite what it was all about, except perhaps the press-agent who wrote it, but it lent an air of distinction to June Day. Minnie read it aloud to her family, and Mrs. Flynn's eyes filled with tears at the beauty and length of the words. Michael Flynn was still in a daze. He wondered where Minnie had learned these strange, unnatural sentences.

Sometimes he thought so long and seriously over the change worked in his home and in his life that he grew ill. Once Billy came to see him and held his hot, crinkled hand. Then Billy went home to his new apartment.

It was a warm late Spring evening, and many people were promenading on the Drive. The far-away mooing of the river-boats, the dolorous music of a passing hurdy-gurdy, the light laughter echoing from contented hearts, made Billy conscious of a feverish longing again to hold Minnie in his arms.

They had been living under the same roof, but Minnie had been treating him as if he were a stranger. She was seldom home for dinner, and when she returned late in the evening, often early in the morning, she went to her own room and locked the door. When they did meet she was strangely formal with him. Billy knew he was no longer welcome; but he and Minnie were man and wife, and marriage meant a life's job to Billy. It never occurred to him that anything could happen which would separate them. Among his acquaintances there were no divorces.

BUT he was desperately unhappy at times. He hated the life they were leading. He saw that he did not fit into these new, brilliant surroundings as Jimmy did. Since they moved to the Riverside apartment Jimmy had also been living with them. Minnie loved his happy companionship; he was looking very smart now in the made-to-order suits she was buying him, and the derby, spats, cane. On his birthday Minnie had given him a silver cigaret-case, and Jimmy had bought himself a long amber holder. He always wore a silk monogrammed handkerchief in the pocket of his coat and carried chamois gloves. The only work he did was to call for Minnie at the studio and take her out to dinner and dancing almost every evening.

Billy had advised against the move to the new expensive apartment. It was unfurnished, and Minnie was now hundreds of dollars in debt. She had fitted it out to look like the sets built at the studio. The furniture was all covered with satin and velvet, and he couldn't sit down on it in his working-clothes. The rug was a pale-rose color. He dared not walk upon it. He hated all the gilt mirrors in the room, which made him see himself in an unpleasant light—red-faced and seedy in the midst of all this gilt and satin splendor.

Minnie had called her bedroom a "boudoir," and said it was "a symphony in blue." The carpet was a bright Chinese blue. Over it, before the diminutive gas-log fireplace, was a large polar-bear rug. The bed was white paint and wicker, decorated with baskets of flowers in bas-relief. The dresser, desk, and chairs were white, the lamp-shades a shell-pink. On the bed was a lace spread sewed over a satin lining. Six or seven small embroidered pillows were piled upon it. On the wall were several photographs of Minnie framed in elaborate gilt frames.

In Billy's room was the furniture they had bought for their bedroom in the Ninety-seventh Street apartment—the bird's-eye maple dresser and brass bed.

In Pete and Elsie's room was the furniture they had bought for the parlor of the old apartment. Billy liked these two rooms the best in their new home. He could stand on the rugs, sit on the chairs, and lie down on the beds fearlessly. But how often he had longed to be again in the Shultz rooming-house, where he and Minnie had been so happy!

ON THIS warm late Spring evening Billy's slow mind plodded back over the past year. He sat there on a bench facing the river that stretched out in the soft darkness like a long, winding ribbon of silver—his body hunched up on the bench, his arms clasped around his shins, his chin resting on his knees. At midnight he rose and paced up and down restlessly, glancing at his watch every few minutes. Minnie had told him that she would not be home before one-thirty.

At one o'clock he entered their apartment. He stole into his own room, stood there for a moment, then with his jaw set in resolution he went into the bathroom and turned on the water in the tub. This irregularity made him slightly nervous. He shaved, he shampooed his hair, then he used some of Jimmy's pomade upon it. When this was done he searched in the closet for the package still tied up and labeled, "Merry Christmas to Billy, from his loving wife." He opened it gingerly and took out a pair of white-and-blue-striped cotton pajamas. After his bath he slipped into them and stood in front of the mirror, looking at himself. He lit a cigaret and sat down, leaving his door slightly ajar so that he could hear Minnie and Jimmy when they arrived. He tried to stop the irregular beating of his heart by concentrating upon the *Butcher's Manual* which he was reading.

That evening Minnie was in the height of her glory. Jimmy had escorted her to the annual ball given by the cameramen of the industry. She wore a new gown, silver cloth trimmed with silver lace. Jimmy was in full dress, the suit having been made for him by the tailor who made Gilbert Carlton's smart outfits.

They were driven to the ball, which was at one of the big hotels, in Minnie's car. Pete was still the chauffeur. He wore livery now and even saluted Jimmy.

When Minnie arrived and entered the ballroom the electricians in the balcony swung the huge luminous head of the spotlight in her direction, and a path of light reached to embrace her. She stood alone in its dazzling radiance, bowing in acknowledgment of the applause. Her heart was beating wildly, sending bright color to her mouth and cheeks. Her eyes were like deep-cut sapphires. Soon she was surrounded by eager young men, all clamoring for dances. Women in boxes were looking at her through opera-glasses. Hal Deane sought her and asked for the first dance. He held her firmly in his strong arms. How beautiful she was—if only he could have her to cherish and protect—protect her from the world and from herself!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

from
the HEARTS of
FULL-RIPENED
CORN

If you like "Corn-on-the-Cob" you can't help liking Mazola—for this delicious, pure salad and cooking oil is as good to eat as the corn from which it comes.

For Greaseless Frying

—which means that Mazola-fried foods are wholesome, easily digested—

For Perfect Shortening

—which means Mazola assures light, flaky pie crust—and better grained and richer cakes—

For Delicious Salad Dressings

—which means that Mazola is equal in every respect to the finest imported oils—

For Economy

—which means you can get all three uses from a single can of Mazola—and that you can prepare better tasting food for far less money.

Send for Beautiful Recipe Book—Free!

Contains over 100 delightful recipes for preparing delicious foods. Write to Corn Products Refining Company, Department 14, Argo, Illinois

135696B

The fabrics illustrated are Orinoka Sunfast and Tubfast striped Damask Radiant in mulberry and walnut, and Damask Radiant in plain colors to harmonize. All 50 inches wide.

Draperies rich in beauty - - - and they *never* fade

RICHER, lovelier colors and richer, lovelier fabrics! *That* is what you find in materials from the famous Orinoka Mills. Probably, in all America today, there are no draperies which surpass them in beauty of coloring and pattern and weave. But they have another quality—one which is even more important in fabrics used for decorative purposes. They are absolutely *practical*. Neither sun nor tubbing will change their colors in the least.

It is something to think about (is it not?) in choosing curtains and draperies —whether they will keep their original colors through months and years of use. Orinoka guaranteed fabrics are hand-dyed in the yarn by an exclusive process which makes them color fast. So look for the guarantee tag which identifies them. If a material fades, the merchant from whom you bought it is authorized to replace the goods or refund your money. Orinoka guaranteed drapery fabrics, gauzes, glass curtains and upholstery materials are carried by the better stores and decorating establishments.

* * *

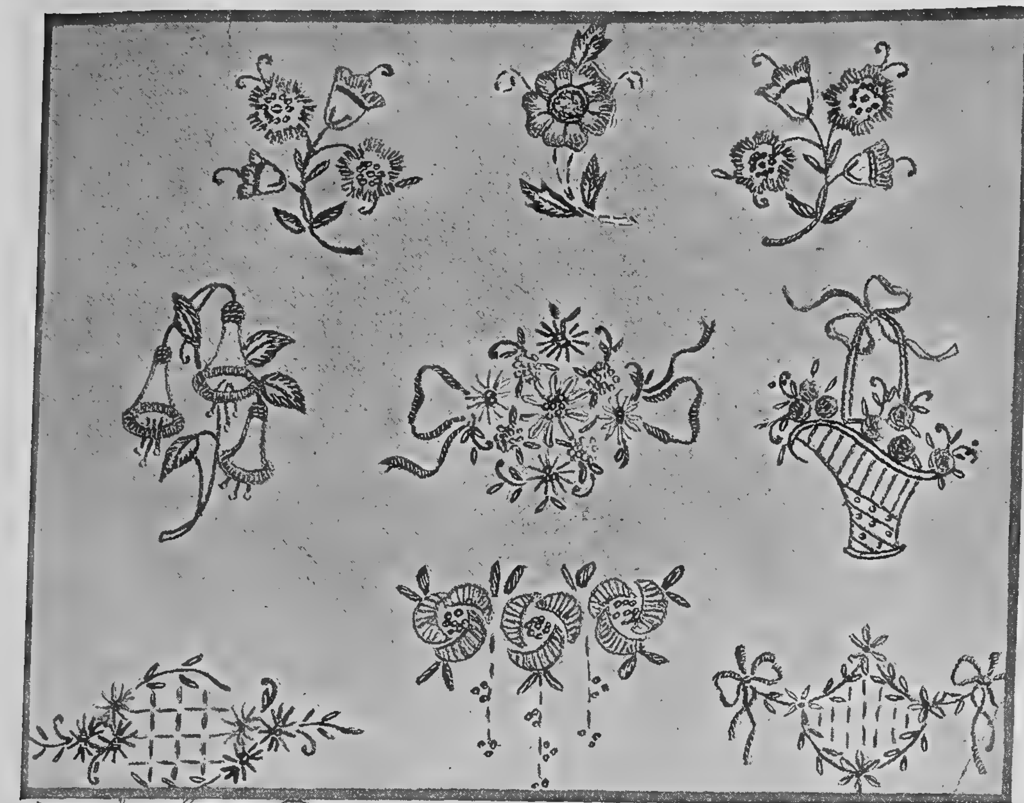
May we send you a copy of "COLOR HARMONY IN WINDOW DRAPERIES"? A prominent New York decorator prepared this booklet, which is full of suggestions for draping windows and doors, and for bed coverings. Send us your address and 20 cents.

THE ORINOKA MILLS
516 Clarendon Building New York City

Orinoka

DRAPERIES & UPHOLSTERIES
COLORS GUARANTEED SUN & TUBFAST

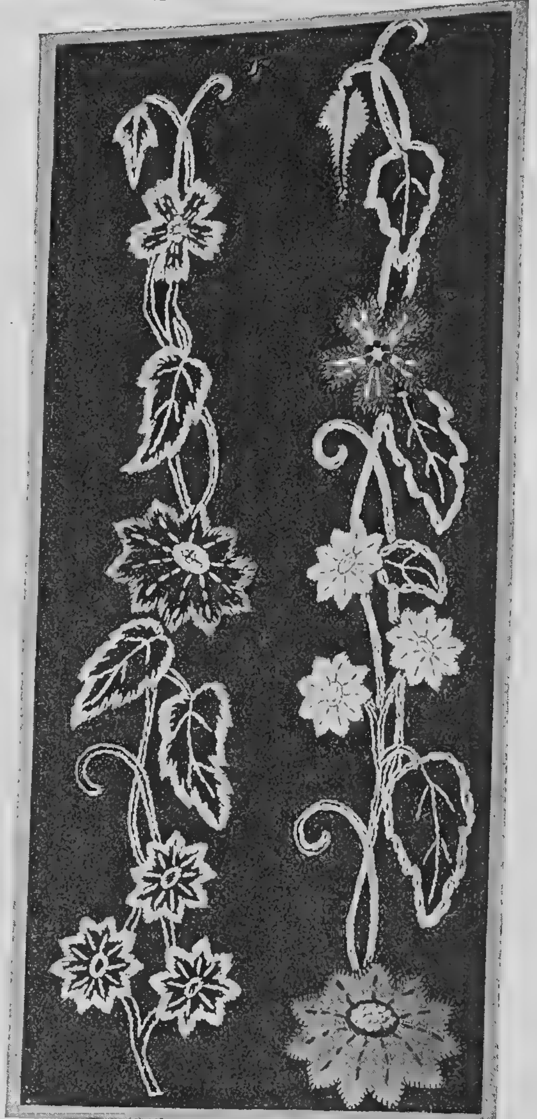
Clever Designs in Panels, Borders, and Motifs for the Spring Frock



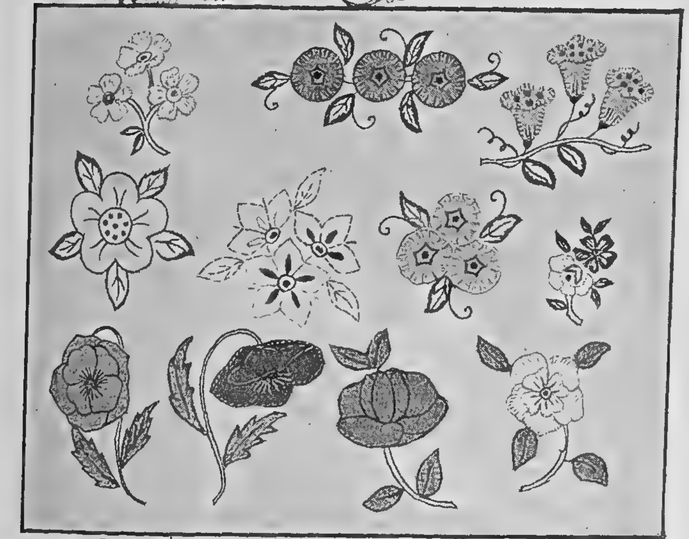
No. 12938—Trimming Motifs

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12938, blue or yellow, consists of 2 and 2 reverses each of 8 different designs, 2½ to 4¾ inches high. Suitable for blouses, children's frocks, aprons, etc.

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12881, blue or yellow, furnishes 2 each of 2 panel designs for appliqué. The patches are buttonholed to the material; the leaves worked in chain stitch and the stems in outline.



No. 12881—Panel Motifs



No. 12904—Appliqué Motifs

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12904, blue or yellow, includes duplicates and reverses of 11 motifs, also guides for appliqué. The embroidery motifs are in sizes 3¾, 4¼, 4½, 5½, 6¼, and 6½ inches high. They form a decorative trimming.

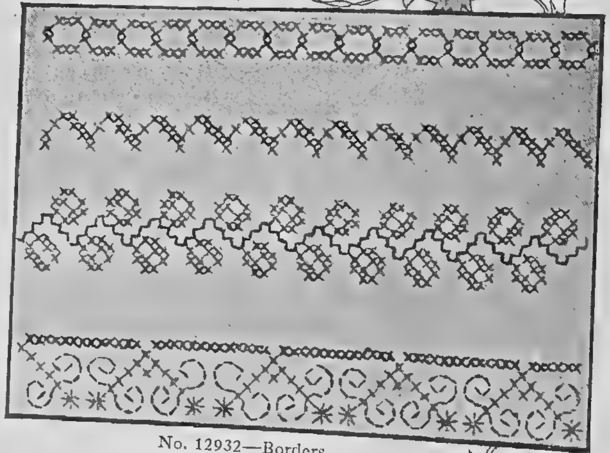
The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12932, blue or yellow, furnishes 3⅔ yards each of 4 borders for cross-stitch; 2 are ½-inch wide and 2 one inch wide.

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12901, blue or yellow, has 4 yards of appliqué border 4¾ inches wide, 8 motifs 5½ inches high, with guides for the appliqué. A smart trim for coats, suits and frocks, or for pillows and scarfs.

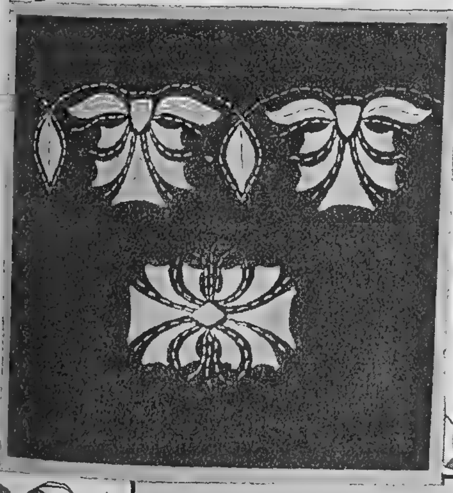
The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12926, blue or yellow, consists of 1 and 1 reverse each of 2 motifs, 11½ and 13½ inches high, with 3 yards of border ¾ inch wide. To be developed in solid satin stitch, or eyelets, one-stitch and outline.

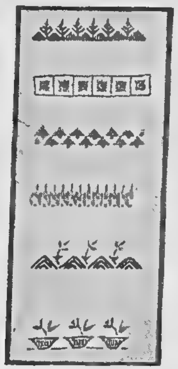
The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12894, blue or yellow, supplies 8 yards of 5-inch eyelet border with 18 extra motifs, each 4 inches high.

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12897, blue or yellow, provides 2 yards each of 6 borders including flower and conventional motifs to be worked in chain, outline, and lazy-daisy stitches.



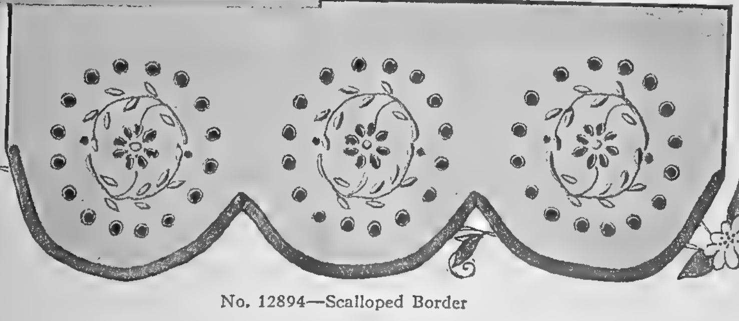
No. 12932—Borders



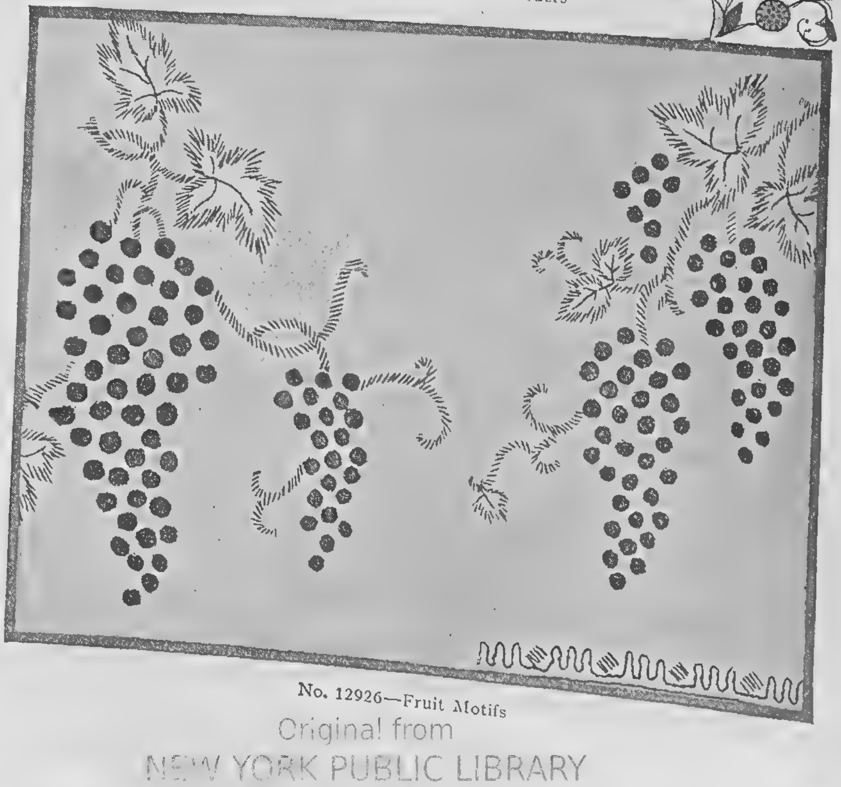


No. 12897

No. 12901—Appliqué (left)



No. 12894—Scalloped Border



No. 12926—Fruit Motifs

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Have you learned the new way to better styles? It is in this book!

IN this magazine last month we told you how having a copy of the new Charles William Stores Catalog was like having a fashion show right in your own home.

Since then thousands of women have learned this way to better styles. They have received their catalogs—and used them. They have found that it *is* possible to dress in the height of Fifth Avenue's fashions and that it is also possible to do so at less expense than they ever before thought possible.

You, too, have this same opportunity—this same chance to dress better for less.

Whatever it is you need you will find in this book. From party dresses to Spring coats; from walking shoes to dainty pumps, the line is complete. And everything is marked with the distinctive stamp of Fifth Avenue.

For men and boys, also, the styles are as attractive—the savings as great.

For your own and your family's protection get this new catalog for Spring and Summer before you buy anything anywhere. Write for it today. It's FREE.

THE CHARLES WILLIAM STORES, INC.
New York City

Mail this coupon TODAY!

THE CHARLES WILLIAM STORES, Inc.
328 Stores Bldg., New York City

Please send me free copy of your new catalog for Spring and Summer.

Name ....

Address..

....

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

While they were dancing and he was guiding her through the crowded room, he felt her body suddenly stiffen, grow taut in his arms. Then Gilbert Carlton danced past them, his tall, graceful body swaying to the pulse-beats of the music. Deane felt the swift currents of a tremble sweep over Minnie as they heard Carlton's voice in their ears. "Hello, Hal! Glad to see you here," and then lowering his voice to pleasant cadences, he said, "How do you do, Miss Day? Marvelous dance, isn't it?" The music ceased, and above the babel his voice rose again, calling to them. He had left his partner and was hurrying toward them.

"Don't dance with him, June," whispered Deane. His tone was compelling.

"Why not?" she demanded, icily formal.

Deane left her as soon as Carlton reached them.

He was charming. He could be. He said to Minnie with a penitent smile, "Wasn't I the cad to forget you? I remember now the evening you bowed to me in the café. I turned to the girl I was with, and I said, 'Confound it, I know that pretty youngster, but I can't think where I've met her.' "

He saw Minnie's eyes narrow and her lips thin to a hard line. His laughter had an apologetic ring to it. "And you'll never speak to me when you hear this confession. I didn't play opposite you just because I didn't think you were a big enough star, idiot that I was."

"I know it," said Minnie, quietly trying to keep the hate alive in her heart.

"We don't make selfish moves like that without paying for it. I have and always will. Please forgive me, Miss Day." He raised her hand to his lips, kissed it, then turned and hurried away. Minnie's straining eyes soon lost him among the gay figures.

Carlton was thinking. "Not a bad move—she'll dance with me several times this evening and I'll play the lead in her next picture."

He carefully avoided her eager glances all evening. But he saw to it that he danced past her often, choosing for his partners beautiful girls and the best dancers.

IT WAS midnight before a man, backing away from a partner, lurched into Minnie. She wheeled around, and it was Gilbert Carlton!

"Oh, Miss Day, I beg your pardon. I assure you I didn't do this on purpose."

"Why, Mr. Carlton," said Minnie, "don't rush away! I've been wanting to tell you all evening that I—I——"

He reached forward and eagerly seized her hand. "Do you mean—do I dare interpret from this—that I am forgiven?"

Minnie blushed. She was afraid that she was going to titter; her nerves seemed jangling.

"Answer me, Miss Day—June Day!"

She looked into his face searchingly. What she saw in his frank, gracious, hopeful smile laid all the anger in her heart.

Remote wailing strains of violins—Minnie Flynn became aware of their siren call—to dance—and with Carlton Gilbert! He caught her breathlessly, swept her into his arms. The crowded floor held them in a pocket. Dizzily happy, Minnie clung to him, her heartbeats quickening until the mounting fever left a damp glow upon her forehead. She was repeating breathlessly, "I had this dance with Hal Deane, Mr. Carlton; I had this dance with Hal Deane."

He pressed her to him. "But you have this dance with me, June Day, and the next, and the next, and the next."

It was half past one before they left the ballroom. What an evening of triumph! Happiness! Dreams fulfilled! Minnie laughing! Jimmy laughing! Carlton laughing! All three of them conscious of a warm glow from the champagne they had drunk; Minnie's first champagne, and drunk only because Carlton had ordered it and had toasted her.

Hal Deane passed by while they were at supper and old Beauregard looked red and disgruntled—both jealous, of course. Carlton saw it and remarked upon it. Oh, what a night and how soon it was all over! He had escorted her to her own automobile and called out to Pete, "Hey, there, boy, be careful how you drive through this traffic—you've got a precious charge," and Pete had saluted gravely and acted like a duke's chauffeur.

Minnie's senses were drugged with happiness when she reached home. Glowing with life, she sprang from the car and hurried into the dark foyer of the apartment-house, Jimmy close behind her. As the elevator carried them up the two flights, she threw her arms around him. They looked at each other and laughed. Not about anything in particular, but about everything. Youth!

THEY laughed again when they entered the hall of their apartment and kissed each other good night. Then Minnie rustled silkily down the hall to her own room, her footsteps light with happiness.

Billy in his room, waiting, heard them.

Minnie flung her white-satin cape over the chaise-longue, kicked off her silver slippers, unfastened the hooks of her dress, and let it fall to the floor. She emerged from this shimmering shell garbed in delicate pink lingerie. She laughed softly to herself as she pulled off her stockings. Then swiftly drawing out her hairpins, she let her burnished red hair fall to her waist. She took a few prancing steps and danced toward the mirror. She was wishing that Carlton could see her like this.

She sought a nightgown to fit her mood, something in harmony with her thoughts, silky and lacy, diaphanous, clinging. She sprayed herself with an expensive toilet-water that a heroine in one of the "ten best sellers" had used. And she hummed snatches of the melodies which had been played during the evening. She danced two or three times around the room. She almost forgot her prayers. So as penance she knelt five minutes longer than usual. When she rose she turned toward the door. Billy MacNally was standing there. She turned back confused, staring at him. "Are you sick, Billy?" she said at last.

He nodded his head.

"Why, for pity's sake, Billy, is it anything serious? Have you got that indigestion again?"

He seemed unable to speak, but he kept moving toward her, staring at her, as if he were walking in his sleep.

"Minnie," he said huskily, his words ringing with sudden warmth, "I've been sittin' up waitin' for you all night long. I'm not sick, except—it's my heart, Minnie, it aches so."

"Your heart, Billy?"

He came closer to her. "It pains me, Minnie, only because I'm so stuck on you, and lonesome for your company—and to-night, Minnie, I just got sick with longin'. It wasn't like this before we moved up here, Minnie, and you was so nervous you had to have a room all to yourself. Oh, Minnie, this ain't no way for us to be livin' even if you are in the movies, with your pictures in the papers all the time."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Billy! What's come over you? Don't look at me like that, I——"

He was walking toward her.

"Minnie, I can't help lookin' at you. I never seen you so pretty. Minnie, I'm crazy about you. I been sittin' up all night. Look, dearie, what do you think about me in your Christmas present?" he laughed in his embarrassment. "I thought you'd be glad to see me out of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 103

Don't cry, Sis. Mama won't scold. Your dress is FAST COLOR, for it has MY name on it . . Says PETER PAN

Yes, my name is a guarantee the colors are *permanently locked in the fabric*—wash it again and again and it comes out as fresh and new looking as the day you bought it. You will find my name on

"Peter Pan Fast Color Prints"

and

"Peter Pan Fast Color Gingham"

For your own safety and satisfaction *insist* on seeing MY NAME on the selvage of every yard; like this:

"Genuine Peter Pan Fast Color"

That mark on the fabric is your protection—it means the old established house of Henry Glass & Co. stands back of me with this

GUARANTEE
We are ready to replace any garment made of **"Genuine Peter Pan Fast Color"** if it fades
HENRY GLASS & CO.

If your dealer cannot supply GENUINE PETER PAN FAST COLOR GINGHAM, in plain shades, yard wide; in woven checks, 32 inches wide; in PRINTS, 32 inches wide; with my name on the selvage, write to Henry Glass & Co. for the book of

42 LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL SAMPLES **FREE**

They will have your order filled promptly by a reliable retail house. When you write for these FREE SAMPLES be sure to give the name of your dealer and say if he sells

"Genuine Peter Pan Fast Color"

HENRY GLASS & CO.
42 WHITE ST. NEW YORK

Proud of Her Initialed Linen

Initialed household linen is now all the vogue. Beautiful, embroidered letters add so much to the appearance of everything. Women everywhere have learned that it is no longer necessary to be an expert embroiderer to get perfect results. They embroider over foundation letters, which is simple, easy and quick. Finished letters have that beautiful, raised hand-embroidered effect. Obtainable in many sizes, designs and monogram combinations.

Sold by Dealers Everywhere

REIS:TICO FOUNDATION LETTERS

Send For This Exquisite Hand-Made Dress

Best imported voile, with fairy-like smocking and tiny pink embroidered roses. Fine lace insertion and edging on square neck and sleeves. Every stitch by hand, made by De Lis French needleworkers. Sizes 1, 2 and 3 years—$2.85.

Send For De Lis Spring Catalog —illustrating everything for Baby and the nursery. Smart togs for tots up to 10 years. Free cut-outs of "Bob and Betty". Write

DE LIS, Dept. P-4, New Orleans, La.

GO INTO BUSINESS **For Yourself** Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't put it off! **W. HILLYER RAGSDALE, Drawer 50, East Orange, N. J.**

Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Etc. 100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, $3.50. Write for Samples. 100 Visiting Cards, $1.00.
P. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1044 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

them nightshirts; you always hated 'em so."

There was a frozen smile on her face as she said, "Yes, Billy, I know. Go on back to bed, dear, and get some rest. You've got to get up early in the morning. So do I, Billy, and I've had such an exciting evening, I'm all worn out——"

He stood staring at her for a few minutes. Then when she smiled nervously and laughed, a fierce, insurgent resentment swept over him. He reached over and grabbed her by the wrist. It was the first time Minnie had ever seen him angry. "Look here, Minnie, I don't know what's come over you lately, but you can't go on treatin' me like this. Kickin' me around as if I was a dog! You seem to have forgotten something, Minnie MacNally, and that is that you're my wife! Wife! Do you realize what that means?"

She tried to whip her arm out of his grasp. "What's more, I've stood for all the nonsense I'm goin' to! Away every night when I come home! Out to parties and dances—dancin' with other men's arms around you, while I'm sittin' home as if I wasn't good enough for you——"

A SHRILL cry shot from between Minnie's clenched teeth. It silenced him. "You said it, Billy MacNally! You said it! You're not good enough for me. You're only a common butcher, you! And you'll never be anything else but a butcher!"

He managed to say, "It's a good, honest job, and I'm not ashamed of it."

"Shut up! Do you hear me? And listen to me. I've got something to say now. Something that you can think over and worry over. I want to get rid of you. I'm sick of you! I married you just because I wanted to get away from home and I thought I was done for in the movies. I married you and I never loved you, and you know it!"

A thin wail broke from Billy's lips. "Oh, Minnie, that's a lie! You was in love with me!"

She stamped her foot in impotent rage. "No, no, no!" she screamed. "Love to you meant the kind of a woman who slaves in a man's kitchen and brings up his kids and washes and washes until her back's bent double and her hands are knotty and full of rheumatism. But I wasn't that kind—and when the chance came to make something out of ourselves and speak decent grammar and live like white people, you started in to crab again and cling to the old landmarks as if they were something sacred."

"Oh, Minnie, they are sacred——"

"No, they aren't! They're rotten, I tell you! And I thank God I've left all those old joints behind me!"

"You said I wasn't good enough for you." He stood before her, tears gushing from his eyes and streaming down his cheeks. "I never thought about it, Minnie, the way you did, but I can change, Minnie. I love you, Minnie, and I can change!"

"Oh, no, you can't!" she said, with an ugly ring of triumph in her voice. "You'll never change, no more than Pete can. What's more, Billy, I'm through. It's all over with me. I've been realizing it for a long time, but I never said anything about it. But to-night I know. I'd go crazy if you ever tried to pull that marriage stuff on me again. I hate marriage! I don't believe in it!"

Billy choked out, "Don't, Minnie, don't talk that way. Marriage is sacred and you don't know what you're sayin'."

"I do! I do! And this is the end! Everything is over between you and me—and you've got to pack up and clear out of here!"

"Oh, Minnie, don't do anything like that to me—" He fell to his knees. "Minnie, I'm crazy about you! I can't live without you! Only gimme a chance—I'll change, Minnie!"

She screamed when he grabbed her around her knees and tried to beat him away from her. His hot tears fell upon her bare feet.

"Billy, stop that!" He was crawling along the floor on his hands and knees, a grotesque but terribly pitiful, humorous figure. Minnie was hysterical.

"Go—go!" she screamed again. "Get up on your feet and get out of here! Get out of here to-night! I never want to see your face again! You—you *butcher*, you!"

Billy staggered to his feet. His face was white except his eyes, which were red and swollen, and his bulbous nose. He leaned against the door like a drunken man. He tried to speak. Then he raised a trembling finger and pointed it at her. Slowly he backed out of the room, still pointing it at her.

Jimmy, who had been listening at his door, sighed with relief when he heard Billy leave and go into his own room. Later he heard Billy packing. He was amazed when he became aware that Minnie was sobbing. The next morning she telephoned to the shop.

"Hello, Mr. Hesselman. Is Billy there?"

"Who? Vat? Is it you, Minnie? No, he ain't here, Minnie. He goes out on the wagon to-day. I sent him out myself for the air to do him good. Billy is sick, Minnie, from last night. I'm your old friend, so he tells me all about it."

"Oh, he did, did he?"

"*Ja*, he did it. Billy's a fine boy. In the movies you find prettier faces maybe, but I bet you no better boys than Billy MacNally."

"Will you tell him I called him up, Mr. Hesselman?"

"No, Minnie, that I can not do. Of his own free will he told me it was all over between you. A man's got his face kicked by the woman he loves don't get over it so quick, Minnie. You've lost yourself Billy for sure this time. I'm an old man and I know human nature better than I do my own business."

Minnie was crying.

Hesselman heard her. "Don't take on so, Minnie. Maybe it's all for the good. Once a woman gets ahead from a man, he can't pull her back to him, Minnie!"

"Yes, Mr. Hesselman."

"You be a good girl, Minnie, and some day maybe you and him get together again. I got to go now, Minnie. A customer comes in by the doorway."

She heard the sharp click of the telephone. It shut her off forever from Billy MacNally.

DEANE was a sympathetic confidant. Minnie called upon him often because she found so much relief in the recital of her troubles, but as the days passed, Deane noted the change in the pattern that was once Minnie Flynn. How rapidly she was learning the mechanics of acting, how much more facile and broad was her range of expression. Before the sting was gone from her last scene with Billy, Deane had her react it before the camera. Deftly he had woven the same situation into the story they were making, and before Minnie was aware of it she was playing upon the screen the part she had played in real life.

Deane had chosen for the actor to play opposite her a type similar to Billy. Tho Minnie was aware of this deliberate tricking of her emotions, when the scene was under way she lost herself amid her memories, and the past so merged into the present that she lived again that dramatic crisis.

"Knowledge of life is growth," Deane told Minnie. "Your experience with Billy has made an interesting contribution to your development as an actress. That scene we have just finished will stamp you as an emotional actress.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

Bon Ton Round-U
Style 909—$5.00

Bon Ton Back Lace
Style 871—$5.00

Putting Your Birthday on Your Back

"It is true, Madame, women put their birthdays on their backs when they become careless about their figures. Then they come to me and expect a miracle of dressmaking—that I shall make straight lines of rounding curves.

"With the right corset, yes! Without it, positively no! For one cannot be correctly gowned unless one is first correctly corseted."

Your dressmaker is right. True fashion foundation depends upon correctly fitted corsets.

And she knows there is a Bon Ton corset or brassiere for every need of the human figure—models scientifically designed to put the pounds in their place and prevent straight lines from curving prematurely.

For the lovely Easter frock you cannot be satisfied with just *any* corset. Insist upon a Bon Ton fitting for a corset of undeniable comfort—one that will not fail to give you proper support and line in the right place.

Of particular interest to all women planning their Spring and Summer wardrobe is the exceptional offering of Bon Ton FIVE DOLLAR corsets now being shown by leading department stores and specialty shops. These are a quality corset of finest materials and workmanship that will outhold their shape and outwear far more expensive models.

There is a Bon Ton dealer in your town. Ask to be shown this unusual corset value at $5.00.

Send for clever style booklet written by one of the foremost fashion authorities of the day

ROYAL WORCESTER CORSET COMPANY
NEW YORK CHICAGO WORCESTER SAN FRANCISCO LONDON

$5
Bon Ton
CORSETS
TRADE MARK

Which Figure is Yours?
There is a Bon Ton Model for Every Figure

He was "too busy"
She neglected the greatest "beauty secret"
Her mirror told her—too late!
A little care would have saved them

4 out of 5
now lose

The law of averages is immutable. Dental statistics prove that four out of every five over 40—and thousands younger, too—are marred by Pyorrhea. Do you want to escape?

It takes healthy gums to keep healthy teeth

If you neglect your gums—let them get in a "run-down" condition—you may soon be numbered among Pyorrhea's countless victims.

Bleeding gums are Nature's first warning. Then the gums begin to recede, lose that rich, healthy pink color. Poisons collect in pus pockets and often drain through the entire system, causing indigestion, anaemia, rheumatism and other serious diseases of mid-life. In the final stages the teeth loosen and fall out.

Take no chances—use Forhan's

If used in time and used consistently, Forhan's will prevent Pyorrhea, or check its progress — something ordinary tooth pastes are powerless to do. It contains just the right proportion of Forhan's Astringent (as used by the dental profession in the treatment of Pyorrhea). It is safe, efficient and pleasant tasting. Even if you don't care to discontinue your favorite dentifrice, at least start using Forhan's once a day.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Just as the ship needs the closest attention under the water-line, so do your teeth under the gum-line
Forhan's
TRADE MARK
FOR THE GUMS
"BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT"
FORMULA OF
R.J. Forhan D.D.S.
NEW YORK
Specialist in
DISEASES OF THE MOUTH
PREPARED FOR THE PRESCRIPTION OF THE
DENTAL PROFESSION

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
More than a tooth paste—
it checks Pyorrhea

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103

Another rubber stamp of our profession."

"Do I have to go through some terrible sorrow to express suffering?" she asked, afraid that life was to be too turbulent if success was to be bought at such a cost.

"Not necessarily," Deane answered. "There are certain elemental emotions which are more easily conveyed by situation than by individual expression. You know by now, Minnie, that it is more difficult to make an audience laugh than cry. We have certain prescribed rules which are nearly always successful. You should understand that by now, Minnie."

Minnie bit her lower lip. "But the audience was crying over me!"

"No, Minnie, over the situation. The audiences are schooled to cry over these situations."

"Are you trying to discredit all that I've done?" Minnie asked petulantly.

He shook his head. "I only want you to realize that picture technique is knowing your mechanics and learning to photograph upon your mind every physical interpretation of the human emotions. Some day you may not have a director who studies you and knows your limitations."

Minnie was thinking how unnecessarily frank he was and that she might do better with another director. Beauregard had already hinted at a possible change, but she had no idea that Beauregard attributed her indifference to him to a secret attraction to Deane.

THE day Beauregard saw Minnie's dramatic scene upon the screen, he sent for her. He was excited. He saw in her a future star. Her development was nothing short of amazing. She would make him famous as a producer. Tho his praise to Minnie was discreet, his promises for her future filled her with joy. She was to have the star rôle in a special melodrama which he had long been advertising, her choice of directors, her choice of leading man and supporting cast.

After much hesitancy she decided to let Deane make another picture for her, and she cleverly made Beauregard suggest Gilbert Carlton for her leading man. At the end of the long interview Beauregard presented her with a gold vanity-case and told her that he loved her. Partly because she was grateful and partly because she was happy she let him draw her into his trembling arms and kiss her. But she turned her cheek and let him kiss her neck. How stupid he was! She wondered how Gilbert Carlton kissed a woman. And suddenly a warm glow enveloped her. Soon she would know, for in all pictures there were love-scenes, and eventually he would have to make love to her.

There was a sudden knocking on the door. Beauregard had locked it because he was afraid Deane would come into the office. Reluctantly he released Minnie, hurried across the room, then deftly turned the key in the lock. It was only a messenger boy with a telegram.

Eleanor Grant was dead—suicide.

"Why didn't they phone this message to my secretary?" he demanded of the boy. "Who directed you to this office?"

The boy didn't know that it was Deane.

Beauregard crumpled the telegram in his hand, sent the boy out of the room, then sank into his chair before the huge mahogany desk. He didn't care anything about Eleanor, but the news was stark, terrifying.

Minnie cried with wholesome relief. "Poor Eleanor," she kept saying over and over to herself, "and I promised to get her a part in the last picture, and I forgot all about her, and I——"

"Yes, poor little Eleanor," said Beauregard huskily. "We've got to do everything in our power to make her funeral a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105

Sure Way to Get
Rid of Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

You Can't Comb Out Dandruff

LIQUID ARVON

Your Skin: Satin-Soft and Ever Youthful

The delightful consequence of regularly using this famous glycerine-laden soap.

No 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap

Depended upon since 1860 as a "first aid toward a beautiful skin". And just the right proportion of glycerine, long known as an emollient, makes it as soothing as it is effectual.

No. 4711 Eau de Cologne—Its mild astringent action is highly beneficial. An effective base for cosmetics. A favorite since 1792.

No. 4711 Bath Salts—Refreshing and exhilarating. Indispensable for softening the water. Nine exquisite perfumes.

Made in U. S. A.
MULHENS & KROPFF, Inc.
25 West 45th Street New York

Campbell's "RAPID" ELECTRIC
Range and Fireless
Cooker Combined

Exactly what you've been waiting for—the **Automatic Rapid Electric Fireless Range** has double Electric grill for frying, 17″ oven for baking, large electric fireless cooker for boiling. Electricity starts cooking. It automatically shuts off and fireless cooker principle finishes the cooking. No special wiring required.

Special 30 Day Trial Offer

Write for **FREE** home science cook book. Cash or easy payments. Low price will amaze you. A card will do.

William Campbell Co., 1003 Union Av.
Alliance, Ohio Georgetown, Ontario

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

success. I'll turn out the whole studio if necessary." He was ringing for his secretary while he was talking. "I'll spare no expense for flowers, and, June dear, you can pick out the most beautiful headstone and not have to count the cost any more than if it were for my own sister. Go to the wardrobe-room," he ordered his secretary, "and tell Mrs. Skeritt that I want the prettiest white dress in the department, and that she can put it on the books as a total loss because I am going to give the dress away."

There were only four people at the funeral. They sat in the chapel of the undertaking parlors, afraid to walk around the white coffin, which was like a shaft of light cutting into the gloomy shadows. Minnie was terrified by the silence, broken by the drone of the minister's voice. Why did the Lord's Prayer seem so much more significant than ever before? "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." Why was her grief so uncontrollable when the emaciated organist played "Nearer, My God, to Thee"? Weakness and nausea laid clammy hands upon her; she wanted to scream and run away. But she sat there, transfixed, listening to the hum of the minister's voice and to the low, wheezing tones of the organ.

Her flowers—a huge outjetting shower of white roses—lay still and waxlike upon the coffin, and Beauregard's enormous gay wreath leaned drunkenly at its feet. It was the largest and most expensive wreath that the florist adjoining the undertaking parlors had ever made.

Deane knew all about Eleanor's death, and also what Minnie's emotional reactions would be, so he ordered the studio to prepare to take the "sad scenes" of the picture that afternoon.

He met her outside the undertaking parlors and drove her back to the studio. She had brought along a heavy veil and a black-bordered handkerchief—"props"—and he smiled.

But he let her enjoy her sorrow, and so intense was her suffering that she sobbed aloud, leaning against his broad shoulder. As soon as the violence of this grief had ebbed away Deane called upon her to play the scenes that he had counted upon to bring tears to the eyes of the audience. And Minnie played them with a depth of feeling and a wistfulness which made them seem sincere.

And so Deane caught and prisoned Minnie's experience. He sought her in her home; he made studies of her family; he dreamed and hoped and planned for her. He fought to keep Beauregard away from her; to give her a clean, sane outlook on life.

THEN Gilbert Carlton came back to the studio, playing his nasty game of studied indifference, flattering her by his well-turned compliments, pressing upon her a personality as smothering as a woolen blanket on a hot day.

Deane did his best quietly to show up Carlton's petty vanities, his arrogance and selfishness. But to no avail. Minnie saw only the handsome face, the broad, strong shoulders, the tapering waist. She heard only his ringing laughter, so cleverly sincere at times; his charming, graceful compliments. What good company he was, never at a loss for a story! He could play the piano, too, and had a well-modulated singing voice. She thought Carlton was the most amusing man she had ever met, and she laughed uproariously when he called her "Punkin."

Carlton was clever. He never made love to Minnie, tho he knew she was ready for it. He only played at love-making. He wanted to be sure of her future before he committed himself.

Deane, absolutely miserable, saw that Minnie was falling in love with Carlton, so he postponed taking the love-scenes until the very end of the picture. He had thought of several stupid excuses for leaving them out entirely, but he knew that Beauregard would demand them. The business of making the play must go on. He was acting, so he warned himself, like a fool college boy, but he couldn't argue or ridicule himself out of it. He loved her.

When he walked on to the set the next day Carlton strolled over to him.

"What scene is this, Deane?"

He repeated his question twice before Deane answered, in a low, steady voice, "The scene following the rescue, Carlton, the love-scene."

"Oh, the love-scene, is it? Um-m."

Minnie felt a sharp sting of resentment at the note of satisfaction in Carlton's voice. Yet the gleaming look in his eyes seemed to hypnotize her, and she found herself moving closer to him, so close that her outstretched hand touched his arm and closed over it.

DEANE walked hurriedly away from them. He paused for a moment as if making up his mind what to do. Then with a nervous move, he jerked aside the flap of the tent and went inside. He sank down in a chair and groaned. He felt as if Minnie's soul had become a tangible thing and that he was grappling with it, a soul that leaped and struggled in his impotent fingers, a soul that would go plunging into impenetrable darkness, a gaudy, light-struck, empty thing like a child's balloon, lost forever if it escaped him.

He sprang to the opening of the tent. "Minnie!" he cried out, and his voice was heard above the thundering echoes of the hammers and the syncopations of the jazz-band. "Come in here. I want to talk to you!"

Carlton caught the warning note in Deane's voice. "Look here, Punkin," he whispered to her hurriedly. "Deane's got something up his sleeve. But don't you listen to a word he says about me, because there isn't any truth in it."

"I won't, honestly. Why, no one could influence me about you."

"He's jealous of you—that's all. I got it the moment he said that you and I were to do the love-scene."

"Oh, no, he's not——"

"Sure he is. You can't fool me! He's going to be stark, staring mad the moment I take you into my arms." He closed his eyes, and made the gesture of encircling arms. "He's afraid to have me make love to you, don't you see? Yes, even in front of the camera."

"Make love to me?" she mechanically repeated as if she were thinking aloud. She couldn't get away because he was holding her by the arm.

Deane called her again.

"He's got a nerve calling you like that. You'd think you belonged to him. But you aren't anything to him, are you, June?"

Tears sprang to Minnie's eyes. "How dare you talk to me like that? Of course I'm nothing to him. Let go of me, please. Everybody on the stage is watching us. What'll they think, anyway?"

"I don't care what anybody thinks. I'm not ashamed of the way I like you. What's more, I respect you. I'm not afraid to have the whole world know it. You can even throw that in Deane's face, if you like. Maybe it'll teach him a good lesson."

"He's going to be awfully put out if I don't go to him."

"All right, dear, but if you've got any loyalty you won't let him pull anything about me that'll frighten you away."

Minnie was bewildered. She wondered if he were making love to her. If so why did he choose such a crowded moment? Could it be possible that he, too, like the others, knew so little of romance?

"Dearest," now he was so close to her she could hear his irregular breathing, "as God is my judge, you are as sacred

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

BUTTERFIELD FABRICS
of Quality and Fashion
SINCE 1837

You'll make a cool, lovely picture in a frock of
Normandy Voile

Sheer, crisp, fresh-laundered frocks are a gentle-woman's choice for wear throughout the Summer. And Normandy Voile is the smart, cool, sheer-textured fabric that looks perfectly charming, no matter how simply it is made. Any good store can supply you with the lovely new designs and colors in Normandy Voile. The little raised dots that form Normandy patterns are guaranteed absolutely fast. If you see "Normandy Fabric" marked on the selvage, or a "Normandy" label sewn in the dress, you know that you are obtaining the genuine fabric.

It costs so little! a lovely negligee made of
Lingette

The season of visits, reunions, and travel is close at hand—the season for brides' trousseaux, too!—when a woman likes to have pretty negligees and plenty of dainty underwear. College girls' wardrobes must be replenished—pajamas, nightdresses, lingerie; and slips made for wear with dancing frocks. For all these purposes there is no lovelier fabric than Lingette, nor one that wears longer or washes more perfectly. Lingette—in exquisite tints and smart shades—always has the name marked on the selvage. Every Lingette garment has in it a special Lingette label.

The 'little fat man' with his "Sell and Repent" slogan that appears on all Butterfield labels, is the mark always of a quality fabric. This quaint little trade mark pictures one of the old Bradford wool-staplers—a man who attired himself in a plush waistcoat, "knee breeches and thick frieze coat reaching to his heels", and who remarked—as he finished each transaction—"I'll sell if I repent." Prompt sales, good service, were his watchwords; and his satisfied expression, the rotundity of his figure, gave evidence of the soundness of his business policy. The example of this old woolstapler—his calm outlook on the future—are inspirations to Fred Butterfield & Co., today in the creation and sale of quality fabrics to the discriminating women of America.

FRED BUTTERFIELD & CO., Inc., 361 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Notice the *little fat man* woven in this Butterfield label! Look for it whenever you buy cotton fabrics.

The labels used in garments made of Normandy Voile and Lingette also have the *little fat man* to guide you.

All beautiful women have one thing in common—

An intangible quality . . some men call it smartness; others poise. All openly admire the woman who possesses it—the enviable charm of a graceful carriage. This beauty fundamental is not a matter of weight or size but depends largely upon a correctly designed figure-moulding garment. A woman's health demands proper organic support yet her poise depends upon absolute comfort and freedom—only a perfect-fitting garment gives both.

The H & W Corsette illustrated, G-5482, gives a youthful, unbroken symmetry to the average and full figure. Invisible boning gives flatness over abdomen. Exceptionally fine knit elastic gussets give firm restraint, yet are soft and pliable. Perfectly flat side opening. Made in a variety of materials retailing from $5 to $10. Other Corsettes $1.50 up. Sold in all leading stores.

THE H & W COMPANY, INC., Newark, New Jersey

Corsettes · Girdles · Brassieres

LICENSED TRADE MARK

FREE—A beautiful book you will enjoy

THE H. & W. COMPANY, INC., Newark, New Jersey

I should like to read the story of a young artist's adventures in New York Society, so please send me a free copy of "Behind Gilded Curtains"—your latest beautifully illustrated style book. (P)

Name

Street and Number

Town and State

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

to me as my own mother. There! That's what I've kept locked in my heart—it's out at last!"

Minnie trembled with feverish ecstasy. To be such a man's ideal. Each step nearer to Deane tightened the muscles around her mouth, deepened the glint in her eyes. When she pulled aside the flap, entered the tent, and faced him, there was triumphant savagery in her defiance. "Well, what do you want of me?"

Deane knew every word that Carlton had been saying.

"I want you to marry me."

"To—what?"

"Marry me."

"Gee, but you are certainly developing a sense of humor—or something."

"Look here, Minnie! I never felt so responsible for you as I do right this minute. I don't think I ever realized how desperately you need protection. But I want you to marry me because I love you — not wildly or romantically, but quietly, with a sincerity which some day you may understand."

A SILENCE fell upon them. Minnie was frightened and dazed because he had proposed to her. She was also deeply touched and began to cry.

Deane knew her tears were a natural response. He put his arms around her, and held her close to him, interminable minutes, it seemed to Minnie. She wondered how he could talk so quietly, so evenly, about love. He made no attempt to seek her lips.

Her quick ears caught a shuffle of feet outside the tent, and a tall shadow fell upon it. She wondered if it were Carlton, if he had followed her, and if he were standing there waiting to hear what Deane had to say about him. She stopped crying suddenly.

"Minnie——"

Oh, that detestable name!

Deane's own voice rang out sharply. "Look here, Minnie! You little fool, you're laughing! You're standing here facing one of the greatest crises of your life, and you haven't sense enough to know it!"

"I'm not laughing. I'm nervous, I tell you. Why have you done this without preparing me at all, asking me such a serious question?"

"You're right, Minnie. I should have known better. I've chosen an unfortunate time, but I'm not an actor. I was only hoping that I could make you care for me — make you understand my love. Won't you marry me, dear?"

"I can't, Hal, but don't think for one moment that I don't know that you are better than I am, that a girl like me ought to be thankful a man like you would want to make her his wife, and that I would be looked up to as somebody the rest of my life, but I——"

"It's because you think you're in love with Carlton, isn't it?"

"Oh, how can you say that, Hal, when I—how do I know if I love him or not? —why, he's never even kissed me."

Deane winced at this. "Is that your ultimate test of love, Minnie?"

"Of course it isn't. But you know yourself how indifferent he is, how he treats all of the girls who are crazy about him as if they were dust under his feet."

"Look here, Minnie, Carlton is a cad, and I detest him! A stupid, selfish rotter! He's going to make love to you—I know the symptoms—and you'll believe him. He's going to do this because you're now in a position to help him. Let me tell you something about Carlton. He's worse than Beauregard. Beauregard takes, but he gives something in exchange. Carlton takes, but gives nothing. He's without decency, honor. He's just a petty cheat!"

Minnie struck out with her fists blindly. Her face was convulsed. Finally she managed to gasp, "You keep your mouth shut, Hal Deane! You don't know what you're talking about!"

"I thought so, Minnie. I'm sorry for you."

"Then if you're so sorry for me you'd better watch your step and not be insulting people who've been as nice to me as Gilbert Carlton. Yeh, you'd better watch your step if you and me—and I—are going to be friends. Do you get me? And what proof have you got that he's what you say he is? Yeh, come on now, with your old preaching, where's your proof?"

"Well, Minnie, here's something you ought to know and probably don't—he has a wife and baby hidden away somewhere in Connecticut."

"It's a lie!"

"A rather foolish defense, Minnie. It's the truth. I happen to know it."

"You're trying to turn me against him."

"Of course I am. For your sake."

"No—for yours! You're like all the rest of them! You want something and you'll get it no matter what it costs the other fellow. You—with your nagging old protection stuff! You're not as good as he is! I hate you, I tell you! It's a rotten lie about Gilbert Carlton. I know it! I'm going to ask him."

Again she struck out blindly. He reached out and seized one of her hands. She whipped it from his grasp, screaming when he touched her. Flinging his hands away, she thwarted his attempt to reach the opening of the tent first, and was gone.

"Poor little kid," he said to himself.

A few moments later, outwardly calm, Deane left the tent and walked onto the stage. Weaver was busy giving orders. Deane glanced around quite casually. "Where is Miss Day?" he said with no perceptible quaver in his voice.

"Maybe in her dressing-room. I saw her running across the stage a few minutes ago. She seemed to be looking for somebody—you, I guess."

"Go to her dressing-room and tell her that I'm ready to take the scene."

"Yes, sir."

"Where is Carlton?"

"Right in back of the set, touching up his make-up." Weaver began to chuckle. "This may hand you a laugh, Deane," he said. "But when I walked around there a few minutes ago he was spraying his throat with some kind of a pinkish stuff which smelled like peppermint and perfume mixed together. Say, if one of these he-men electricians don't drop a lamp on that bird's head some day, I'll miss my guess!"

DEANE had heard little of what Weaver was telling him. He was rubbing his hands together nervously. "Call both of them quickly. I want to get the love-scene over with and move into the boarding-house set. Carlton doesn't work in that, does he?"

Weaver reached for the thumbed script, turned over a few pages, then shook his head. "Carlton doesn't work any more to-day after the love-scene." Weaver laughed again. "It ought to be some love-scene, if I can read the cards. She's off her head about him as far as I can see. If she isn't, she will be after to-day. Love-making is his dish, all right. Poor little kid."

"She can take care of herself, Weaver," Deane said. Get them on the set."

Minnie had been crying. The mascaro on her lashes had run, and the black tears had trickled in tiny grooves down her cheeks. Her mouth was still working convulsively. Weaver found her trying to repair her make-up.

"You don't have to worry about it," he said to her consolingly. "It's after he's rescued you from drowning and you're supposed to look all topsyturvy." He was wondering why she had been

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

crying. "The boss is waiting for you. He seems impatient. When you're ready call me. I've got to have somebody hose you down; you come into the scene all wet—you know—continuation of the drowning sequence."

Minnie shuddered. "I hate to have that water thrown all over me. I'm going to catch my death of cold."

Weaver laughed. "Don't worry. Carlton will keep you warm; he's all primed up for it. Perfume, atomizer, breath of violets——"

"You keep quiet," she said evenly. "I'm ready now."

Carlton was furious because he had to stand under the hose until he was dripping wet. But walking back to the set he passed in front of a long cheval-glass and caught sight of himself. The wet clothes clung to his body, revealing the muscles on his arms and legs. He watched smilingly the rippling play of muscles.

Minnie's dress was of a sleazy material, which clung to her body in limp drapes as she emerged from the cascade of water. Her wet hair fell to her waist. Her face was the color of old ivory; her eyes two velvet pansies.

"Do I really love this girl?" Carlton asked himself, amazed. "No! But I mustn't let myself slip like this. There's too much at stake."

The wail of the music. The hum of the lights. Deane's white face peering over the shoulder of the cameraman. Carlton saying, "I love you. I love you." Minnie in his arms. The warmth of their two bodies. Minnie's heart pounding wildly. A thin vapor of steam arising from their wet clothes.

"Do you mean it, Gilbert, with all your heart? Oh, I love you so!"

"Of course I mean it. Kiss me. Kiss me, darling."

She lay back in his arms, swaying lightly.

"Kiss me again, Gilbert; it's just—as I dreamed it would be. I love you so. I—I've never loved before—never loved before."

He laid his lips upon hers. "Sweetheart," he said, "I'm crazy about you too. And that's no lie. I'm not acting now. It's the real thing——"

Not acting now? Acting? Oh, that's so, they were acting in front of the camera. Deane was directing the scene. A hundred people were looking on—and she had forgotten. She had felt as if they were a thousand miles away.

Acting! Were his burning words of love only a part of the paint and pretense?

"Gilbert!" He was startled when she clutched him in taut, trembling arms. "Tell me the truth—do you love me—I mean outside of this scene? I mean—oh, I don't know what I'm talking about."

He kissed her again.

Weaver laughed. "Putting the works on her, all right. Is she falling?"

ONE of the musicians, drawing the bow of his cello over the sobbing strings, laughed and winked. "I'll say she is—like a ton of bricks."

The wink traveled from the property boys to the electricians straddling the beams high over the set. The cameraman read aloud, "Two hundred and fifty feet—Deane—running out of film——"

"Might as well cut it now—they'll cut it in Philadelphia," said Weaver facetiously.

Deane cried, "Lights out!" The studio was plunged in darkness. Deane was glad. No one saw his face, which he knew was livid with shame and grief.

Minnie was unashamed of her infatuation for Gilbert Carlton. What if he were married? Hadn't she made a stupid mistake herself? Gilbert explained how he had been drawn into a net with a girl he didn't love.

But Minnie wasn't entirely blind to his faults. She often chafed under his domineering manner and was frightened by his nasty suspicions. But when he held her in his arms her heart lifted again—she felt a contentment, as if she were lying in a hammock under swaying, whispering birch-trees, the warm, moist kiss of Summer upon her lips.

The rumor of Minnie's infatuation reached Beauregard. He saw Minnie's eager hands always seeking Carlton's, the look in her eyes, and Carlton's arrogant triumph. He knew then that he had been blocked, outwitted, but he was in no position to protest. Minnie was the first of his personal enthusiasms to bring remuneration. He hated her now that he had lost her, but he would go on hiding his hatred and make her success pay for his wounded vanity.

THE day Beauregard was certain that he had lost Minnie he sent for Alicia Adams. An hour later he opened a bottle of wine in his office, and Walters, the photographer, took a flash-light of Alicia signing a contract. That evening, pink with triumph, she rode home in Beauregard's limousine. A week of shopping. Alicia bought the same things Minnie had bought: a gold mesh-bag, a bird of paradise, a coat with an ermine collar. She and Minnie had dreamed of ermine coats. She wondered if she would get one before Minnie.

Each succeeding picture that Minnie made brought fresh acclaims. Now the critics, attracted by her beauty, her apparent facility at expressing emotions, began to lament the type of story she was playing in; and the interested public, aroused by the criticisms, also voiced a protest.

When Minnie read these criticisms she went to Beauregard, and growing resentment against Deane was the result of these conferences. It was he who had held Minnie down to inferior rôles. It was he who had insisted that she play the simple, wistful characters, when it was obvious, even to the public, that she was capable of far-flung ranges of emotion.

"Good Heavens!" Minnie cried, her anger pyramiding every time she thought of it, "do you realize, Beauregard, that I haven't been given a chance—a real chance to show what I can do? Why, look at this, what it says about me—an editorial too—June Day, cramped into rôles of tenement girls, chorus girls, farmers' daughters, when she is worthy of the part of *Juliet, Leah Kleschna, Magdalene!*"

Beauregard motioned for Mrs. Lowell to take Alicia into the outer office for the continuation of her lesson in grammar. He was intending that Deane should manage Alicia, so she mustn't be prejudiced against him. When he and Minnie were alone he began:

"You know, June, I wanted to give you the best, and Deane looked like the only one who could put you over."

Minnie agreed that he had succeeded and that she owed much to Deane, but in the future she wanted a director who wasn't so determined against her playing the big dramatic rôles. "Romeo and Juliet," that's what she wanted to do. She had never heard of it until Carlton had told her about it. A wonderful story for the two of them. He brought her Lamb's "Romeo and Juliet." Minnie never knew that it wasn't Shakespeare's version. She tried to feel Deane out. When she suggested to him that she might play *Juliet* he smiled his enigmatic smile, but his eyes were full of pity for her.

"Minnie," he said, "now that you're out of my hands, don't make any false moves. Don't sell yourself with the idea that you're a great actress, because you're not! You have a cute little personality. You've learned your bag of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

When 5,000,000 Women

turn to a new way in personal hygiene, surely you owe it to yourself, at least to try that way

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Graduate Nurse*

If you believe the testimony of five million American women, you too will want to know about this new way in personal hygiene. At least will want to try it, for yourself.

Today countless thousands of women are learning for the first time, what these millions know. Everywhere, they are finding new personal immaculacy, new freedom, relief from embarrassment. Today this amazing new way has been adopted by 8 in 10 women in the better walks of life.

This new way is Kotex, and doctors, nurses everywhere advise its use. It is Science's solution of woman's oldest problem, supplanting the old-fashioned sanitary napkin and other dangerous makeshift methods.

These scientific features

Many discomforts common to women are directly traceable to makeshift sanitary methods. Much of the loss of charm, of the feminine immaculacy expected at *all* times, is chiefly due to the same reason. Every woman knows this to be true.

Kotex is a sanitary pad made of Cellucotton, the world's super-absorbent. It absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as cotton.

Each Kotex pad is impregnated with a new secret deodorant which our scientists recently discovered. It is the result of years of laboratory experiment and research.

Another important advantage of Kotex is that it can be discarded simply, without the least bother or embarrassment—just like a piece of tissue.

Kotex is germ-proof, packed in sanitary sealed packages of 12. In two sizes, the regular and Kotex-Super.

All drug and department stores have Kotex—ready-wrapped in plain paper. There are no questions to ask or answer, no needless conversation. Simply pay the clerk and walk out, that is all.

Easy to get—anywhere

Today, get Kotex, deodorized. Learn what it has come to mean to the millions of women who have adopted it. Or if you will write to me, I will send you free a sample of the new deodorized Kotex, and an interesting booklet, written by an eminent doctor on this important subject. Your letter will be treated confidentially, of course, and the sample will come in plain, unmarked wrapper. Just address me

ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, G. N.
Care of Cellucotton Laboratories
166 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

KOTEX

Kotex-Regular, now 60c
Kotex-Super, now 90c

DEODORIZED

May Breath Free

Send coupon for a box

A Pure Breath

Is simply good manners

Millions have turned to this NEW way—scientific protection that you carry with you, always

THERE is no question any more about bad breath. Years ago, it may have been unavoidable. Today, it's judged unpardonable.

Any person who has ever drawn away from another because of it knows just how repellent it is.

Now you need not risk giving this offense. Millions are avoiding it in an amazing, simple, *new* way.

What it is

May Breath is an antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form; dainty little tablets that you carry with you.

Dissolve one in your mouth, that is all. Instantly your breath is purified, given the freshness of May-time.

Not a mere perfume; for that simply cries out your effort at concealment. Not a liquid purifier that can only be used at home. May Breath supplies constant protection in the most convenient way.

* * * *

Bad breath comes from so many causes that scarcely one person in fifty escapes it at one time or another.

Stomach disorders may cause it, or food fermenting between the teeth. Certain foods and drinks are peculiarly apt to cause it. Smoking is a chief offender.

Careful people today, the world over, practice breath purity as simple good manners.

* * * *

Carry May Breath with you. It's in flat metal boxes that fit into your purse, or a pocket.

Never risk close contact with others, never go to a dance or theatre without taking the precaution of a May Breath tablet.

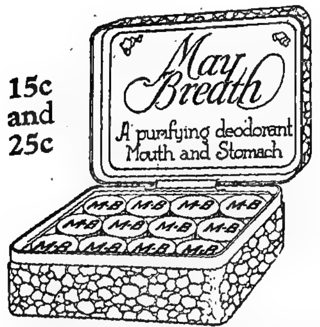
Send the coupon and we will gladly send you a box free. Then you will know the good it brings. Tear out the coupon before you forget.

Cigar odors
Quell them before you dance.

In your home
Be as careful as you are with friends. Insure sweet breath.

Spring odors
One May Breath tablet brings that added charm.

15c and 25c



May Breath
A purifying deodorant Mouth and Stomach
M-B

May Breath is now on sale in Canada

GOOD FOR A 15c BOX

Fill in your name, then mail this coupon to address below for a 15c box of May Breath free.

Name..

Address...

MAY BREATH COMPANY
1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago
Canadian Branch: 191 George St., Toronto
Only one box to a family
M-149

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107

tricks, and the public likes them, but it will be the first to condemn you when you fail to hold your own with more experienced actresses."

Deane evidently made this clear to Beauregard, because he called off the production of "Romeo and Juliet," even after some money had been spent on the building of sets and the designing of costumes. Minnie, urged on by Carlton, stormed into Beauregard's office when it was whispered about that Beauregard had changed his mind, but her tears and threats left him unmoved. Bacon, eager to direct the production, came to Minnie's aid, using his weapons of defense more cleverly, making it clear to Beauregard that it was time his name was again linked with art.

Beauregard asked for two days to think it over before he made any definite decision. In those two days much occurred. Another crisis in Minnie's life arrived—this time brought about unexpectedly by Pete.

The chauffeurs of the studio, sitting there in the long, idle hours, gossiped of their employers. One afternoon the president of the Ideal Film Corporation came for a conference with Beauregard. It was to borrow June Day for a big melodrama to be made at the Ideal studio, his chauffeur said.

Pete listened. He bought the chauffeur a cigar. He told him he was Miss Day's driver and that she was one little peach. The chauffeur agreed with him. He had only seen her on the screen, but he had overheard a conversation regarding her between the manager of the Ideal studio and his boss. "Offer Beauregard five hundred dollars a week, if necessary, to get June Day," the boss had said.

PETE'S big moment had come. The Flynn family were invited to Minnie's apartment that evening for dinner. Elsie had cooked it, but Pete, strolling into the kitchen, had whispered mysteriously, "About the last dinner you'll have to cook, honey. I've got something up my sleeve, I have. You wait and see—you wait!"

Pete was chafing with the news, but he withheld it until dinner was over and they had all strolled into the den. This was his plan: to call upon the president of the Ideal Film Corporation as Minnie's business representative and discuss her future. Minnie had her doubts, but her protests were drowned by the outcries of Mrs. Flynn and Elsie.

It was quite evident that Beauregard had turned down the Ideal's proposition of hiring Minnie for a picture at twice the salary she was getting. So why should Minnie consider a dirty old dog like him?

The following morning Jimmy drove Minnie to the studio. Elsie and Nettie went shopping with Pete. They bought him a black-and-white-checked suit, a yellow-and-black tie, and tan shoes. He had never worn gloves; his hands in chamois gloves dangled awkwardly away from his body. He protested against the cane, but he liked the narrow-rimmed derby cocked well over his ear.

No time to have cards engraved as Minnie had ordered, but they found a man who wrote with elaborate curlicues the name, "Mr. Pete Flynn Day." And under the name, "Business Manager for Miss June Day."

Pete thought he would have difficulty getting past the hawk-eyed manager, but to his astonishment he was led at once into the president's private office. He was offered a seat and a twenty-five-cent cigar.

"I see by your card you are a relative of Miss Day's," said Wright pleasantly.

"Her brother," said Pete, "and manager. Now look here, Wright, let's me and you get down to business and put all the cards on the table. What do you say, old man?"

"That's the way I do business, Mr. Day." Wright hid his smile under the pretext of lighting a cigaret. He was always amused by ignorance.

Pete was talking pompously now, loud-voiced, as if Wright were deaf. "Through some leak at the studio my sister got wind of your offer to Beauregard. Five hundred per—am I right? Speak up! The cards are on the table, ain't they?"

"Yes, we offered Beauregard five hundred dollars a week for a period of six weeks. But he said they were about to start a production and he couldn't loan her at this time. He thought perhaps in the Fall——"

"He did, did he? Well, a fat chance he's got to loan her in the Fall! Her contract's up in four months. Do you get me, Wright? Cards on the table! Ain't gonna hold out anything on each other, are we?"

"In that case," mused Wright, "we're interested. The fact is, Day, we were given to understand that Beauregard held a contract for two years more."

"Not on your sweet life, he don't! Say!" and Pete stretched out in the chair, "what kind of a business man do you think I am with a great little bet like June Day?"

WRIGHT was thinking. "I've seen contracts made by Beauregard's lawyer before—always some clever little catch in them." Leaning closer to Pete, "We've got a wonderful story and are planning to make a great picture. Going to spend two hundred thousand dollars on it. Look here, Day, let's go over to the hotel for a drink and talk this over!"

Pete had never tasted good Scotch. It loosened his tongue as if it had been pried from its moorings. He told Wright that Minnie was so dissatisfied she would be glad to break her contract.

The following morning Pete and Wright took the contract to Wright's lawyer, who studied it and found several loopholes of escape for Beauregard had Minnie disappointed him, and a possible loophole of escape for her. There were several clauses which hadn't been lived up to in the letter of the law.

For three weeks Minnie stayed away from the studio, and paid many surreptitious visits to Wright's office.

Pete was magnificent. He engaged a colored chauffeur to drive Minnie's car and sat in the back seat, giving loud orders and making many trips from one studio to the other.

The lawyer of the Ideal Corporation finally found a clause in Minnie's contract with Beauregard which made it possible for her to be free from him—free—and five hundred dollars a week from the Ideal! Minnie was dazed. Twice as much to spend as she had ever had. She could live twice as well. Dress twice as extravagantly. Buy an ermine coat and pay the first instalment on a roadster.

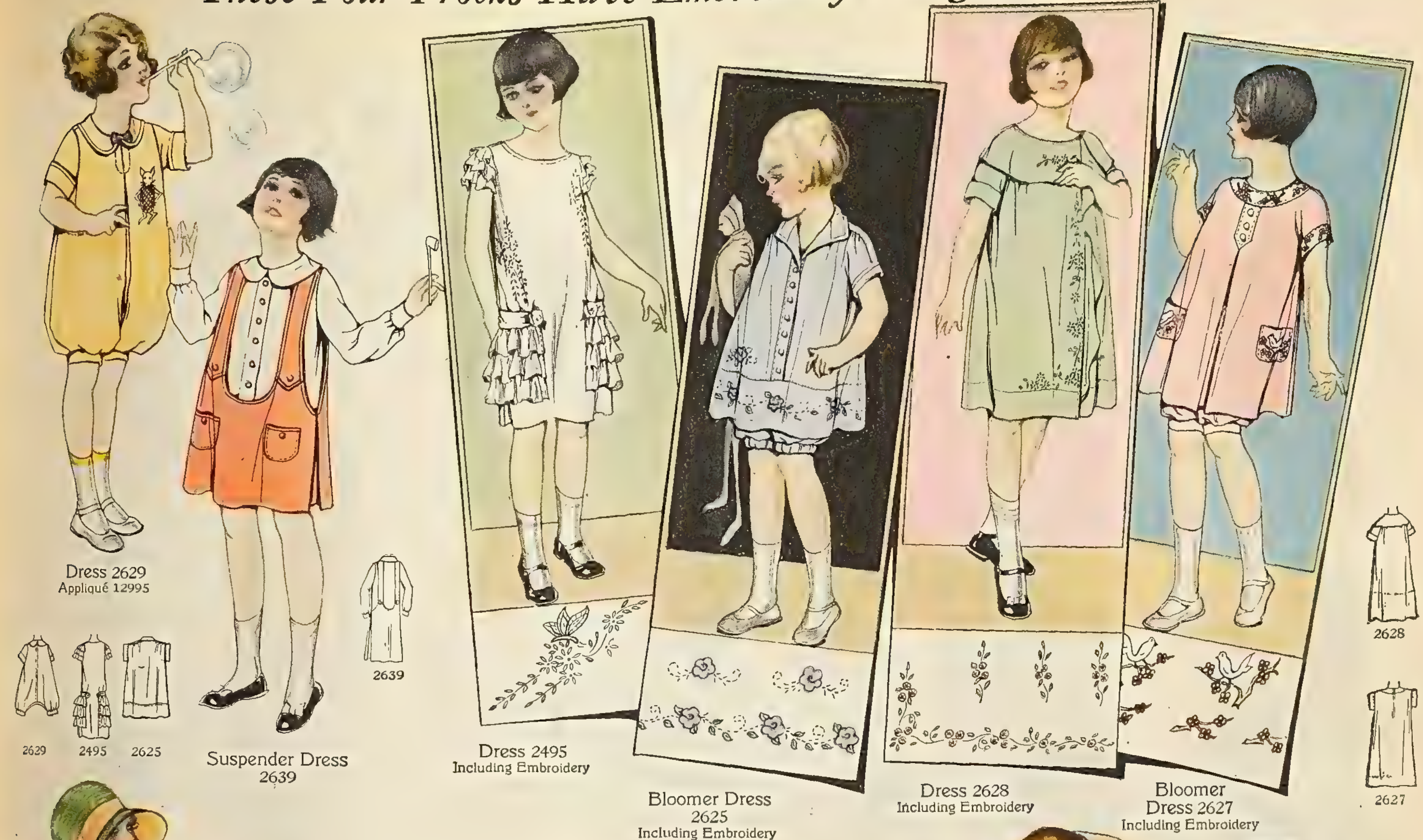
Carlton had no car—they decided it was foolish of him to buy one when they were together all the time, but he could be of great help to Minnie by driving hers. Then during the early Autumn she could turn in the touring-car and get a closed one. A girl in Minnie's position should own her own limousine. It was expected of her. Carlton told her that she would attract the attention of all the producers if she showed a little more "class."

Beauregard was beside himself when Pete put his feet up on the mahogany desk and told him that Minnie was through.

MINNIE and Carlton, in the parlor of Minnie's Riverside Drive apartment, were reading the story of the first picture that she was to make for the Ideal Corporation. Minnie was leaning back on the satin-cushioned divan in a silk-and-lace negligée, smoking a cigaret. She disliked cigarets, but Carlton had

CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

These Four Frocks Have Embroidery Designs Made to Fit Each Size



Dress 2629
Appliqué 12995

Suspender Dress
2639

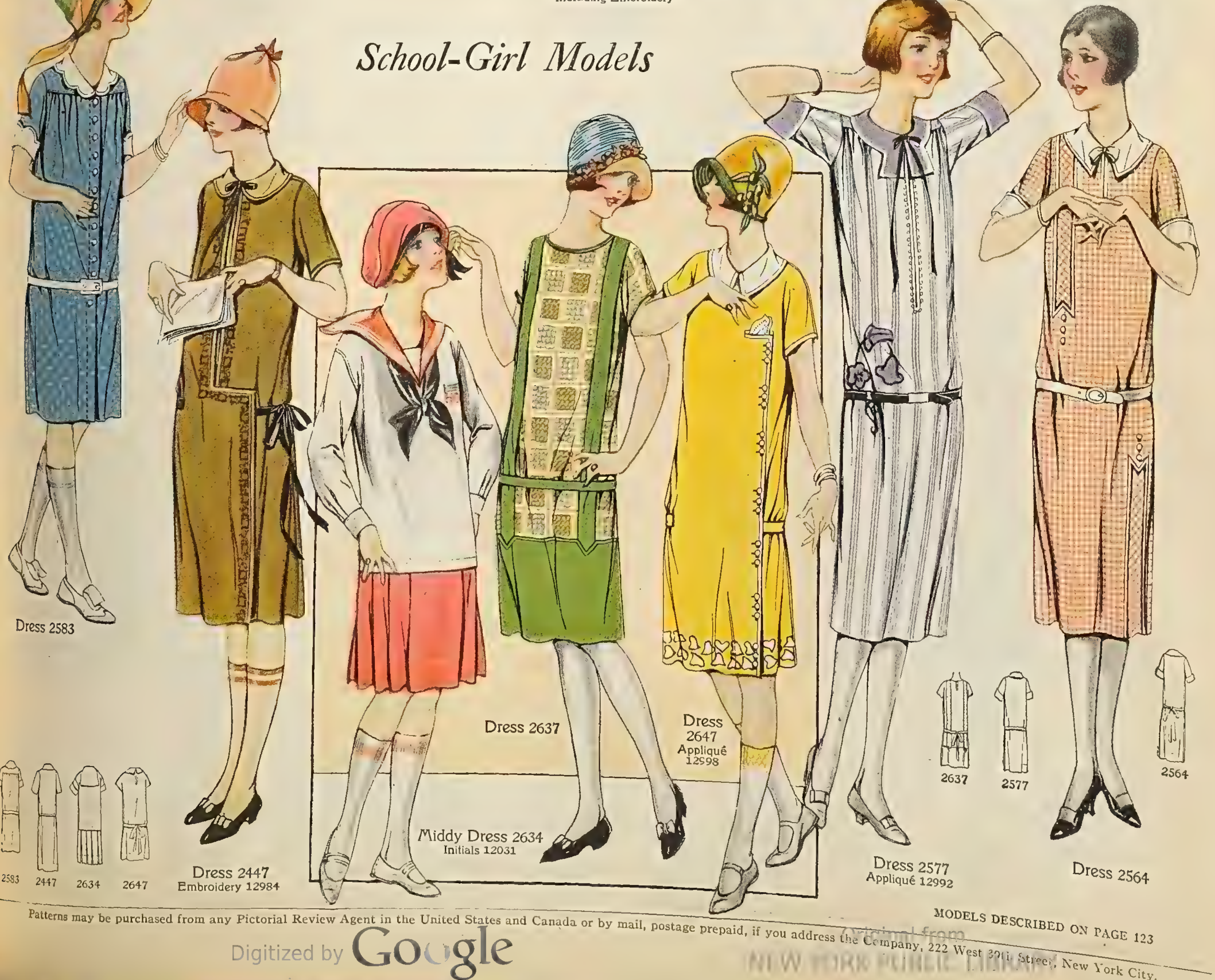
Dress 2495
Including Embroidery

Bloomer Dress
2625
Including Embroidery

Dress 2628
Including Embroidery

Bloomer
Dress 2627
Including Embroidery

School-Girl Models



Dress 2583

Dress 2447
Embroidery 12984

Middy Dress 2634
Initials 12031

Dress 2637

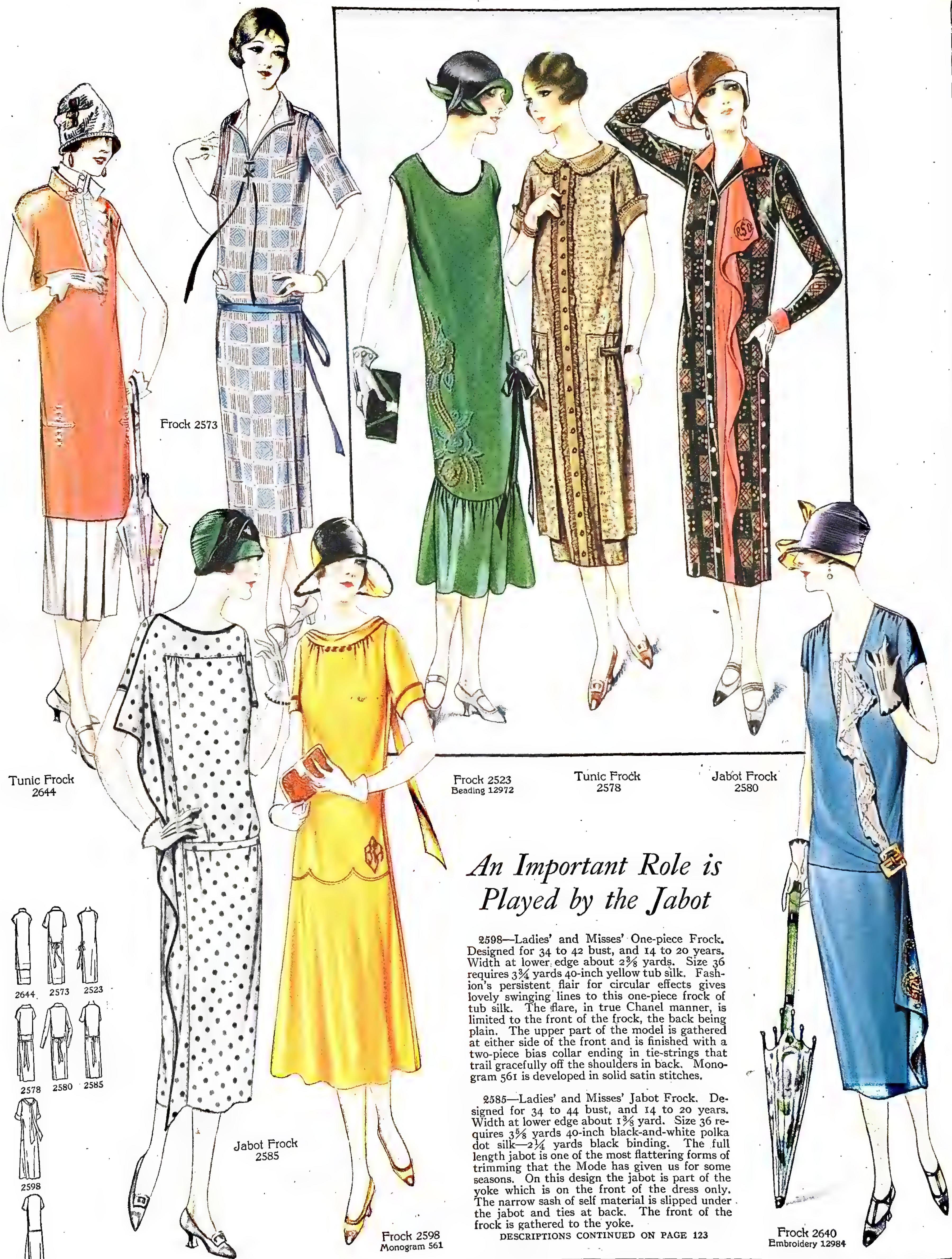
Dress
2647
Appliqué
12998

Dress 2577
Appliqué 12992

Dress 2564

MODELS DESCRIBED ON PAGE 123

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.



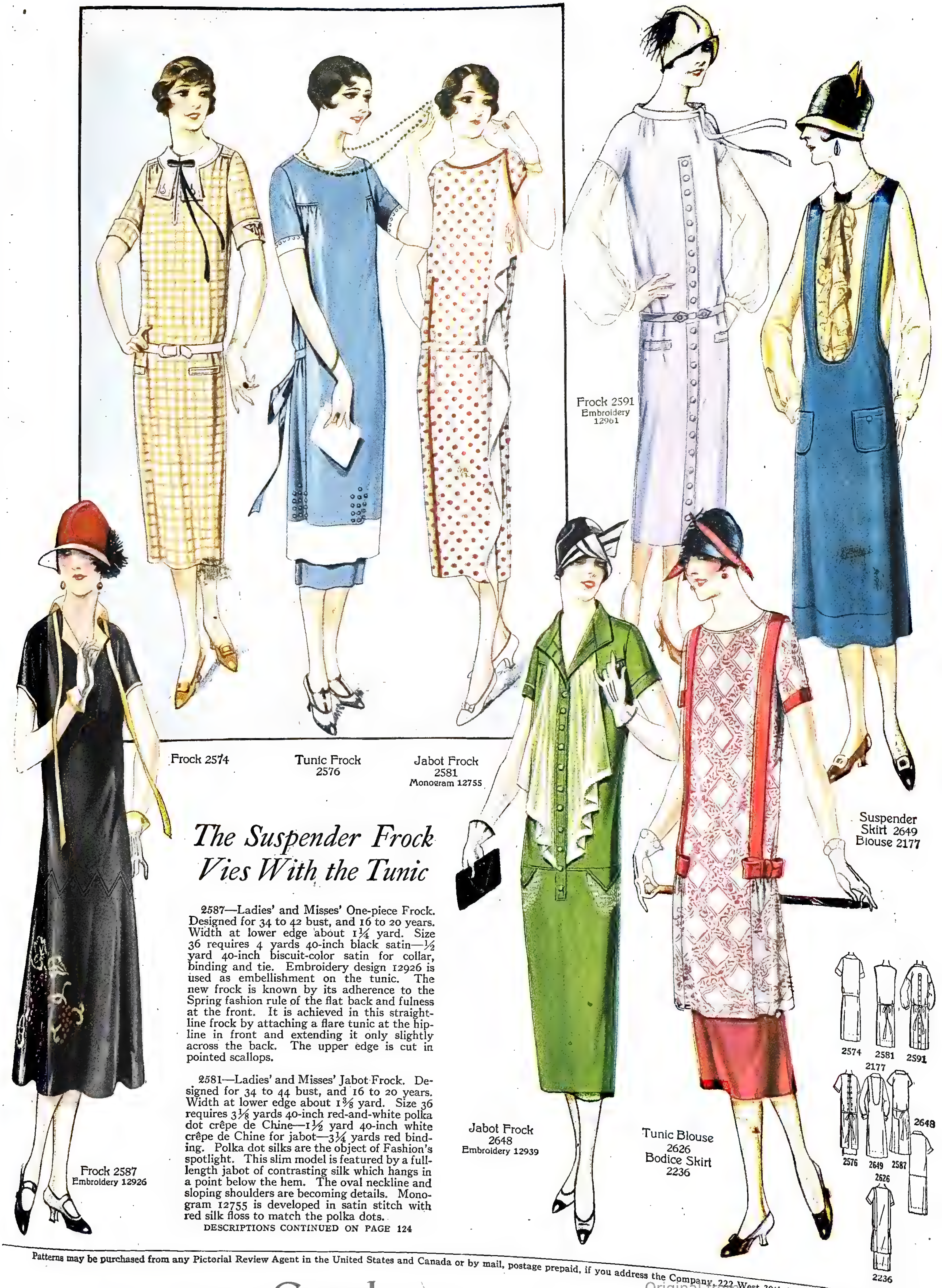
An Important Role is Played by the Jabot

2598—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Frock. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅜ yards. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch yellow tub silk. Fashion's persistent flair for circular effects gives lovely swinging lines to this one-piece frock of tub silk. The flare, in true Chanel manner, is limited to the front of the frock, the back being plain. The upper part of the model is gathered at either side of the front and is finished with a two-piece bias collar ending in tie-strings that trail gracefully off the shoulders in back. Monogram 561 is developed in solid satin stitches.

2585—Ladies' and Misses' Jabot Frock. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch black-and-white polka dot silk—2¼ yards black binding. The full length jabot is one of the most flattering forms of trimming that the Mode has given us for some seasons. On this design the jabot is part of the yoke which is on the front of the dress only. The narrow sash of self material is slipped under the jabot and ties at back. The front of the frock is gathered to the yoke.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 123

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.



Frock 2574

Tunic Frock
2576

Jabot Frock
2581
Monogram 12755

Frock 2591
Embroidery
12961

Suspender
Skirt 2649
Blouse 2177

Frock 2587
Embroidery 12926

Jabot Frock
2648
Embroidery 12939

Tunic Blouse
2626
Bodice Skirt
2236

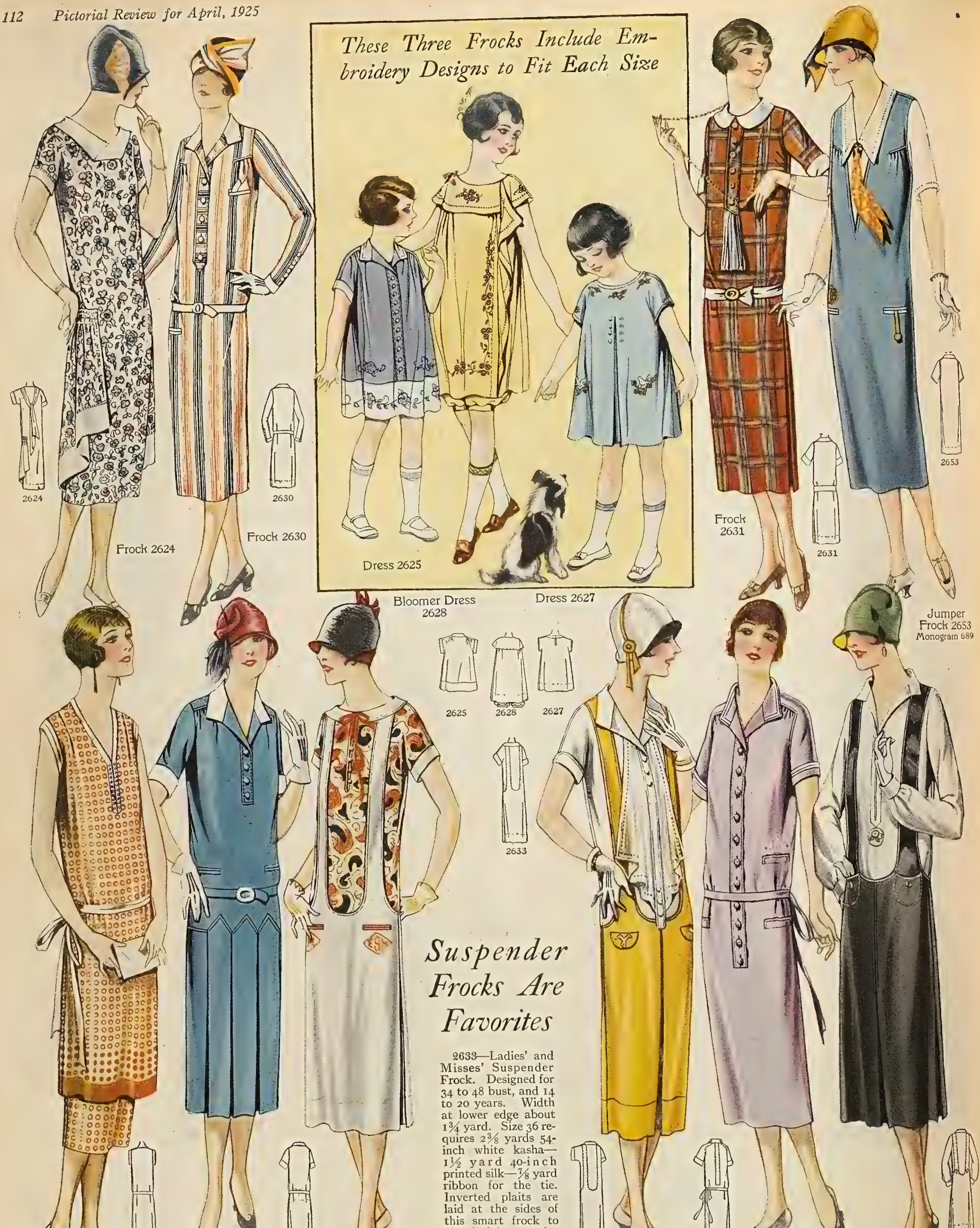
The Suspender Frock Vies With the Tunic

2587—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Frock. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch black satin—½ yard 40-inch biscuit-color satin for collar, binding and tie. Embroidery design 12926 is used as embellishment on the tunic. The new frock is known by its adherence to the Spring fashion rule of the flat back and fulness at the front. It is achieved in this straight-line frock by attaching a flare tunic at the hip-line in front and extending it only slightly across the back. The upper edge is cut in pointed scallops.

2581—Ladies' and Misses' Jabot Frock. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch red-and-white polka dot crêpe de Chine—1½ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine for jabot—3¼ yards red binding. Polka dot silks are the object of Fashion's spotlight. This slim model is featured by a full-length jabot of contrasting silk which hangs in a point below the hem. The oval neckline and sloping shoulders are becoming details. Monogram 12755 is developed in satin stitch with red silk floss to match the polka dots.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.



These Three Frocks Include Embroidery Designs to Fit Each Size

Tunic Frock 2642

Sports Frock 2636

Suspender Frock 2633
Monogram 540

Suspender Frock 2632
Initial 12254

Frock 2652
Monogram 537

Suspender Frock 2635
Embroidery 12967

Suspender Frocks Are Favorites

2633—Ladies' and Misses' Suspender Frock. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch white kasha—1½ yard 40-inch printed silk—⅞ yard ribbon for the tie. Inverted plaits are laid at the sides of this smart frock to give it fulness and a slight flare. Monogram 540 is developed in satin stitch.

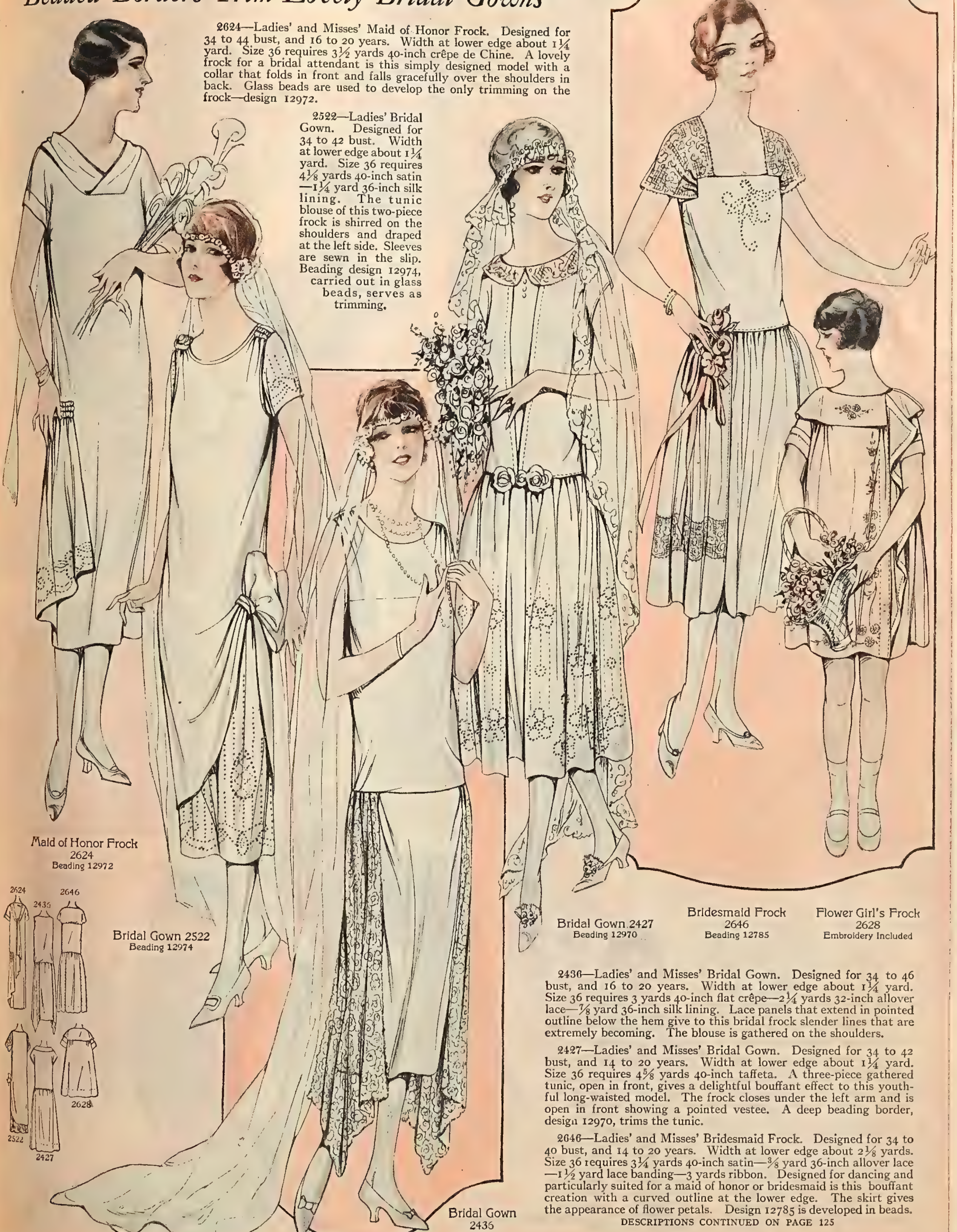
DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Beaded Borders Trim Lovely Bridal Gowns

2624—Ladies' and Misses' Maid of Honor Frock. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. A lovely frock for a bridal attendant is this simply designed model with a collar that folds in front and falls gracefully over the shoulders in back. Glass beads are used to develop the only trimming on the frock—design 12972.

2522—Ladies' Bridal Gown. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch satin—1¼ yard 36-inch silk lining. The tunic blouse of this two-piece frock is shirred on the shoulders and draped at the left side. Sleeves are sewn in the slip. Beading design 12974, carried out in glass beads, serves as trimming.



Maid of Honor Frock
2624
Beading 12972

Bridal Gown 2522
Beading 12974

Bridal Gown
2436

Bridal Gown 2427
Beading 12970

Bridesmaid Frock
2646
Beading 12785

Flower Girl's Frock
2628
Embroidery Included

2436—Ladies' and Misses' Bridal Gown. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch flat crêpe—2¼ yards 32-inch allover lace—⅞ yard 36-inch silk lining. Lace panels that extend in pointed outline below the hem give to this bridal frock slender lines that are extremely becoming. The blouse is gathered on the shoulders.

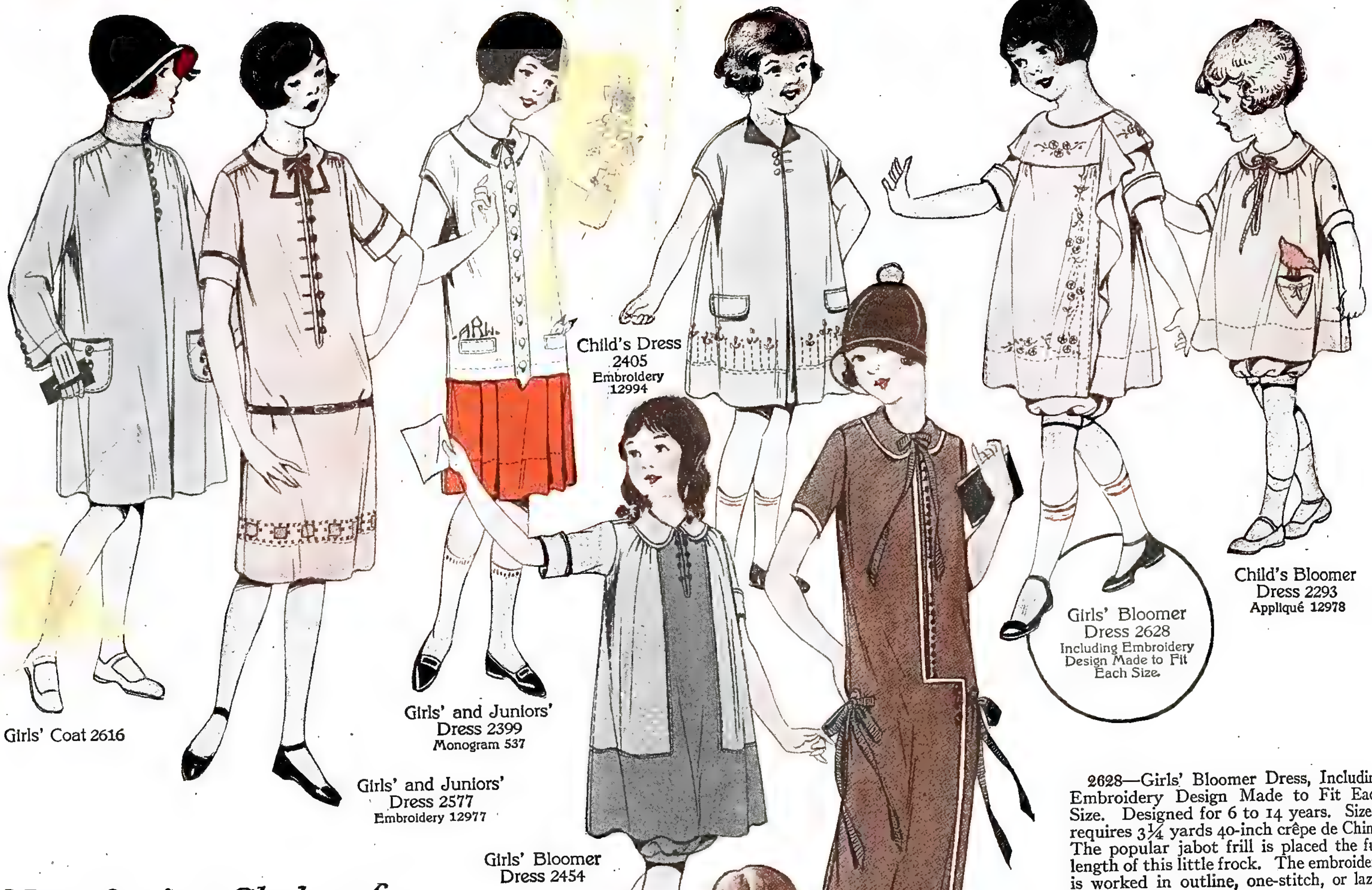
2427—Ladies' and Misses' Bridal Gown. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch taffeta. A three-piece gathered tunic, open in front, gives a delightful bouffant effect to this youthful long-waisted model. The frock closes under the left arm and is open in front showing a pointed vestee. A deep beading border, design 12970, trims the tunic.

2646—Ladies' and Misses' Bridesmaid Frock. Designed for 34 to 40 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅛ yards. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch satin—⅜ yard 36-inch allover lace—1½ yard lace banding—3 yards ribbon. Designed for dancing and particularly suited for a maid of honor or bridesmaid is this bouffant creation with a curved outline at the lower edge. The skirt gives the appearance of flower petals. Design 12785 is developed in beads.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



Girls' Coat 2616

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 2577
Embroidery 12977

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 2399
Monogram 537

Child's Dress 2405
Embroidery 12994

Girls' Bloomer Dress 2454

Girls' Bloomer Dress 2628
Including Embroidery Design Made to Fit Each Size.

Child's Bloomer Dress 2293
Appliqué 12978

New Spring Clothes for The Little Folks

2616—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 years requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch jersey—2¼ yards 36-inch silk for lining. The fronts and backs of this coat are gathered to the long raglan sleeves. The standing collar and button trimming are modish touches.

2577—Girls' and Juniors' One-Piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch crêpe—2½ yards bias binding. The dress is gathered on the shoulders in front, slashed down from the neck at center-front and closed at the left side of the inset vestee. The embroidery border, 12977, consists of cross-stitch and appliqué patches.

2399—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 years requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch pongee for blouse—1⅜ yard 54-inch flannel for the skirt—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underwaist. The skirt is laid in plaits front and back and joined to a lining. Monogram 537 trimming the blouse may be developed in satin stich.

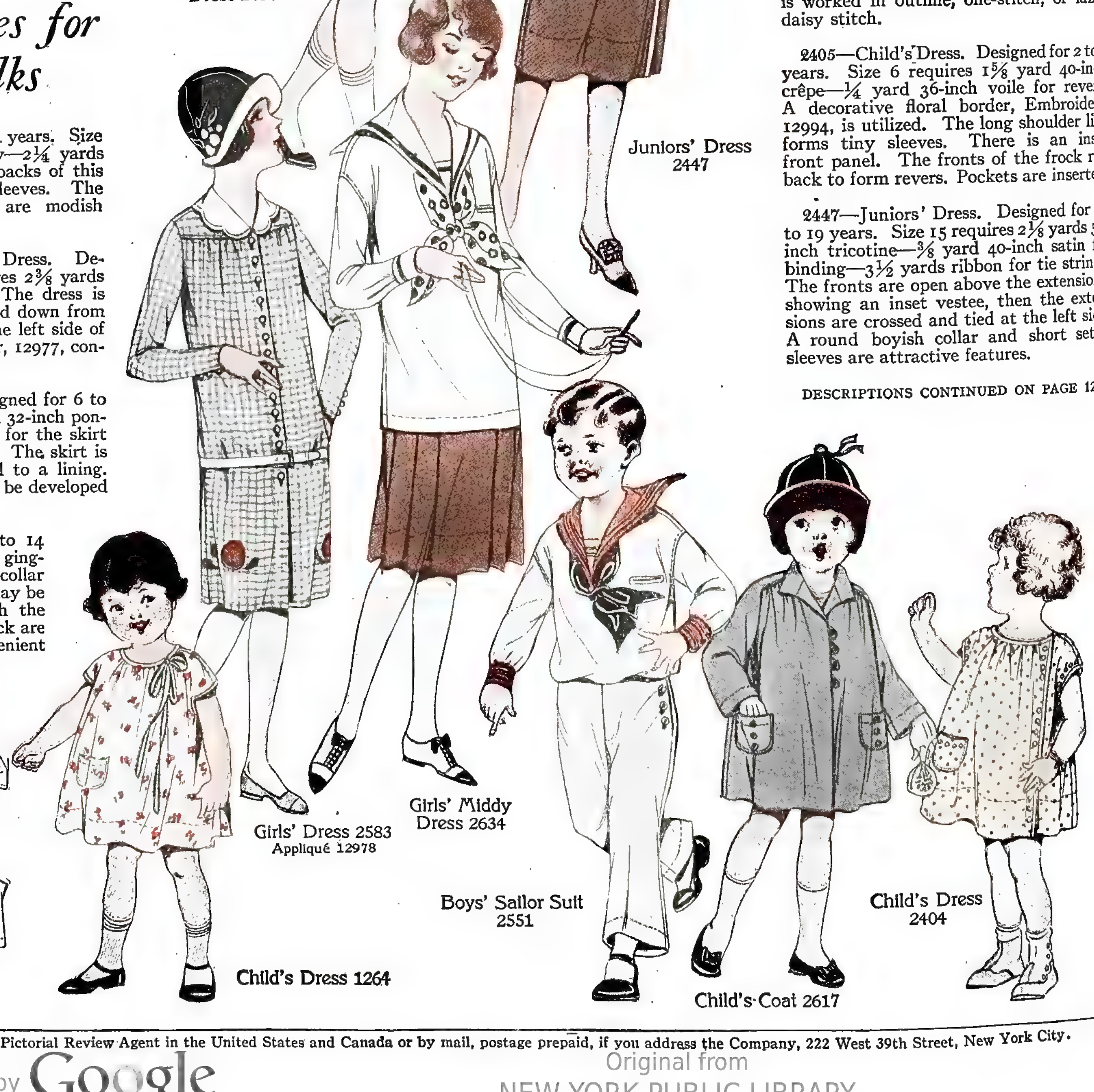
2583—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch gingham—½ yard 40-inch linen for scalloped collar and belt. The appliqué design, 12978, may be in color to harmonize or contrast with the material. The front and back of the frock are gathered to a one-piece yoke. The convenient front closing is youthful and fashionable.

2628—Girls' Bloomer Dress, Including Embroidery Design Made to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. The popular jabot frill is placed the full length of this little frock. The embroidery is worked in outline, one-stitch, or lazy-daisy stitch.

2405—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe—¼ yard 36-inch voile for revers. A decorative floral border, Embroidery 12994, is utilized. The long shoulder line forms tiny sleeves. There is an inset front panel. The fronts of the frock roll back to form revers. Pockets are inserted.

2447—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 13 to 19 years. Size 15 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch tricotine—⅜ yard 40-inch satin for binding—3½ yards ribbon for tie strings. The fronts are open above the extensions, showing an inset vestee, then the extensions are crossed and tied at the left side. A round boyish collar and short set-in sleeves are attractive features.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 125



Juniors' Dress 2447

Girls' Dress 2583
Appliqué 12978

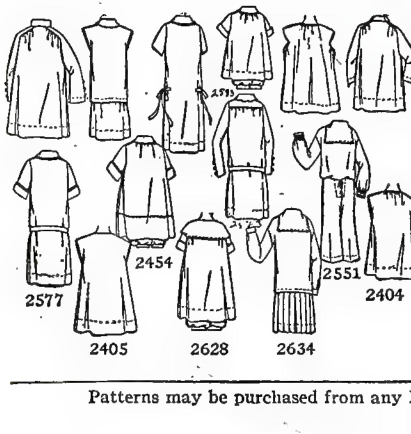
Girls' Middy Dress 2634

Boys' Sailor Suit 2551

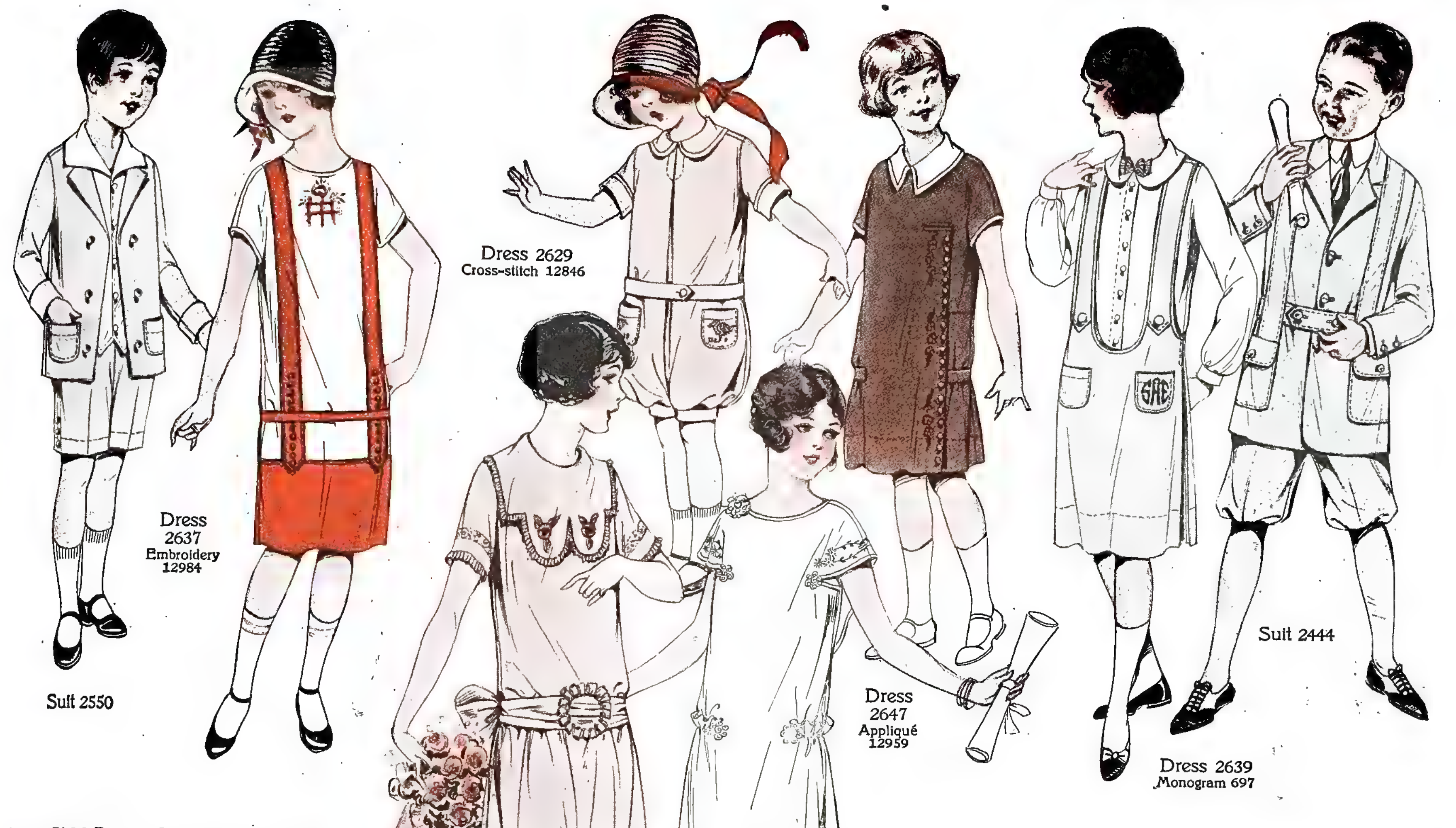
Child's Dress 1264

Child's Coat 2617

Child's Dress 2404



Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.



Suit 2550

Dress 2637
Embroidery 12984

Dress 2629
Cross-stitch 12846

Dress 2647
Appliqué 12959

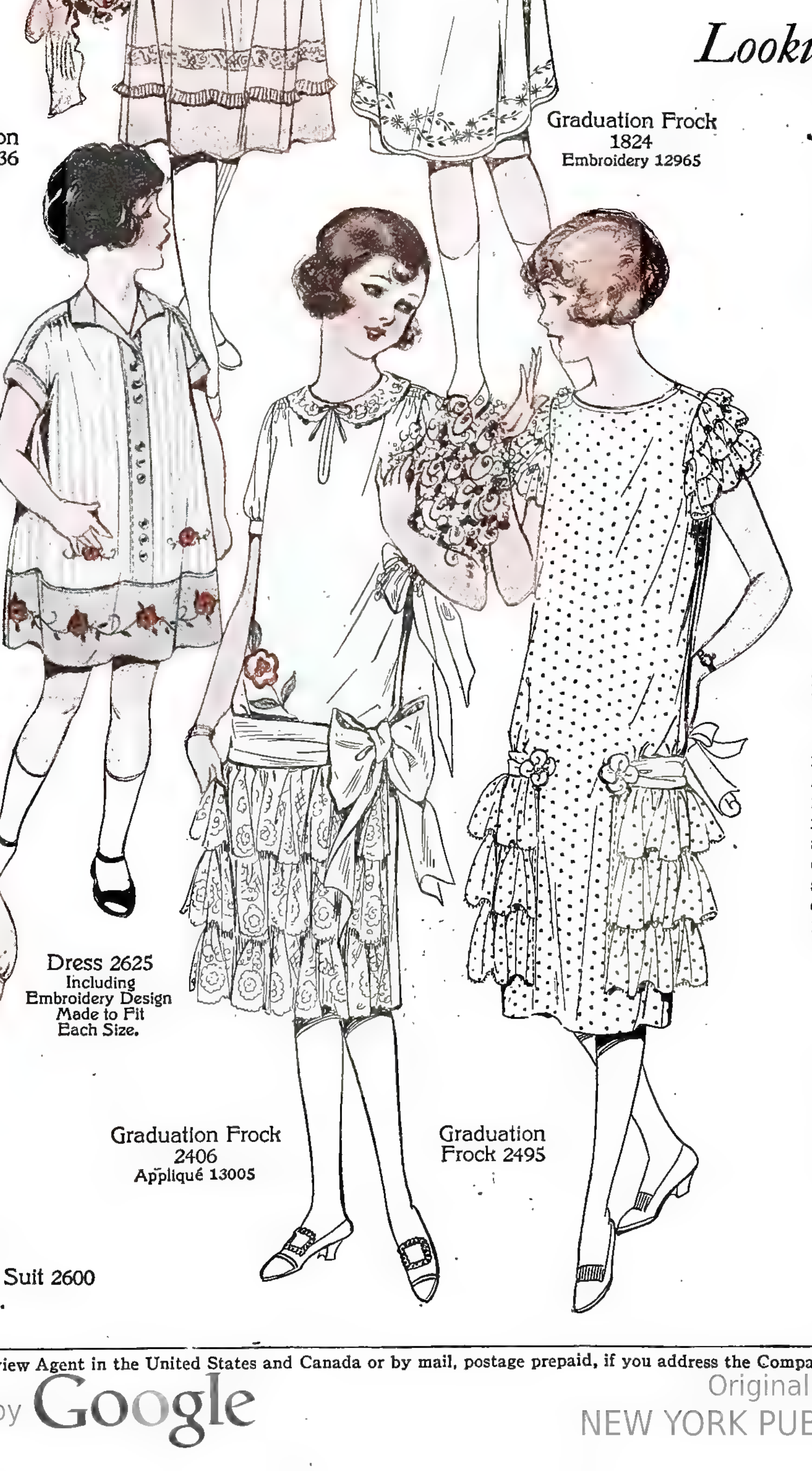
Suit 2444

Dress 2639
Monogram 697

2637—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch voile—1¼ yard 36-inch contrasting voile for band trimming. An attractive embroidery motif, 12984, is suggested. The lines of this little frock have all the smartness of a design for grown-ups.

2647—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch jersey—¼ yard 54-inch contrasting jersey for trimming. The front is slashed at left side and an inserted section forms a plait. The trimming is centered at this point, Appliqué design 12959 being effectively used, also a row of buttons. It closes at the center back.

2639—Girls' Suspender Dress. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch jersey—2 yards 32-inch pongee for blouse. One pocket is trimmed with Monogram 697. This suspender dress has many features to commend it to the woman who makes her children's clothes; it needs only a small amount of material, is simple to put together, and a change of blouses can be made of washable fabrics and the skirt of cloth, a practical combination.



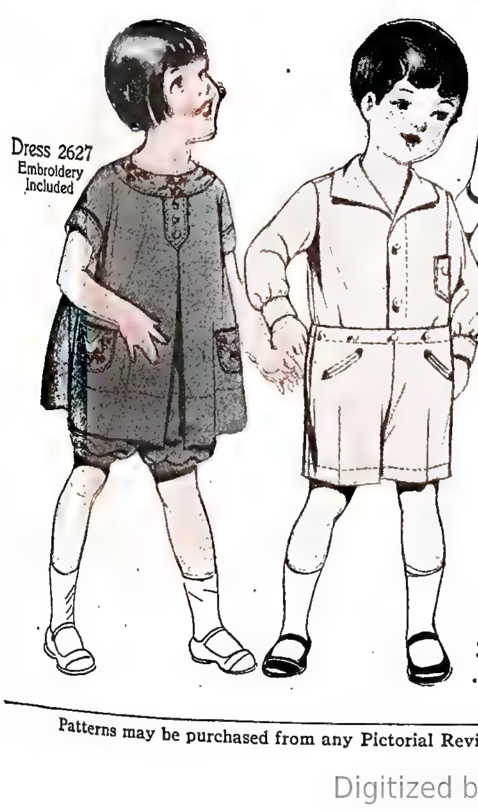
Graduation Frock 1636
Appliqué 12577

Graduation Frock 1824
Embroidery 12965

Dress 2625
Including Embroidery Design Made to Fit Each Size.

Graduation Frock 2406
Appliqué 13005

Graduation Frock 2495



Dress 2627
Embroidery Included

Suit 2600

Looking Forward to Styles for Graduation

1824—Girls' and Juniors' Graduation Frock. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch taffeta. Embroidery design 12965 is applied to edge shoulder caps and tunic. The front of blouse and tunic are cut in one piece. A charming model for graduation and "best" frock for Summer.

1636—Girls' and Juniors' Graduation Frock. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 3 yards 40-inch organdy—5 yards plaited frilling—2⅞ yards lace insertion. Appliquéd roses, 12577, make an effective finish on the scalloped collar. Youthful simplicity is the feature of this frock.

2495—Girls' Graduation Frock. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch dotted Swiss—2¼ yards 36-inch ribbon for sash. Other materials, as organdy, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, etc., are equally appropriate for this girlish frock. For graduation or confirmation all white continues to be the approved color.

2406—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2½ yards 40-inch voile—¼ yard 18-inch allover lace for collar—3¼ yards lace banding. The lace ruffles are gathered on the front of the frock at the low waistline. The dress is slashed and closed at center front, gathered on the shoulders and finished with a round narrow collar. A flower decoration in appliqué, 13005, adds to its daintiness.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

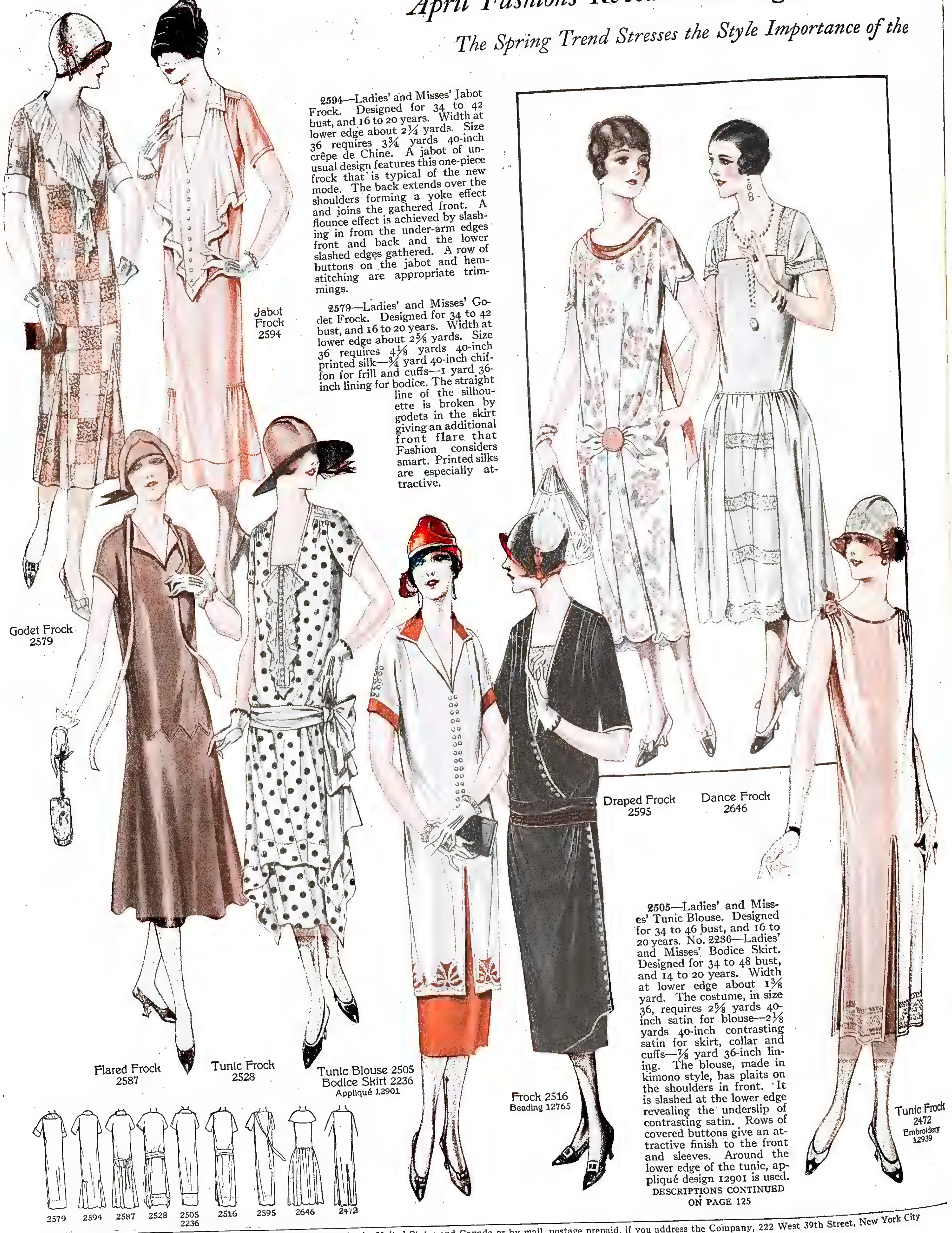
Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

April Fashions Reveal Charming Variety in

The Spring Trend Stresses the Style Importance of the

2594—Ladies' and Misses' Jabot Frock. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. A jabot of unusual design features this one-piece frock that is typical of the new mode. The back extends over the shoulders forming a yoke effect and joins the gathered front. A flounce effect is achieved by slashing in from the under-arm edges front and back and the lower slashed edges gathered. A row of buttons on the jabot and hemstitching are appropriate trimmings.

2579—Ladies' and Misses' Godet Frock. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅝ yards. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch printed silk—¾ yard 40-inch chiffon for frill and cuffs—1 yard 36-inch lining for bodice. The straight line of the silhouette is broken by godets in the skirt giving an additional front flare that Fashion considers smart. Printed silks are especially attractive.



Jabot Frock 2594

Godet Frock 2579

Draped Frock 2595

Dance Frock 2646

Flared Frock 2587

Tunic Frock 2528

Tunic Blouse 2505
Bodice Skirt 2236
Appliqué 12901

Frock 2516
Beading 12765

Tunic Frock
2472
Embroidery
12939

2505—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. **2236**—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume, in size 36, requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch satin for blouse—2⅛ yards 40-inch contrasting satin for skirt, collar and cuffs—⅞ yard 36-inch lining. The blouse, made in kimono style, has plaits on the shoulders in front. It is slashed at the lower edge revealing the underslip of contrasting satin. Rows of covered buttons give an attractive finish to the front and sleeves. Around the lower edge of the tunic, appliqué design 12901 is used.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

Evening Frocks and Clothes for Street Wear

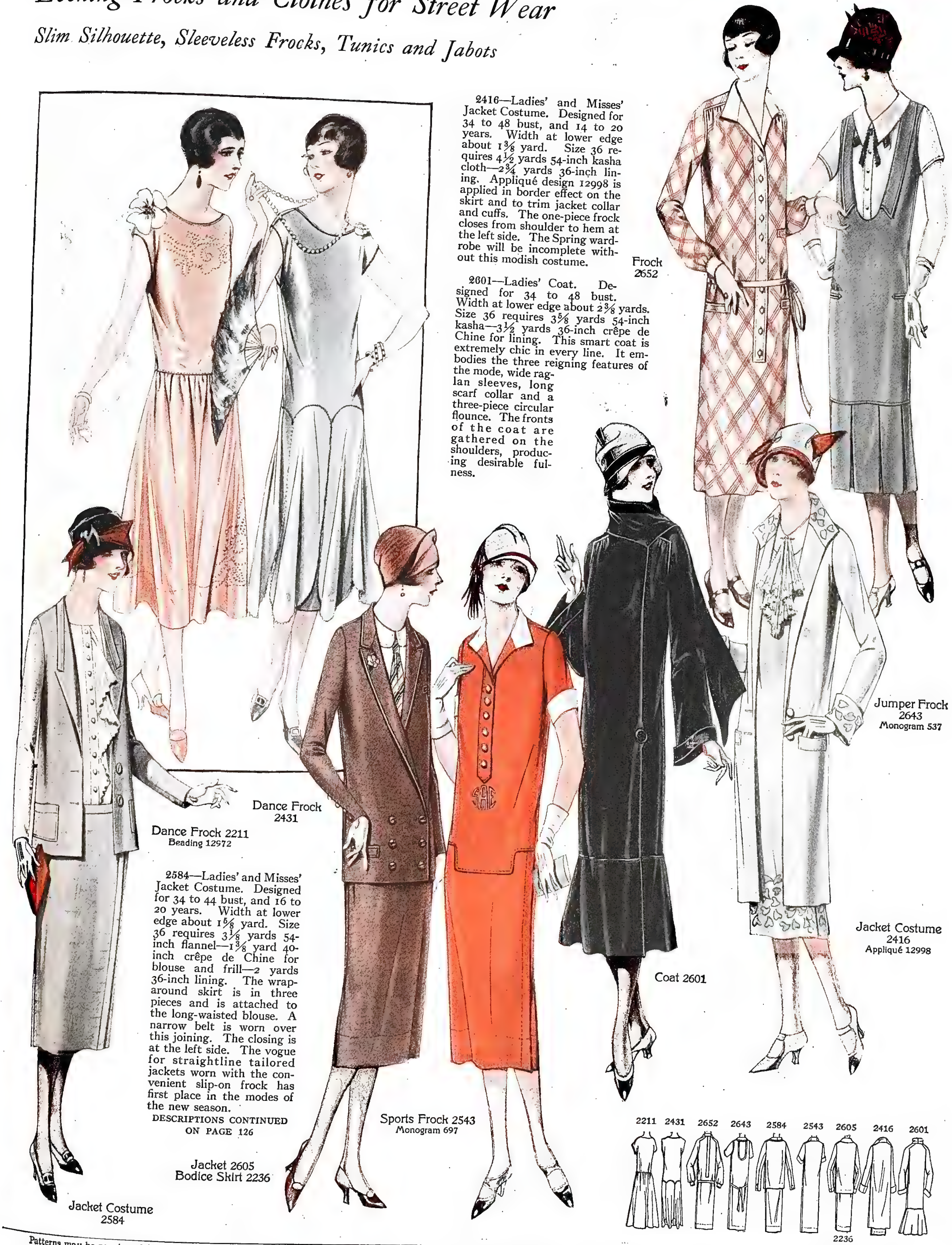
Slim Silhouette, Sleeveless Frocks, Tunics and Jabots

2416—Ladies' and Misses' Jacket Costume. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 54-inch kasha cloth—2¾ yards 36-inch lining. Appliqué design 12998 is applied in border effect on the skirt and to trim jacket collar and cuffs. The one-piece frock closes from shoulder to hem at the left side. The Spring wardrobe will be incomplete without this modish costume.

2601—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2⅜ yards. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch kasha—3½ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for lining. This smart coat is extremely chic in every line. It embodies the three reigning features of the mode, wide raglan sleeves, long scarf collar and a three-piece circular flounce. The fronts of the coat are gathered on the shoulders, producing desirable fulness.

2584—Ladies' and Misses' Jacket Costume. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch flannel—1⅜ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse and frill—2 yards 36-inch lining. The wrap-around skirt is in three pieces and is attached to the long-waisted blouse. A narrow belt is worn over this joining. The closing is at the left side. The vogue for straightline tailored jackets worn with the convenient slip-on frock has first place in the modes of the new season.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 126



Frock 2652

Dance Frock 2211
Beading 12972

Dance Frock 2431

Jumper Frock 2643
Monogram 537

Jacket Costume 2416
Appliqué 12998

Coat 2601

Sports Frock 2543
Monogram 697

Jacket 2605
Bodice Skirt 2236

Jacket Costume 2584

DRESS MAKING MADE EASY.

"YOUR EXACT FIGURE DUPLICATED"

Makes Home Dressmaking a Pleasure and a Satisfaction.

YOU have the satisfaction of making perfect fitting dresses with individuality over an *Acme Dress Form*. With it you can *easily* and *accurately* reproduce the most stylish fitting dresses.
It makes *fitting* the easiest part of dressmaking. It's as necessary as a sewing machine.

ADJUSTABLE AND COLLAPSIBLE

The **Neck, Shoulders, Bust, Waist, Hips,** and **Skirt** are each **independently** adjustable to any required measurements. More than a hundred independent "combination adjustments" *so that it will exactly reproduce any desired size, style or figure.* When not in use it COLLAPSES ***to half its size like illustration below.***

$3 WILL BRING THIS Acme ADJUSTABLE AND COLLAPSIBLE DRESS FORM INTO YOUR HOME

SPECIAL SALE OFFER

In order to encourage **Home Dressmaking** and help you to economically reproduce the most stylish fashions shown in this magazine, we are manufacturing 25,000 improved Acme Forms to be sold on

Easy Payment Terms
Remit $3 and we will send you our guaranteed $15 Acme Collapsible Dress Form. Pay the balance of $12 at only $3 per month.
Ten Days' Trial
If unsatisfactory return form and we'll gladly refund your $3.

Latest Style 1925 Improved Model

Indispensable for Home Dressmaking
More Than 300,000 Satisfied Users

An Acme Form is guaranteed to *last a lifetime*. It is adjustable to any size and style change. It will enable you to reproduce *quickly* and *easily* all the latest fashions. You can have good-looking dresses and be the envy of your friends.

Take advantage of this **Special Sale** offer and send your order today.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

ACME SALES CO., Dept. 4 A
380 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

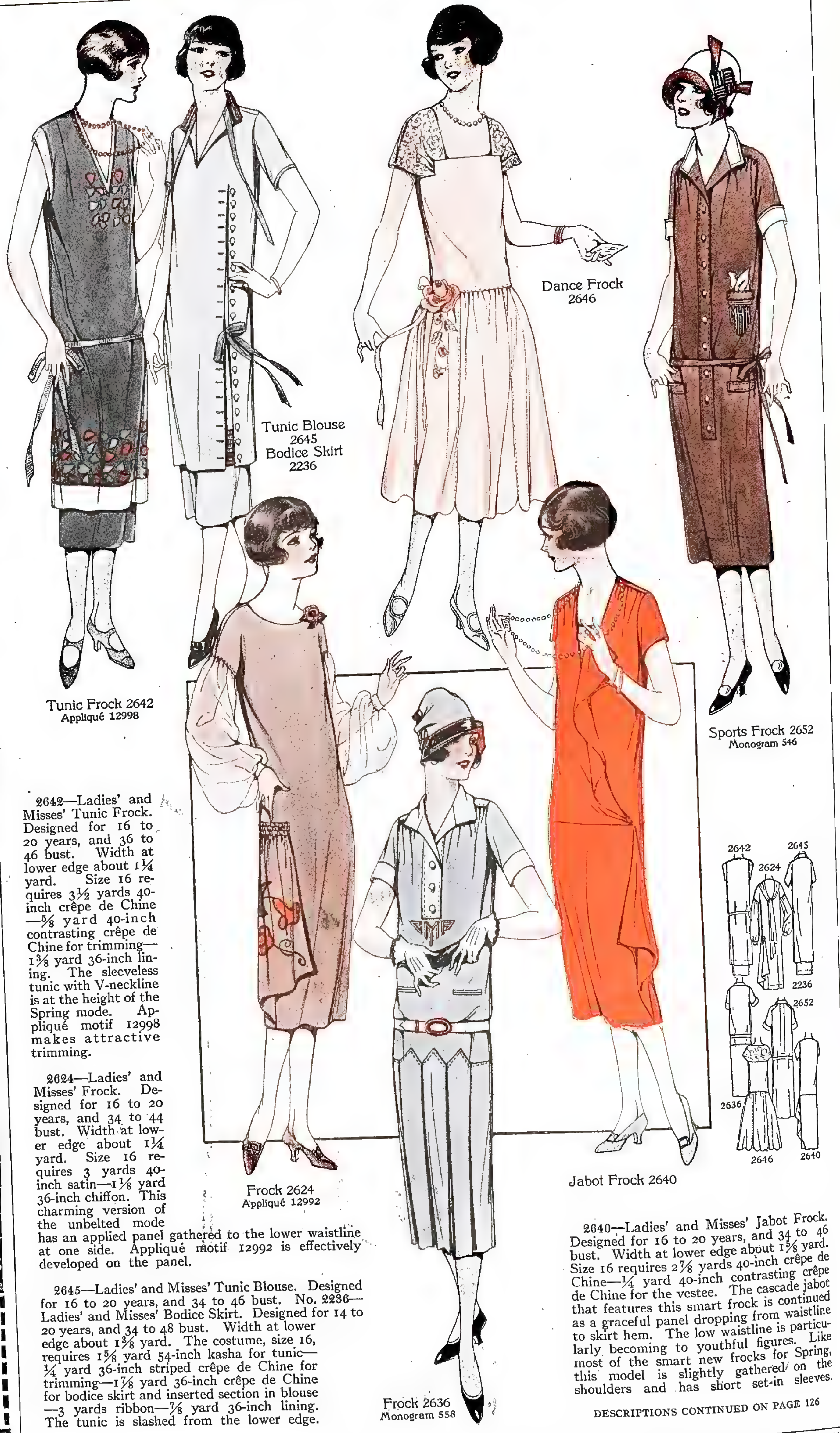
Gentlemen:—Send me at once full illustrated catalog with detailed information, or better still, I enclose $3 for immediate shipment of an Acme on "10 DAYS' TRIAL" AND "EASY PAYMENT TERMS."

Name....................................

Address....................................

....

WRITE TODAY FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG



Tunic Frock 2642
Appliqué 12998

Tunic Blouse 2645
Bodice Skirt 2236

Dance Frock 2646

Sports Frock 2652
Monogram 546

Frock 2624
Appliqué 12992

Jabot Frock 2640

Frock 2636
Monogram 558

2642—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Frock. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 36 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—⅝ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine for trimming—1⅜ yard 36-inch lining. The sleeveless tunic with V-neckline is at the height of the Spring mode. Appliqué motif 12998 makes attractive trimming.

2624—Ladies' and Misses' Frock. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch satin—1⅛ yard 36-inch chiffon. This charming version of the unbelted mode has an applied panel gathered to the lower waistline at one side. Appliqué motif 12992 is effectively developed on the panel.

2645—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. No. 2236—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume, size 16, requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch kasha for tunic—¼ yard 36-inch striped crêpe de Chine for trimming—1⅞ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for bodice skirt and inserted section in blouse—3 yards ribbon—⅞ yard 36-inch lining. The tunic is slashed from the lower edge.

2640—Ladies' and Misses' Jabot Frock. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—¼ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine for the vestee. The cascade jabot that features this smart frock is continued as a graceful panel dropping from waistline to skirt hem. The low waistline is particularly becoming to youthful figures. Like most of the smart new frocks for Spring, this model is slightly gathered on the shoulders and has short set-in sleeves.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

Beautiful Waxed Floors

This new Johnson method makes the waxing of floors mere child's play. It takes only a few minutes—and requires no stooping. The Johnson Wax Mop has a removable lamb's-wool swab which can easily be washed.

This New, Easy Way

INTERIOR decorators agree that the beauty of a room depends largely on the beauty of its floor. For the floor is the natural background for rugs and furnishings. The finish of your floors then becomes a matter of prime importance.

There is a floor finish which has withstood the wear and ravage of centuries—the waxed finish in the beautiful castles and palaces of Europe. Perfectly preserved, this waxed wood mellows and glows with the years. You can easily have this same beautiful finish on your floors.

Waxed floors, besides being beautiful and distinctive, have many practical advantages. They do not show scratches or heel-prints—are not slippery—and traffic spots can be easily re-waxed as they show wear without going over the entire floor. Then, too, waxed floors are economical—they eliminate costly refinishing every year or two.

The new easy way to wax floors and linoleum is with Johnson's Liquid Wax applied with a Johnson Wax Mop and polished with a Johnson Weighted Brush.

Look for This Sign.

$6.65 Floor Polishing Outfit $5.00

It's the new, easy way to have beautiful waxed floors and linoleum. *This Outfit Consists of:*

1 Quart of Johnson's Liquid Wax	$1.40
1 Johnson's Lamb's-wool Wax Mop	1.50
1 Johnson's Weighted Floor Polishing Brush	3.50
1 Johnson's Book on Home Beautifying	.25
A Saving of $1.65	$6.65

This offer is good at department, drug, grocery, hardware and paint stores. If your dealer cannot furnish the outfit, write us for the name of the nearest dealer who can.

Ask for a FREE copy of the Johnson 25c Book on Home Beautifying at your best Paint or Hardware Store. Or mail us 10 cents to cover postage and wrapping.

JOHNSON'S
LIQUID
WAX
THE PROPER TREATMENT for FLOORS WOODWORK and FURNITURE Price 25¢
JOHNSON'S WAX WEIGHTED BRUSH
JOHNSONS WAX MOP

S. C. JOHNSON & SON · Dept. P.R. 4 · RACINE, WISCONSIN
"The Wood Finishing Authorities" (Canadian Factory: Brantford)

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"We are advertised by our loving friends"

Betty McCoy, Tecumseh, Michigan.

Nelly B. Harrison, Brodnax, Virginia.

Mellin's Food

Mellin's Food and milk is just the diet a baby needs to thrive and develop, as Nature intended.

Write to us for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants".

Mellin's Food Company
177 State St., Boston, Mass.

CLOTHES! CLOTHES! CLOTHES!

Really smart frocks at half usual prices

I style dresses for thousands of women—distinctly smart dresses of exceptionally fine materials. My designs are traced right on the cloth. I furnish everything—even a needle. You finish your dress in a few hours. No experience necessary, and I save you more than *half* the usual prices.

FREE STYLE BOOKS showing Paris & New York modes.

Write to DOLLY GRAY
525 Broadway, New York
Room 811

Big Pay Every Day!

Just take orders for **Malloch Hose and Underwear**—worn all over the World. No experience needed. Each day you get your big commissions as a deposit paid by the customer, to whom we ship **direct**. Three **other** selling methods to choose from!

Sample Outfit Free! Together with sure sales plan. You can build up a big business! We pay all shipping charges and guarantee prompt delivery.

Write! If you hurry, you can have other agents working for you. But don't let someone in your neighborhood get ahead of you. Just say: "Send me your Free Sample Offer and Sure Money Making Sales Plan." Write!

Malloch Knitting Mills, 254 Grant St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Baby's Weight by Ounces!

Endorsed by physicians; accuracy guaranteed; sanitary

HANSON SCALE

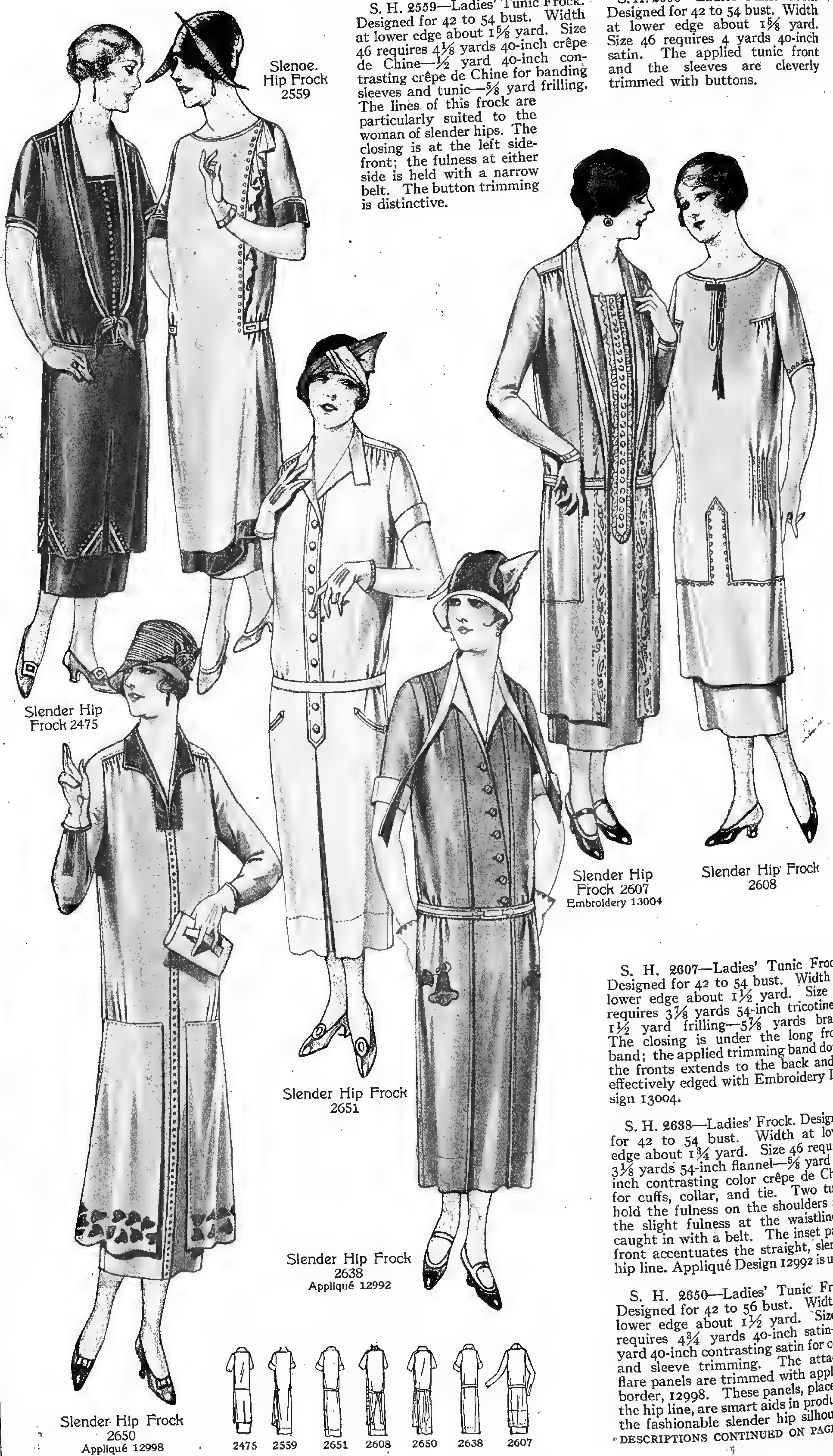
If your dealer hasn't it $9.50 Postpaid

Lasts a lifetime. Hammock removable—washable. Also makes 25 lb. white enamel kitchen scale. Satisfaction or money back.
WRITE *for Baby's Weight and Health Guide*
HANSON BROS. SCALE CO.
526 N. Ada St. *Est. 1888* Chicago, Ill.

WHY PAY $15 FOR A $3 EASTER HAT?

Learn Designing and Making, easily at your home. Designers earn $40.00 week up. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. A 825, Rochester, N. Y.

Spring Frocks for Women of Slender Hips



Slender Hip Frock 2559

Slender Hip Frock 2475

Slender Hip Frock 2651

Slender Hip Frock 2607
Embroidery 13004

Slender Hip Frock 2608

Slender Hip Frock 2638
Appliqué 12992

Slender Hip Frock 2650
Appliqué 12998

S. H. 2559—Ladies' Tunic Frock. Designed for 42 to 54 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 46 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—½ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine for banding sleeves and tunic—⅝ yard frilling. The lines of this frock are particularly suited to the woman of slender hips. The closing is at the left side-front; the fulness at either side is held with a narrow belt. The button trimming is distinctive.

S. H. 2608—Ladies' Tunic Frock. Designed for 42 to 54 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 46 requires 4 yards 40-inch satin. The applied tunic front and the sleeves are cleverly trimmed with buttons.

S. H. 2607—Ladies' Tunic Frock. Designed for 42 to 54 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 46 requires 3⅞ yards 54-inch tricotine—1½ yard frilling—5⅞ yards braid. The closing is under the long front band; the applied trimming band down the fronts extends to the back and is effectively edged with Embroidery Design 13004.

S. H. 2638—Ladies' Frock. Designed for 42 to 54 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 46 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch flannel—⅝ yard 40-inch contrasting color crêpe de Chine for cuffs, collar, and tie. Two tucks hold the fulness on the shoulders and the slight fulness at the waistline is caught in with a belt. The inset panel front accentuates the straight, slender hip line. Appliqué Design 12992 is used.

S. H. 2650—Ladies' Tunic Frock. Designed for 42 to 56 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 46 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch satin—⅜ yard 40-inch contrasting satin for collar and sleeve trimming. The attached flare panels are trimmed with appliqué border, 12998. These panels, placed at the hip line, are smart aids in producing the fashionable slender hip silhouette.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

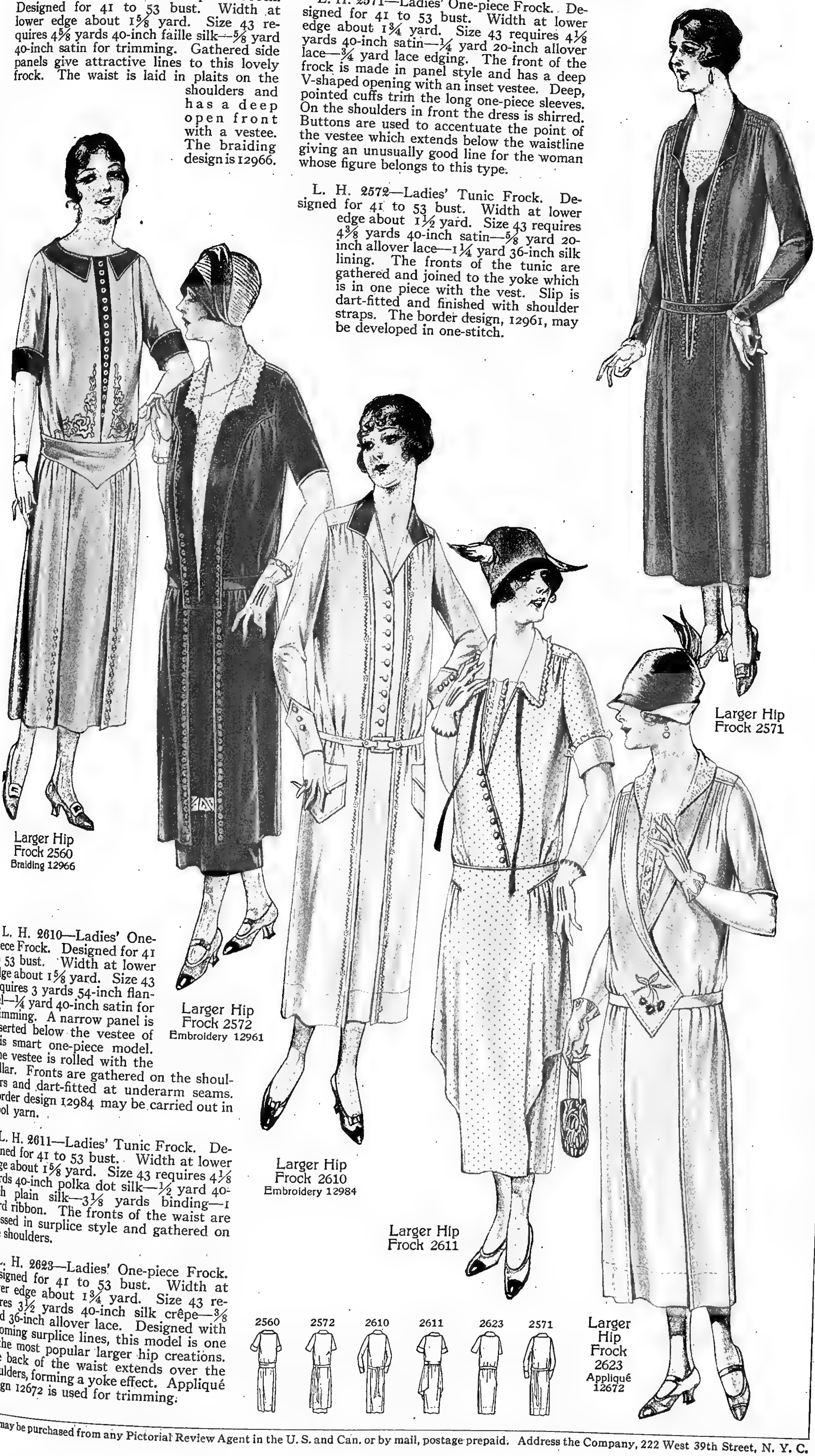
Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the U. S. and Can. or by mail, postage prepaid. Address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, N. Y. C.

Individual Modes for Larger-Hip Figures

L. H. 2560—Ladies' One-piece Frock. Designed for 41 to 53 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 43 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch faille silk—⅝ yard 40-inch satin for trimming. Gathered side panels give attractive lines to this lovely frock. The waist is laid in plaits on the shoulders and has a deep open front with a vestee. The braiding design is 12966.

L. H. 2571—Ladies' One-piece Frock. Designed for 41 to 53 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 43 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch satin—¼ yard 20-inch allover lace—¾ yard lace edging. The front of the frock is made in panel style and has a deep V-shaped opening with an inset vestee. Deep, pointed cuffs trim the long one-piece sleeves. On the shoulders in front the dress is shirred. Buttons are used to accentuate the point of the vestee which extends below the waistline giving an unusually good line for the woman whose figure belongs to this type.

L. H. 2572—Ladies' Tunic Frock. Designed for 41 to 53 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 43 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch satin—⅝ yard 20-inch allover lace—1¼ yard 36-inch silk lining. The fronts of the tunic are gathered and joined to the yoke which is in one piece with the vest. Slip is dart-fitted and finished with shoulder straps. The border design, 12961, may be developed in one-stitch.



Larger Hip Frock 2571

Larger Hip Frock 2560
Braiding 12966

Larger Hip Frock 2572
Embroidery 12961

Larger Hip Frock 2610
Embroidery 12984

Larger Hip Frock 2611

Larger Hip Frock 2623
Appliqué 12672

L. H. 2610—Ladies' One-piece Frock. Designed for 41 to 53 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 43 requires 3 yards 54-inch flannel—¼ yard 40-inch satin for trimming. A narrow panel is inserted below the vestee of this smart one-piece model. The vestee is rolled with the collar. Fronts are gathered on the shoulders and dart-fitted at underarm seams. Border design 12984 may be carried out in wool yarn.

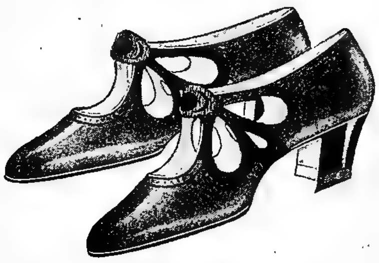
L. H. 2611—Ladies' Tunic Frock. Designed for 41 to 53 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 43 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch polka dot silk—½ yard 40-inch plain silk—3⅛ yards binding—1 yard ribbon. The fronts of the waist are crossed in surplice style and gathered on the shoulders.

L. H. 2623—Ladies' One-piece Frock. Designed for 41 to 53 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 43 requires 3½ yards 40-inch silk crêpe—⅜ yard 36-inch allover lace. Designed with becoming surplice lines, this model is one of the most popular larger hip creations. The back of the waist extends over the shoulders, forming a yoke effect. Appliqué design 12672 is used for trimming.

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the U. S. and Can. or by mail, postage prepaid. Address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, N. Y. C.

Queen Quality
REG U S PAT OFF T G P CO.

"SERENADE"
Gore Pump of Bunny (light tan) Mellow Calf, medium tan trim, welt sole, rubber top military heel



YOUR Easter Footwear

The Easter Parade demands master creations of the shoe-making art. Naturally you will seek authentic modes in Queen Quality shoes.

In this famous make for women and young women you will find styles approved by the world's fashion leaders; that perfect grace of line, giving elegance and beauty to the foot of the wearer, and enduring comfort.

Your ideal in Easter footwear will be realized in Queen Quality shoes. Ask for them at your dealer's.

EXCLUSIVE MAKERS
THOMAS G. PLANT COMPANY
100 BICKFORD STREET
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

STYLE BOOKLET FREE
A postal card will bring you this daintily illustrated brochure

"ANSONIA"
A new one-eyelet tie shown in Patent Leather, low broad heel and flexible sole

Queen Quality
REG U S PAT OFF T G P CO.

Beauty—Youth

I found the ways to both

By Edna Wallace Hopper

I STARTED 40 years ago to cultivate my beauty, by searching the world for the best helps it could offer. I have kept up a ceaseless search since.

As a result, I became a famous beauty and won a glorious career. And now, at a grandmother's age, I keep my youthful bloom. The thousands who see me daily on the stage know that I look 19.

Then I arranged to supply those supreme helps to others. All druggists and toilet counters now have Edna Wallace Hopper's aids to youth and beauty—exactly as I use them. I am pretty sure, after 40 years of searching, that nothing you know can compare.

I Get the Best

Now I reach millions of women on the stage and in print. Multitudes of them follow my advice. They use what I use in all sorts of toiletries. So experts the world over, when they discover new helps, submit them to me.

I adopt them if I find them superior. Many chemists in my employ constantly test and compare them. I ask hundreds of women to test them. In this way I am offering girls and women the utmost in beauty helps.

Here I tell you about four of them. And I offer a free test of the one you want most. With that sample will come my Beauty Book to tell you of the rest. Please accept this offer. Let me help to bring you the priceless benefits these things have brought to me.

My Youth Cream

My Youth Cream is a remarkable creation, combining many factors. It contains products of both lemon and strawberry. Also all the best helps science gave me to foster and protect the skin.

It comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. I use it as a night cream, also daytimes as a powder base. Never is my skin without it. My velvet complexion shows what that cream can do.

The cost is 60c per jar. Also in 35c tubes.

My Facial Youth

is a liquid cleanser which I also owe to France.

Great beauty experts the world over now advise this formula, but their price is too high for most women.

It contains no animal, no vegetable fat. The skin cannot absorb it. So it cleans to the depths, then departs. My Facial Youth will bring you new conceptions of what a clean skin means. The cost is 75c.

White Youth Clay

A new-type clay, white, refined and dainty. Vastly different from others so many have employed.

It purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it. Removes the causes of blackheads and blemishes. Brings a rosy afterglow which amazes and delights. Combats lines and wrinkles, reduces enlarged pores.

No girl or woman can afford to omit it. It multiplies beauty. My White Youth Clay costs 50c and $1

My Hair Youth

The cause of my luxuriant hair, thick and silky, finer far than 40 years ago. I have never had falling hair, dandruff or a touch of gray.

A concentrated product combining many ingredients. I apply it with an eyedropper directly to the scalp. It tones and stimulates. No man or woman will omit it when they see what Hair Youth does. The cost is 50c and $1 with eyedropper.

All toilet counters now supply Edna Wallace Hopper's beauty helps. Send this coupon for a sample of the one you most desire. Also my Beauty Book. Clip coupon now.

Your Choice Free

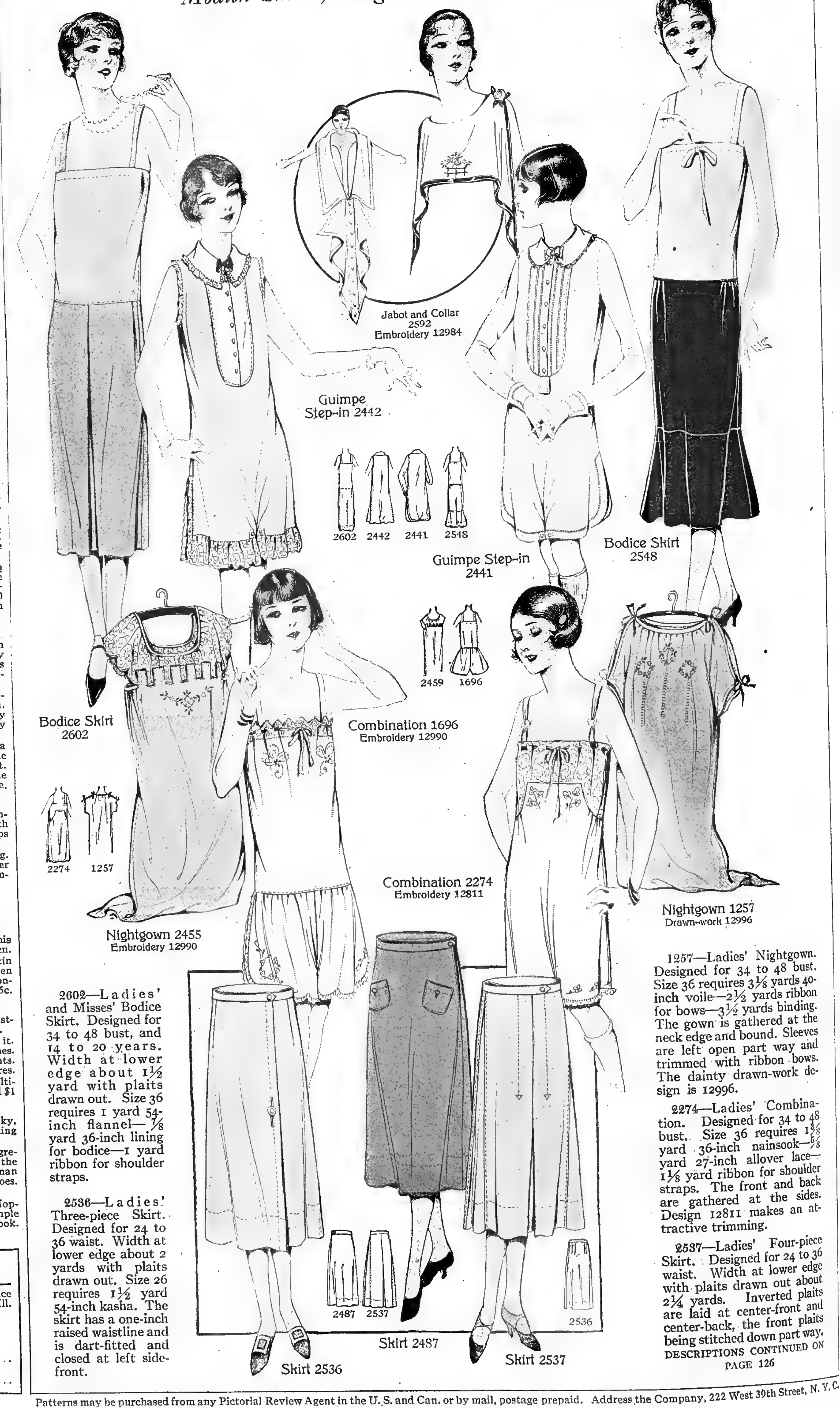
Mark sample desired. Mail to Edna Wallace Hopper, Inc., 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.
901-PR

White Youth Clay	**Youth Cream**
Facial Youth	**Hair Youth**

Name ....

Address ....

Modish Skirts, Lingerie and Costume Details



2602—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard with plaits drawn out. Size 36 requires 1 yard 54-inch flannel—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for bodice—1 yard ribbon for shoulder straps.

2536—Ladies' Three-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 2 yards with plaits drawn out. Size 26 requires 1½ yard 54-inch kasha. The skirt has a one-inch raised waistline and is dart-fitted and closed at left side-front.

1257—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch voile—2½ yards ribbon for bows—3½ yards binding. The gown is gathered at the neck edge and bound. Sleeves are left open part way and trimmed with ribbon bows. The dainty drawn-work design is 12996.

2274—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch nainsook—⅝ yard 27-inch allover lace—1⅛ yard ribbon for shoulder straps. The front and back are gathered at the sides. Design 12811 makes an attractive trimming.

2537—Ladies' Four-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge with plaits drawn out about 2¼ yards. Inverted plaits are laid at center-front and center-back, the front plaits being stitched down part way.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

Get rid of your Freckles

You'll rejoice at the way freckles and blotches vanish when this cool, fragrant cream is smoothed on your skin. In a short time it brings you a milk white complexion, clear as a child's, which lies hidden beneath the disfiguring spots.

Costs Nothing If You Are Not Satisfied

Stillman's Freckle Cream, double action, benefits you in two ways. Freckles, tan, sallowness, are gently dissolved away. At the same time your skin is beautified, softened, refined and whitened. May be applied secretly at night. Safe, harmless, used the world over for 35 years.

No risk need be taken. Stillman's Freckle Cream is guaranteed to remove freckles or money refunded. Get it at druggists or department stores, 50c and $1.

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets"

Learn what your type needs to look best. We are giving $1.50 bottle of perfume to each girl who buys $3 worth Stillman toilet articles in 1925, other than freckle cream. Send for booklet today. The Stillman Co., 1 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.

Stillman's Freckle Cream *Double Action*
REMOVES FRECKLES
WHITENS THE SKIN

Thousands of Mothers Keep Baby Comfy

Tuck baby snugly in the convenient *Gordon Motor Bassinet.* Mothers too, may ride in comfort, or drive if they choose. Absorbs the shocks baby would receive if held. Baby specialists recommend it. Your car, regardless of size, will accommodate the Gordon Motor Bassinet. Removable while baby sleeps. Useful for other fresh-air purposes. Worth more than a baby cab at less than one-third its cost. Sold everywhere, or sent prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for illustrated folder and dealer's name. For the sake of baby's comfort and mother's pleasure do it today.

GORDON MOTOR CRIB CO., Dept. 5 D, 1519 Wabash Ave., Chicago

Ask about the Gordon Motor Crib for Open Cars

Your Own Name

Woven into a genuine CASH WOVEN LABEL

Sewed to Clothing & Linen saves Laundry Losses and marks your Individuality!

3 Doz. $1.50
6 " $2.00
J.&J. CASH, Inc.
36th St., So. Norwalk, Conn.
9 Doz. $2.50
12 " $3.00

LEARN PIANO at home by new, easy method. Graduates play or no pay. Successful students in all sections. For FREE sample lesson write to

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF MUSIC
607 Keystone Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

GRAY HAIR

BANISHED IN 15 MINUTES

I don't care how badly streaked, gray or faded your hair is, I'll restore it to its original color in 15 minutes with my French preparation La-Goutte-a-Goutte. **Only one application—no after Shampoo.** Will not fade, rub off or wash off. Leaves hair soft and glossy. Permanent results. Successful for 33 years. One bottle produces any shade from blonde to black, including drab and auburn. La-Goutte-a-Goutte $2.50 Prepaid. Large size $5.00. Sent in plain wrapper. Order today.

Mons. L. P. Valligny, 34 W., 58th St., Dept. 16, N. Y. C.

Fashions

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 109

2629—Child's Romper. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 5 requires 2½ yards 32-inch yellow chambray—¼ yard 27-inch white piqué. Appliqué design 12995 may be buttonhole-stitched to the rompers.

2639—Girls' Suspender Dress. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch red flannel—1⅜ yard 36-inch white voile.

2495—Girls' Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 3 yards 40-inch white crêpe de Chine.

2625—Child's Bloomer Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch lavender voile.

2628—Child's Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards 40-inch green crêpe de Chine.

2627—Child's Bloomer Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 3 yards 36-inch pink linen—⅜ yard 36-inch voile for binding.

2583—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2½ yards 36-inch blue and white polka dot voile—¾ yard 36-inch white organdy. Polka dot silks are chic for early spring.

2447—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 13 to 19 years. Size 15 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch brown linen—½ yard 36-inch tan linen for trimming—3 yards brown ribbon. Embroidery design 12984 may be carried out in one-stitch, outline and French knot stitches.

2634—Girls' Middy Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 1½ yard 40-inch white linen—1⅜ yard 54-inch red flannel—¾ yard 36-inch lining. Initials 12031 may be embroidered in raised satin stitch.

2637—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch green and gold figured voile—1⅜ yard 36-inch green voile.

2647—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch yellow ratiné—½ yard 36-inch white linen. Appliqué design 12998 may be cut from linen or ratiné in contrasting colors.

2577—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch lavender and white stripe tub silk—⅜ yard 36-inch lavender crêpe de Chine. Appliqué design 12992 may be made of tub silk in contrasting color and edged with button-hole stitches.

2564—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 12 to 17 years. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 32-inch red and white check gingham—½ yard 36-inch white organdy. Dress is slashed and closed at center-front.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

2640—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch blue satin—½ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe—1½ yard lace. Trimmed with embroidery design 12984 which may be developed in contrasting colors.

2644—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch red silk crêpe—2⅞ yards 40-inch white silk crêpe—¼ yard frilling.

2573—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch printed silk—½ yard 40-inch white silk for collar and underfacing—2⅝ yards blue ribbon for sash—1½ yard black ribbon for tie—1½ yard red binding.

2523—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch green silk crêpe—1⅞ yard black binding—1⅝ yard black ribbon. The beading design 12972 may be developed in small glass beads.

2578—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 49 inches. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch printed silk—1½ yard 40-inch tan silk crêpe.

2580—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch printed silk—1½ yard 40-inch red silk crêpe—1⅝ yard 40-inch black silk crêpe. The fronts are dart-fitted at under-arm seams.

An advertisement on a delicate subject

—but it should be read by every thinking woman

MOST women possess a natural delicacy about the discussion of certain phases of health and hygiene that are peculiarly feminine problems. Perhaps they have heard physicians refer to personal hygiene for women as a healthful and necessary practice. And probably they have heard the same physicians deplore the use of poisonous compounds for this purpose. All this may have led to a certain confusion in the minds of many who would welcome a frank statement of facts on the subject.

How science has solved woman's problem

Bichloride of mercury is a dangerous poison. Carbolic acid is a dangerous poison. Yet for years women have been forced to depend for germicidal purposes upon compounds containing powerful poisons such as these. But now science *has* produced an antiseptic-germicide which possesses great germ-killing power and is at the same time *absolutely non-poisonous* and safe to use.

This great antiseptic is Zonite, and it has already proved a blessing in thousands of homes. The tragedy of accidental poisoning will never darken the doors of the home where Zonite is used. For Zonite is safe.

Use Zonite and avoid risk of poisoning

Zonite is actually far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body, and it is *more than forty times* as strong germicidally as peroxide of hydrogen.

No wonder Zonite has been received with satisfaction by members of the medical profession. For Zonite, notwithstanding its great germicidal strength, is, in its many uses, absolutely harmless to delicate membranes and tissues. In fact, so beneficial is its action that dental authorities are using and recommending Zonite as a mouthwash.

The Women's Division has now prepared a booklet

Space here is of course too limited to give a complete account of the important changes that Zonite has brought into the lives of fastidious women. Every bottle of Zonite contains complete directions.

Also, there is the special booklet prepared by the Women's Division on the subject of Feminine Hygiene and covering other affairs of the toilette as well. Its scientific, impersonal treatment of the matter commends it to thinking people. It is frank and thorough. Every woman with a sense of responsibility will want a copy for herself or her friends. It is a booklet every mother will want to give her daughter. A copy will be mailed in dainty "social correspondence" envelope if you will fill in the coupon below.

Zonite Products Company
Postum Building, 250 Park Ave.
New York City
In Canada, 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto

A whole medicine chest in itself

Zonite kills germs.

That is why Zonite is valuable for so many different purposes.

For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza.

For a daily mouthwash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections.

For cuts, wounds, burns and scratches.

For use as a deodorant.

Remember that Zonite, though a very powerful antiseptic, is *non-poisonous* and absolutely safe to use.

In bottles, 50c and $1 at drug stores

Slightly higher in Canada

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c direct to the Zonite Products Co.

Zonite

Women's Division

ZONITE PRODUCTS CO.
Postum Building
250 Park Avenue
New York City

I should like to have a free copy of the illustrated booklet you have prepared. (A-6)

Name........................

Address........................

Slenderizing Fashions for Stout Women
Sizes 38 to 58 Bust
Lane Bryant
NEW YORK

STOUT WOMEN
Dress Fashionably
Look Slender

DRESS to look slender. That is what you *must* do if you are stout. And what a variety you will find in this Lane Bryant Style Book. Dresses, coats, suits in the newest vogue—hats, shoes, underwear—everything you need.

This STYLE BOOK is FREE Send for it To-Day

Think of being able to secure by mail the very latest style in garments that FIT you! Sizes from 38 to 58 bust.

Low Prices

Every purchase guaranteed. Perfect fit in full, roomy sizes. Fine workmanship. Fabrics of superior quality. All at very low prices.

Ask your neighbor who is stout! That well-dressed woman you so admire.

Look at her Lane Bryant clothes. Notice their quality, fit and becoming lines.

Then send for your copy of our Style Book. Learn for yourself the joy of fashionable clothes that fit. Ask for Style Book "S".

RETAIL STORES:
NEW YORK
BROOKLYN
CHICAGO
DETROIT

38th Street at Fifth Avenue
Lane Bryant
NEW YORK
Address Dept. 32

New Way to Make Money at Home

Do you need money? National Organization, Fireside Industries, has a few openings for new members. Wonderful, easy way to earn money every day right in your own home. Fascinating, pleasant work. No experience needed. We teach you everything.

FREE Book Tells How

Beautiful FREE Book explains how to become a member of Fireside Industries, how you earn money in spare time at home decorating Art Novelties, how you get complete outfit without one penny of extra cost. Write today, enclosing 2c stamp.
FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES, Dept. 194, Adrian, Mich.

TEA ROOM MANAGERS IN BIG DEMAND

Hundreds of new tea rooms, cafeterias, lunch rooms, motor inns, now opening every week are *crying* for trained managers. Shortage acute. We receive daily calls for managers, assistant managers, stewards, etc.—both men and women. Big salaries paid to trained executives.

EARN $5,000 THIS YEAR

Fortunes are being made in this big new industry—fascinating, refined, profitable—whether you open a tea room of your own or manage one already going. You can qualify in a few short weeks with the Lewis System of Spare-Time Training—and we put you in touch with big opportunities. Send for Free Book, "POURING TEA FOR PROFIT." Write today.
Lewis Tea Room Inst., Dept. P-2301, Washington, D.C.

MAKE PRIZE ANGEL FOOD Amazing New Way!

At last an entirely new and different way has been discovered to make the finest Angel Food—a way that is certain to produce prize-winning cake that never fails!

This new method is so easy and so sure that now any woman can quickly make the lightest, smoothest and most appetizing Angel Food.

BIG MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many women easily earn $10 to $20 a week making Angel Food for Parties and Clubs. Find out about my amazing new method. Full particulars sent free. Write your name and address on margin of this page and send at once.
MRS. GRACE OSBORN, Box 954, Bay City, Mich.

Be a Nurse

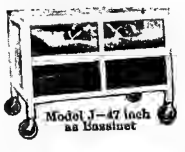
Learn in Spare Time at Home
Earn $30-$35 a Week

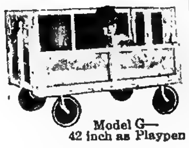
Every woman should learn. We train Beginners, Practical Nurses, Mothers and Religious Workers by our Fascinating Home-Study Method. Leading Chicago system. Endorsed by physicians. Established 25 years.

Earn While Learning

If you are over 18 and under 55 years write for illustrated catalog and 32 Sample Lesson Pages with FREE details of Money-back Guarantee and FREE NURSES EQUIPMENT.

Become Independent
CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 44 - 421 South Ashland Boulevard - Chicago





Three Baby and Mother Needs in One—
At Price of One Article

Model G—52 inch as Crib

Bassinet, crib, play-pen—three necessities at the price of one. A miniature nursery in itself. In Kiddie-Koop baby needs little attention and mother is relieved of much work and worry.

Patented lowering and raising device. Convenient drop side. Folds to 8 inches, including spring and mattress, for easy carrying. Ivory or white finish. Four sizes. Prices $20.25 and up—freight extra.

Write today for illustrated literature and names of local dealers. E. M. Trimble Mfg. Co., 433 Central Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

Also Makers of the Baby Bathinette

(*This name plate your protection against substitutes*)

MADE ONLY BY TRIMBLE
KIDDIE-KOOP
ROCHESTER
The Modern CRIB Bassinet Playpen

Model J—47 inch as Bassinet

Model G—42 inch as Playpen

Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

2574—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch apricot check flannel—¼ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine.

2576—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch blue crêpe de Chine—½ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine for trimming—2⅜ yards ribbon—1⅛ yard 36-inch lining.

2591—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch lavender crêpe de Chine—1 yard 36-inch white Georgette crêpe. Embroidery design 12961.

2626—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 16 to 20 years. No. **2236**—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires 2 yards 36-inch figured silk—2⅛ yards 36-inch red silk.

2648—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch green satin—⅝ yard 36-inch white Georgette crêpe. Embroidery design 12939.

2649—Ladies' and Misses' Suspender Skirt. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. No. **2177**—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Medium size requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch blue jersey—1⅞ yard 40-inch yellow crêpe de Chine.

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 112

2624—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch red and blue figured crêpe de Chine—1⅜ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine for trimming and scarf collar.

2630—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch black and red stripe sport silk—½ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine for collar, cuffs, and belt.

2631—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch red plaid flannel—⅞ yard 40-inch gray crêpe de Chine for collar, cuffs, jabot, and belt.

2653—Ladies' and Misses' Jumper Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch blue jersey—1⅝ yard 40-inch white silk broadcloth for blouse and binding. Monogram 689 is worked in satin stitch.

2642—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 48-inch cream and red dotted silk bordered material—⅜ yard 36-inch plain red silk for band—⅝ yard 36-inch cream color silk for binding and sash—1⅝ yard 36-inch silk lining.

2636—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch kasha cloth—½ yard 36-inch white crêpe de Chine for collar and cuffs.

2632—Ladies' and Misses' Suspender Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch yellow flannel—1¾ yard 40-inch white silk broadcloth for blouse. Initials 12254 trims the pockets.

2652—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch lavender cashmere. Monogram 537 is applied over one pocket.

2635—Ladies' and Misses' Suspender Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch black satin—1¾ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine for blouse. Embroidery motif 12967 is used on blouse.

2625—Child's Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch lavender voile—1 yard 36-inch lighter shade lavender voile for collar, cuffs, and band.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

Use Sulphur to Clear Your Skin

Mentho-Sulphur, a pleasant cream, will soothe skin that is irritated or broken out with eczema; that is covered with ugly rash or pimples, or is rough or dry. Nothing subdues fiery skin eruptions so quickly, says a noted skin specialist.

The moment this sulphur preparation is applied the itching is relieved and after a few more applications the eczema is subdued and the skin begins to take on a delightfully clear and smooth appearance. Sulphur is so precious as a skin remedy because it overcomes the infections that cause burning, itching and disfigurement. Mentho-Sulphur rarely fails to end skin troubles which are so embarrassing.

A small jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur may be had at any good drug store.

FREE SAMPLE
Send coupon for sample of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur

Whitehall Pharmacal Co., Dept. L, New York, N. Y.
Send me free sample of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur
Name
Street
City

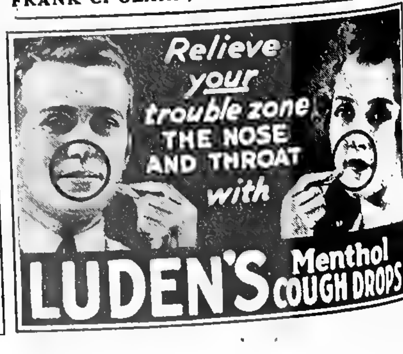
New FREE Book
showing the latest French Fashions in
Hair Dressing
Ready Now!

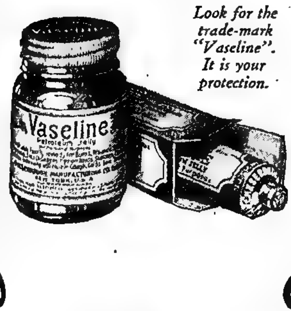
Before you buy hair goods of any kind, see the new imported Parisian transformations shown in our latest catalog just off the presses. These marvelously clever pieces dress into the most becoming styles of the season—all with natural parts that show wearer's scalp. Absolutely non-detectable. Money-saving prices on all kinds of hair goods. *Everything guaranteed genuine human hair. Shades matched perfectly to samples.* Any article sent prepaid for examination. Return if not satisfactory and you are not out a cent. Reliable house, established 26 years. Post card or letter brings free catalog. Get your copy today.

PARIS FASHION COMPANY
207 S. Wabash Ave. Dept. 144 Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS
SALESWOMEN — SALESMEN
Make big money taking orders for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Wash Fabrics and General Yard Goods. Large Book of Fabric Samples furnished to Agents. Write today.
NATIONAL IMP. & MFG. CO.
578 Broadway, Dept. 2, N. Y. City

NORWAY and WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN
CRUISE JULY 1, SPECIALLY CHARTERED CUNARDER "LANCASTRIA"; 53 DAYS, $550 UP.
1926 ROUND THE WORLD, JAN. 20, SUPERB S.S. LACONIA, 128 DAYS INCLUDING PEKING, $1250 UP.
MEDITERRANEAN, JAN. 28, 62 DAYS, $600 UP.
GOOD SUMMER TOURS TO EUROPE
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York


Relieve your trouble zone THE NOSE AND THROAT with
LUDEN'S Menthol COUGH DROPS



Handiest thing in the house

For Burns and Scalds

Scalds and burns quickly cease to bother and pain when they are dressed with "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. It soothes the pain, keeps out air and dirt so that nature can do its healing work undisturbed. Keep it handy in case of need.

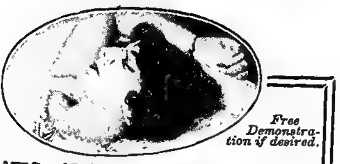
• • •

For fifty years "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly has been a standard supply in every hospital, used by every physician and nurse. Have it handy in your first aid kit or medicine cabinet.

Chesebrough Manufacturing Company (Consolidated)
State Street New York

Vaseline
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PETROLEUM JELLY

Look for the trade-mark "Vaseline". It is your protection.



Sizes for all types of noses.

Free Demonstration if desired.

ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER
The GENUINE (Patented)

Shapes while you sleep. Rapid, painless and safe. The ANITA is a GENUINE and most COMFORTABLE NASAL SUPPORTER, absolutely GUARANTEED. Highly recommended by physicians. Write for FREE Booklet, "NATURE'S WAY TO HAPPINESS".

The ANITA Co.
Dept. 487, Anita Building,
655 High St., Newark, N. J.

Gold Medal Winner Feb. '23

BEFORE-AFTER

The Truth about Hair Coloring

NOTHING EQUALS Genuine B. Paul's HENNA

Why Have Gray or Faded Hair

USE B. PAUL'S HENNA

ALL SHADES FROM BLACK TO BLOND

COLORS your gray hair in ONE APPLICATION

Not affected by salt water, bathing, perspiration, oils, hair tonics, shampoos, or previous dyes. Will not stain scalp or rub off. Composed Henna and Herbs; Harmless. Easily applied at home. 14 Shades. P.P. $1.60 Henna Blond or White Henna for lightening hair grown dark $2.25. Free advice and booklet.

B. PAUL Dept. W, 21 W. 39th St., N. Y. C.

Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

2628—Child's Bloomer Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch biscuit-color taffeta.

2627—Child's Bloomer Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch blue linen.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

2628—Girls' Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch silk crêpe.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

1264—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 27-inch challis—1½ yard ribbon to trim.

2404—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch dotted voile.

2617—Child's Coat. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 5 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch flannel.

2454—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch dotted Swiss—2¾ yards 36-inch contrasting voile.

2293—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 3⅜ yards 32-inch chambray. Appliqué 12978 is used.

2634—Girls' Middy Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch Middy twill—1⅞ yard braid—1⅝ yard 54-inch serge for skirt.

2551—Boys' Suit. Designed for 3 to 10. Size 8 requires 2 yards 54-inch flannel—½ yard 54-inch contrasting flannel for collar—3⅞ yards braid—⅛ yard 36-inch lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115

2625—Girls' Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch striped voile—1 yard 36-inch plain voile.

2629—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 5 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch cotton crêpe—2 yards binding. Pockets embroidered in design 12846.

2550—Boys' Suit. Designed for 4 to 10 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch serge—1 yard 36-inch silk shirting for vest.

2444—Boys' Suit. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch tweed.

2600—Boys' Suit. Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 6 requires 2⅜ yards 32-inch chambray—⅝ yard 36-inch piqué for collar.

2627—Child's Bloomer Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch linen.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

2587—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch satin—⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine.

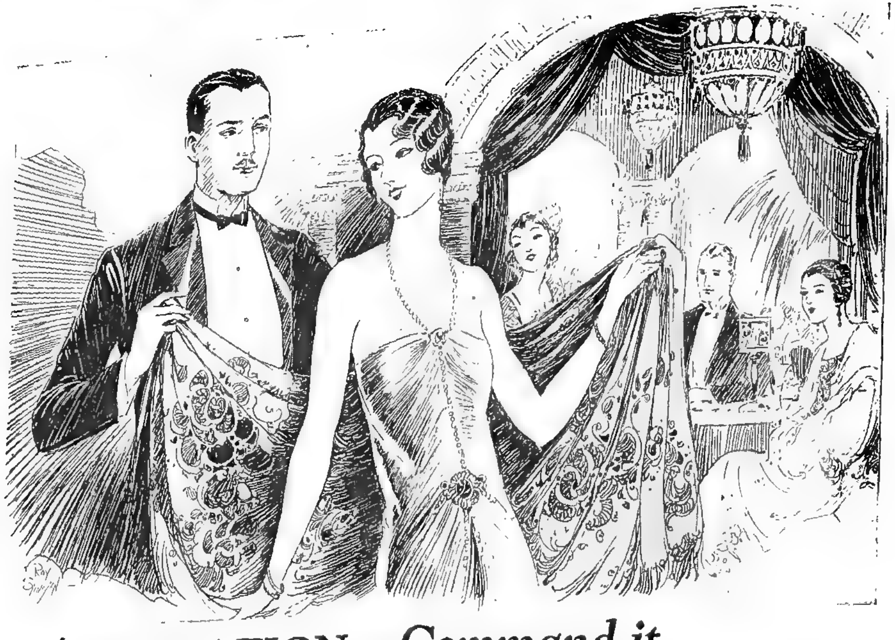
2528—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch polka dot silk—⅞ yard 36-inch plain silk for sash and vestee—1¼ yard 36-inch silk for lining—1¼ yard 3½-inch lace for frill.

2595—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch figured crêpe de Chine—1⅛ yard 40-inch plain crêpe de Chine.

2646—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 40 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅛ yards. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch taffeta—5½ yards lace.

2472—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch satin—2⅝ yards 40-inch contrasting satin for slip. Embroidery 12939.

2516—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch taffeta—⅜ yard 40-inch contrasting taffeta for piping—⅜ yard 18-inch lace—3⅛ yards 40-inch silk for slip. Embroidery 12765.



ADMIRATION—Command it.

The thrilling happiness of conquering beauty can be yours. Neet makes arms and underarms hair-free, satin-smooth and faultless.

No other method regardless of cost equals this quick, simple hair-removing cream in giving you charming beauty of skin where unwanted hair has been. To hundreds of thousands all around you it has shown the way to thrilling beauty—to arms and fore-arms others envy in this time of low and sleeveless dresses.

Entirely unlike shaving you use Neet with absolute assurance that hair will not come back quicker and coarser than before. Moreover, there is no bothersome preparation. Neet comes ready to use just as you press it from the tube. Spread it smoothly over the hair blemished surface and allow a few moments for its swift and gentle action on the hair. Then simply rinse with clear water to remove both cream and hair. It's the simplest, quickest, most satisfactory method known especially for larger surfaces such as arms or legs. Note the unexpected new beauty and loveliness of skin texture where Neet is used in contrast with the darkened surfaces where the razor is used.

Buy Neet at your drug or department store. Call for it by name. Accept no substitutes. See why so many consider it far superior to all other known methods. Should your favorite store for the moment be out of Neet, send fifty cents with name and address for full sized tube by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Hannibal Phar. Co., 633 Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

Very Special

Ask your Neet dealer for IMMAC also. IMMAC is the dainty, snow-white Cream Deodorant that rids under-arm perspiration of all odor and insures personal fragrance.

Neet

The Hair Removing Cream

First Aid to Beauty and Charm

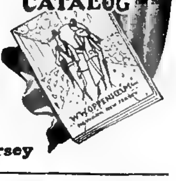
NOTHING so mars an otherwise beautiful face as the inevitable lines of fatigue and suffering caused by tired, aching feet.

ALLEN'S FOOT=EASE

The Antiseptic, Healing Powder insures foot comfort and is an every day Toilet Necessity. Shake it in your shoes in the morning, Shop all day—Dance all evening—then let your mirror tell the story. It will convince you. **Allen's Foot=Ease** is adding charm to thousands of faces. Let us show you what it can do for you. Trial package and a Foot=Ease Walking Doll sent **FREE**,

Address Allen's Foot=Ease, Le Roy, N.Y.

For Sale at all Drug and Dep't Stores



Dress-Goods Bargains

40 INCH PURE SILK FLAT CREPE $1.69 yd.

A wonderful bargain in the most fashionable dress material of the season! Rich, lustrous pure silk flat crepe; well constructed, warranted to give the best of wear; regularly sold at $2.50 yd. May be had in all the very newest colors, including powder blue, henna, cocoa, almond green, gray, tan, Copen, navy, brown, black, white, as well as all the delicate evening shades. Just state color wanted.

Imported All-Wool Dress Flannel
$1.09 Yd.

One of the newest, smartest dress flannels—our own importation from France. Has a beautiful soft finish—of unusual light weight and may be had in all the most wanted new shades. Makes stunning sport dresses. A regular $1.39 value. Width 27 inches.

FREE CATALOG—Send for our new free catalog including hundreds of the very-latest novelties and other dress goods bargains such as Butterfield's Lingette, 49c; Spanish Lace, 89c; All-silk Crepe de Chine, 98c; Normandie Voiles, 49c; Genuine Irish Dress Linen, 65c, etc.

FREE SAMPLES on request. We match every material or shade.

PAY ON DELIVERY, plus a few cents extra for postage, or send money with order and we pay the postage. Money back promptly if not delighted.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

W. W. OPPENHEIM, Inc.
America's Original and Foremost Fabric House
Newark, Dept. 15-H, New Jersey

TEA ROOMS MAKE MONEY Train now to start or manage a Tea Room or Cafeteria. The only school operating a successful Tea Room in connection. Resident and Correspondence courses. Send for Booklet K.
Ware School of Tea Room Management. 52 W. 39th St., N. Y. C.

YOU CAN OIL PAINT

Amazing new method teaches men or women to earn after first lesson. OIL PAINT photos at home—portraits, landscapes or art subjects. Earn $18 to $100 and more a week. FREE OIL PAINT OUTFIT. Graduates furnished employment. Send now for free illustrated book. Pictorial Art Studios, Inc., Dept. D-08, 2731 No. Clark St., Chicago.

Are You Keeping Up With Other Women

—or letting gray hair make you look old?

Thoughtful women always keep themselves looking years younger than they really are!

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age.

We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance.

Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When your hair fades, turns gray and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks rely upon this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully; besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly.

You simply moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

WYETH'S
Sage and Sulphur

Beauty Culture Course at Home

BE A BEAUTY SPECIALIST
EARN $50 TO $75 A WEEK
OWN YOUR OWN BUSINESS

Earn while you learn complete Beauty Culture Art in spare time. Marcel, Bleaches, Dyes, Waves, Packs, Facials, Manicure, Skin-Work, Diet, Formulas, etc., in 8 weeks easy lessons with *Authorized Diploma.* No experience necessary with our *Money Back Guarantee* course. Demand for operators is greater than the supply. ***Get FREE Book, now.***

ORIENTAL SYSTEM OF BEAUTY CULTURE
Dept. 324 1000 Diversey Boulevard Chicago

The Breakers
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
On The Ocean Front
American and European Plans
Afternoon Teas Concerts
Joel Hillman, *President*

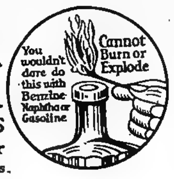
CLAY CLOTHES DRIER

Dries washing spotlessly clean, folds like an umbrella to store away, 135 ft. line. Revolves in 15 ft. space. No dragging of basket. A proven success. Durable, rust proof, light weight. Guaranteed. Circular PR-21 free.
IOWA GATE COMPANY, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Moths Feed on Grease Spots

You can be certain that the holes eaten through the fabric were first Grease Spots. Remove them before putting your clothes away.

For Safety's Sake—demand
CARBONA
UNBURNABLE
Cleaning Fluid
REMOVES GREASE SPOTS
Without Injury to Fabric or Color
20¢ 30¢ 60¢ & $1. Size Bottles at all Drug Stores.


You wouldn't dare do this with Benzine Naphtha or Gasoline
Cannot Burn or Explode

Mother Nature
~keeps children in the Pink of Condition

Mother Nature's demands are all too often dangerously ignored by children in their tireless zest for play.

But Mother Nature can help you keep the personal habits of your children regular and normal if you will only let her.

Mother Nature's help is to be found in NR Tablets—Nature's Remedy. NR Tablets are the all-vegetable laxative, containing Nature's own mild and pleasant correctives for sluggish and irregular elimination.

Let Nature's Remedy keep the children in the pink of condition by doing for them what they may neglect to do for themselves.

NR JUNIORS—Little NRs

Made especially for children. One-third regular dose, same ingredients. Candy coated. Have you tried them? Send 2c. stamp for postage on liberal sample in the blue and yellow box.

All Druggists Sell the Dainty 25 CENTS BOX

A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO.,
Department 5-X St. Louis, Mo.

Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

2211—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅛ yards. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch satin. Beading design 12972.

2431—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of slip about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2⅝ yards 40-inch taffeta for slip.

2652—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch plaid flannel—⅝ yard 54-inch plain flannel to trim.

2643—Ladies' and Misses' Jumper Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅜ yards. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch satin—1¼ yard 40-inch contrasting color crêpe de Chine. Monogram 537 may be developed in raised satin stitch.

2543—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2 yards 54-inch jersey—⅜ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Monogram 697 may be developed in raised satin stitch.

2605—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. **2236**—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The suit, size 36, requires 3 yards 54-inch wool rep—2⅛ yards 36-inch silk lining—⅞ yard 36-inch silk bodice lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

2646—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 40 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅛ yards. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch taffeta—⅜ yard 36-inch lace.

2652—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 2 yards 54-inch flannel—¼ yard 54-inch contrasting flannel. Monogram 546.

2636—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch kashmir—¾ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine. Monogram 558.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

S. H. **2475**—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 46 requires 6⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe satin—5½ yards binding.

S. H. **2651**—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 56 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 46 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch kasha.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

2442—Ladies' and Misses' Combination. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch silk crêpe—½ yard 40-inch contrasting silk crêpe for collar and bosom—2⅞ yards lace—3⅜ yards narrow edging.

2592—Jabot and Collar. One size. The jabot requires ¾ yard 36-inch silk. The collar requires ¾ yard 40-inch chiffon—4 yards braid. Trimmed with design 12984.

2441—Misses' Guimpe Step-in. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch nainsook—½ yard 36-inch linen for collar, cuffs, and bosom—1 yard novelty edge trim.

2548—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch satin. The two-piece skirt is gathered at sides and plain across center-front and center-back.

2455—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Design 12990 makes attractive trimming.

1696—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch silk crêpe—1⅜ yard wide edging—5 yards narrow edging. Design 12999.

2487—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch flannel. This two-piece skirt has one-inch raised waist line.

VEGEX
RICHEST KNOWN FOOD IN VITAMIN B
Indispensable to Normal Nutrition at all Ages

Use VEGEX, a pure vegetable extract containing no animal matter: First, for its exceedingly rich Vitamin B content, indispensable to normal nutrition at all ages. Second, for its delicious appetizing flavor—especially valuable during Lent as it satisfies meat craving. VEGEX is used and recommended by physicians and dietitians here and abroad. It promotes growth of children and vigor and health of adults.

FREE: A new book "Vitamins in Diet and Health" just published. Send for your copy, it teaches valuable newer knowledge of nutrition.

VITAMIN FOOD CO., Inc.
Westfield, Mass.

Maybelline
DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear *naturally* dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. BLACK or BROWN, obtainable in solid form or waterproof liquid. *75c at your dealer's or* direct postpaid.
MAYBELLINE CO. CHICAGO

FREE TRIAL TILL JULY
$245
No Payment Down
Style 12 Shown Here
AT FACTORY PRICE
Wing Pianos and Players shipped direct to you on free trial till July 1, 1925, Save 25 to 50 per cent. 40 year guarantee. Thousands in use. Write at once for new book showing 38 styles. Easy terms arranged if desired.
Wing & Son, (Est. 1868) Dept 91-34 9th Ave. & 13th St., N.Y.

Infants' Wear
STYLE BOOK FREE. Pictures everything to outfit babies and children (up to 6 years). Also nursery furniture. Prices very low. Money back if not satisfied. Style Book sent FREE. Write TODAY.
Lane Bryant Address Dept. 33 38th St. at Fifth Ave. New York

PRETTY HANDS
kept soft, smooth and free from chaps with
Mentholatum
Apply freely at night
Write for free sample
Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Wichita, Kans.

Be Gown Designers
Any girl or woman, 15 or over, can easily learn GOWN DESIGNING AND MAKING AT HOME. Experts earn $40 to $100 a week.
Mail Coupon Today.
Franklin Institute
Dept. A-667
Rochester, N.Y.
Send me free sample Gown lessons.
Name..........
Address..........

MATERNITY APPAREL
With No Maternity Look

LANE BRYANT Maternity clothes enable you to dress stylishly during all stages of maternity—and after your baby comes, as well. Latest modes designed to conceal condition and provide necessary expansion.

Lane Bryant Maternity Corset

Wear this corset for correct support. This Free Style Book shows you the famous Lane Bryant Maternity Corset also dresses, coats, underwear—and apparel for baby. Book sent *free*.

Lane Bryant
38th Street at Fifth Avenue
Address Dept. 31
NEW YORK

FREE

Only One to a Person

In order to introduce to the American public

"Fleur de Nuit" Perfume

we will send this dainty one dollar bottle (same size as shown) with gold-finished screw-cap, ground glass rod and stopper, filled with this new, most wonderful and fragrant Perfume — equal to the finest importations.

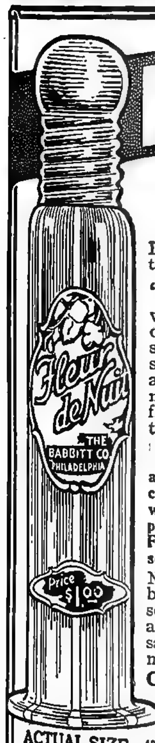
Send Us This Adv.

and twenty-five cents silver, to cover postage, packing, etc., and we will send promptly, securely packed and all charges paid. Foreign Countries and Canada, send 10c. extra.

NOTE: If more than one bottle is desired, kindly send One Dollar for each additional bottle. Complete satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded in full.

Order NOW!

The Babbitt Company, Inc.
Perfumers, Dept. 143
ACTUAL SIZE 4049 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.



Banish Pimples By Using Cuticura
Soap to Cleanse
Ointment to Heal
Try our new Shaving Stick.

Priscilla Fabrics

PLEASANT WORK—GOOD PAY

Representatives of PRISCILLA DRESS FABRICS, DRY GOODS, HANDKERCHIEFS, etc., make good money. Easy, pleasant work. Full or spare time. Beautiful samples, instructions furnished. Write today.

FITZCHARLES DRY GOODS COMPANY
794 Fitzcharles Bldg. Trenton, N. J.

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

bought her a long, delicate cigaret-holder. To achieve a look of sophistication she kept her eyes half closed and drew down the corners of her mouth.

Carlton was sipping a Scotch highball and reading the manuscript aloud. Minnie was listening more to his voice than to the story. It seemed dull and long-drawn out, exactly the kind of thing in which she had been playing. Not even a remote chance of wearing pretty clothes or of being really dramatic. And as for the hero's rôle, he scarcely figured. He was only the love interest lurking in the background. Before the story was finished Carlton threw the manuscript aside with an ugly gesture.

"A mess of tripe!" he said. "Put it in the fire and forget it. You're an actress! You've got to make them all realize it! Trying to sell you this kind of trash when you're worthy of 'Romeo and Juliet'! Think of it, sweetheart! You and I in the tomb scene! You lying there all covered up with a pall of white net and lilies! And look, darling!" He seized his cane, parrying at the blue-satin kidney-couch. "Sword-play—believe me, I can swing a nasty sword!" His graceful body was darting in and out among the upholstered chairs. "Two of us in the tomb—a dub compared to me."

"Oh, Gilbert, you're wonderful! Hold that pose a moment, won't you, darling? The way your muscles stick out under the thin sleeve! You're right, dear, you'd be marvelous, simply marvelous! Kiss me, sweetheart!"

He kissed her eagerly. Then he sprang away from her with a cry. "I've got it! A whale of an idea!"

"Well, what is it?" she asked, pouting a little.

"You don't like this story, and you're not going to do it!" he decided, dropping to the floor at her feet, resting his chin on her knee as he looked eagerly into her face. "You're going right over now and see Beauregard. You're going to tell him that you'll go back to him if he'll let you have 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

"But five hundred dollars a week, Gilbert——"

He interrupted her. "Of course you're going to get it, but out of Beauregard. He won't let you go. He'll pay you the money. See if he won't. What's more, he'll make 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

WHILE Minnie and Gilbert were on their way to Fort Lee, Pete was sweating Beauregard into giving Minnie seven hundred and fifty dollars a week if she refused to make the story for the Ideal Corporation and would come back to him. Pete, drunk with triumph when he reeled out of Beauregard's office, ran to where the car was waiting for him, and ordered the chauffeur to drive back to New York. His car and Minnie's, traveling at high speed, passed each other.

When Minnie came into Beauregard's office, he knew that she was not aware of Pete's visit. Before she left she signed a contract agreeing to make one more production for him—"Romeo and Juliet"—at five hundred dollars a week.

When Pete heard this he was like a wild animal which spends its anger upon the bars of its cage. Minnie had taken two hundred and fifty a week less than he could have gotten for her. How that two hundred and fifty a week magnified when they realized just how much they could have bought with it! Pete, furious, snarled at her and twitted her for her stupidity at not letting him manage her affairs. Helpless now, Minnie was willing to pay him one hundred and fifty dollars a week. This caused her first quarrel with Carlton. He would have managed her and taken nothing for it—but no, she would rather have her dirty, ignorant brother!

Two days later Pete and Elsie moved into their own apartment. Elsie, in a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

When the Matron of Honor Outshone the Bride

WHEN Angela French asked me to be matron of honor at her wedding, I felt I positively couldn't. No one can know how it hurt me to refuse. We had been roommates at school. She had been my maid of honor. But since Baby came my face had grown so thin and so sallow and blotched I just couldn't think of taking such a conspicuous part.

Angela continued to plead, "It isn't your looks I want, dear—it's *you*." So I finally gave in, for I knew she had her heart set on it. But the more I thought of a big church wedding, the more I dreaded it. At last I went to our doctor.

"Doctor," I said, "look at me. My dearest friend is to be married next month and I'm her matron of honor. My skin is so bad that I am ashamed to go anywhere, let alone take part in a wedding. Can't you do something to help me?"

HE was all sympathy. Just a few questions and then he said, "Your trouble can be summed up in two words—'*faulty elimination*.' Intestinal poisons, carried in the blood all through your body, are responsible for your sallowness, the dullness of your eyes and this skin trouble. Women, especially mothers, suffer these results of faulty elimination much more than men. The way to get rid of them is always to keep clean inside as well as out. Don't you know that a lovely skin comes only from within?"

After some advice about diet and exercise, he told me to take Nujol regularly. "Nujol will help you maintain internal cleanliness *all the time*," he said. "Nujol is not a laxative nor a cathartic. Continued use of such things gives only temporary relief at the risk of permanent injury. So doctors nowadays are prescribing regular lubrication for *permanent* internal cleanliness. Nujol lubricates and softens the food waste. Take it every night and you'll soon return to regular and thorough elimination. Then your trouble will all clear up."

I DID everything he told me. The results were simply wonderful. A lovely color came back to my face. My eyes lost their yellowish tinge and grew bright and sparkling. My hair took on a new, soft lustre. My feet, which had felt like lead, began to take me everywhere without tiring. I was a brand new woman.

At last the wedding day came. A woman always knows when she looks well and I felt confident and sure of my appearance. As I slipped into Angela's room to help with the finishing touches to her dress, she started up with surprise and delight.

"GRACE, my darling, you are positively beautiful," she cried, eagerly taking me in, new Paris frock and all. "Why, the matron of honor is going to outshine the bride!"

Nonsense, of course, but that day began a wonderful new life for me. I felt more than ever like going out and Jack seemed proud to take me. We made new friends we were awfully pleased to know. Baby has been better and Jack all the more devoted. In fact, since I learned the Nujol way to health, everything seems to have come my way all at once, and I'm absolutely happy.

What Women Should Know

IF you are subject to complexion troubles, listlessness, headache, etc., you should correct faulty elimination. Don't wait. Even now intestinal poisons may be damaging your good looks and impairing your health. Take Nujol. Nujol is not a medicine—it is simply a lubricant. Like pure water, Nujol is harmless. Hospitals use it. Physicians all over the world recommend it for infants and children and people of all ages. Nujol should be taken as regularly as you wash your face or brush your teeth. Nujol makes internal cleanliness a habit—the healthiest habit in the world. For sale by all druggists. Made by Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey).

Tested and Approved by the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health

"Regular as Clockwork"

Nujol
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
For Internal Cleanliness

4-DAY TRIAL FREE!

Nujol, Room 801-T, 7 Hanover Sq., N.Y.

For this coupon and 10c (stamps or coin) to cover packing and postage, send trial bottle and 16 page booklet, "Internal Cleanliness". (For booklet only, check ☐ here and send without money)

Name..

Address..

FREE! Material for a Fine Voile Dress FREE With This Machine

Sew-Well Steinway
20 Year Warranty with every Machine
Equipped with up-to-date Automatic Labor Saving Devices and a full set of Accessories Nothing is lacking to complete your satisfaction.

Read every word of this advertisement. Read about the Big Reduction in Price, the Easy Payments and the Free Trial. This is an Unparalleled Opportunity!

Former Price $55. Sale Price $39.95

Easy Monthly Payments

Here is the Biggest Sewing Machine Bargain you ever saw; here is the chance of a lifetime. To introduce my famous "Sew-Well Steinway" to thousands I have slashed $15 from my own low price. I guarantee that this is a high class machine in every respect, the kind of machine that would cost considerably more elsewhere. THE FAMOUS SEW-WELL STEINWAY is Up-to-date, high class, and complete in every way. **Disappearing Full Size Sewing Head** which is easily raised; Beautifully Enameled in black with artistically colored design and Exposed Metal parts heavily Nickeled. Makes double lock stitch on both sides of material. **High Arm Head** gives abundant room for bulky goods. The Beautifully Embossed **Highly Glossed Golden Oak Case** is made of selected, seasoned oak; has 7 roomy drawers. Machine runs silently, smoothly, easily. Vital parts are Ball Bearing. Construction and Materials throughout that are usually found only in machines costing from $20 to $25 more. **Order No. SA3210. Sale Price $39.95. Terms $1 with order, $3 monthly.**

30 Days Free Trial

See for yourself how you can have pretty, becoming clothes at low cost. Without risking a single penny, you can use this Machine for 30 Days, just as if it were your own. Then, if you are not thoroughly pleased, you can return the machine. Your first payment and all freight charges will be refunded, the trial will not cost you a penny.

$1 With Order

My Prices are the Lowest, I give the Longest Time to Pay. Everything Sent on 30 Days Free Trial

FREE! 5yds. Voile

Here is your chance to have a stunning new dress, that you can make yourself, and that will not cost you a penny. If you will order the Sewing Machine quickly I will send you Absolutely Free 5 yards of Dark Blue Dotted Voile; more than enough to make a stylish attractive dress for any woman.

The material is 40 inches wide and the quality is excellent. This beautiful Voile is Absolutely Free, it will not cost you a penny, it is my gift to induce you to order the Sewing Machine NOW.

Nathaniel Spear
President

Spear & Co.
Dept. P-202 PITTSBURGH, PA.
Home Furnishers for the People of America

Home Furnishing Guide FREE! My new 1925 Catalog is a treasure-house of Home Furnishing Ideas, a delightful guide to Happy Home Making. It shows such a wonderful variety of all kinds of furniture and furnishings that you are bound to find exactly what you need, at the price you want to pay. Thirty years and more of "A Square deal to the Nation" guarantees that "It Pays to Deal With Spear." Send for my Free Book Now. It shows Thousands of Bargains in Furniture, Carpets, Stoves, Rugs, etc.

SPEAR & CO., Dept. P-202, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Send me at once Sew-Well Steinway Sewing Machine and 5 yds. free dress material as described above. Enclosed is $1.00 first payment. It is understood that if at the end of the 30 days' trial I am satisfied, I will send you $3.00 monthly. Order No. SA3210. Price $39.95. Title remains with you until paid in full. Send me your Big Free Catalog also.
Name.............................Occupation....................
R. F. D., Box No. or Street and No....................................
Post Office...................................State....................
If your shipping point is different from your post office fill in line below
Send Shipment to..
FREE CATALOG { If you want the Free Catalog Only, Send No Money, put an X here ☐ and write your name and address plainly on the above lines

6 Selected ROSES 50c

A Wealth of Bloom This Year. This collection includes the wonderful **Climbing American Beauty**, fragrant, continuous bloomer; **Golden Ophelia**, golden yellow; **Etoile de France**, large, crimson-velvet; **Columbia**, rose pink; **Mme. Butterfly**, blended pink, carmine and gold; **Peace**, continuous blooming, creamy white. The six plants, all on own roots, selected for vigor and blooming qualities, postage paid for 50c. Send orders to
OHIO ROSE GARDENS, Dept. 122, Springfield, Ohio

Your Own Spending Money

Haven't you often wished you could have your own money to spend as you please? You can. You can earn it—in your spare time. Write for particulars to Personal Effort Division
THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY
7th Avenue and 39th Street New York

No mixing of powders or spreading of sticky pastes—RAT BIS-KIT is ready to use. Sure death to rats and mice. Quickest, cleanest, easiest way. New tin package contains 18 "Bis Kits," always fresh. 35c at all drug and general stores. Guarantee coupon in every package.
The Rat Biscuit Co.
Springfield
Ohio

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 127

red-plush dress and a picture hat with a large willow-plume, was hideous.

Minnie's contract did not specify a starting-date, and it was four weeks before the production of "Romeo and Juliet" began. With no money coming in for that period, and already heavily in debt, she felt the first steel jaw of a trap spring upon her. Again it was her father to whom she explained her desperate situation. Would he lend her what he had laid aside? There was the old nest-egg, the funeral money, and there was one hundred dollars that Minnie had given him for Christmas and twenty dollars for his birthday. She knew that those bills, folded with the others, were nestling in the toe of the old woolen sock.

To her surprize she found that her father had three hundred dollars. Most of it money she had given him. A dollar here, five there, generously pressed into his hand at vivid peaks of her happiness.

During these four weeks of preparation for "Romeo and Juliet" Minnie saw little of Carlton. He was busy with fencing-masters, costumers, wig-makers. Many an evening he spent at Bacon's home rehearsing. He found it necessary to go on a diet. Twice a week he had his face massaged, and a mask of mud put on it to erase the lines under his eyes, the sagging droop to his mouth. This was to be his great opportunity, and he must make the most of it.

IN THE dreaming and planning for it he forgot about Minnie. He saw her once in her unbecoming costume. The *Juliet* he had visualized was fair and quite tall. It took height to carry those costumes. Minnie looked short and dumpy in them. When they decided that she was to wear a blond wig she was delighted, but tho it was silver and silken, the edges of it around her face were hard and gave a squat, low look to her forehead. She soon lost what little grace she had acquired. Her gestures became stilted and unnatural. The springing step was gone from her walk in an effort to glide along, swanlike, in the heavy silken, velvet robes.

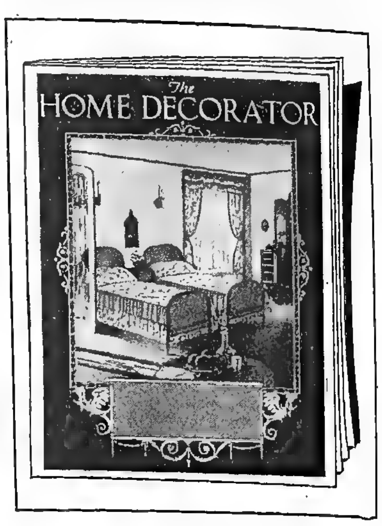
Bacon groaned. "Gad, Carlton, you're going to be immense in the part! Nothing like these *Romeo* costumes to show off a man's figure. But it takes a great actress to play *Juliet!* Grace and youth—the ability to carry herself."

Carlton was embarrassed. "You've got to do a little work with her, Bacon. She'll probably get it across. They might criticize her in the big cities, but the hicks will never know the difference. And don't let her suspect that you're not pleased with her! She's getting sensitive. If she thinks you haven't any faith in her it might break her spirit." Carlton was worried for fear that Minnie's discouragement would result in her throwing aside the vehicle and refusing to go on with it. He saw his future stretched out before him once he had made a success of *Romeo*.

Minnie's *Juliet* was held up to ridicule. One critic facetiously called her "the little pink pig in the parlor." Had Deane directed her he might have injected enough whimsical humor into her characterization to have given it a lifelike semblance. But Bacon's delineations were stagy, unreal. In all, it was a grotesque failure. Carlton alone escaped the gibes of the critics and audiences. His *Romeo* was rather pleasing, his movements graceful, his interpretation of the character eager, boyish, passionate.

Deane saw all this long before the picture was released. He used to steal into the dark projection-room while they were running the film, to observe Minnie, self-conscious and blundering in a rôle at which she had no conception, her pretty face immobile, her eyes empty, like two blue-glass marbles. Her hands had

CONTINUED ON PAGE 129



Every Woman Really Needs the NEW Home Decorator

This NEW issue is possibly the most beautiful and helpful magazine of its kind in America.

It not only illustrates the latest Home Decorator Patterns for Window Draperies, Bedspreads and Sofa Pillows but also contains advice, information and illustrated articles on:

Interior Decoration
Lace Curtains
Window Treatments
Wall-papers, painting and panelling
Curtain Rods
How to hang curtains
Lighting in the Home
Rugs and Floor Coverings
Cornice Boards
Cretonnes, etc.

With Home Decorator Patterns you can do your own interior decorating and know to a fraction exactly how much material to buy. The saving is tremendous. All waste is eliminated. And this means that you can now afford the finest quality fabrics.

Be sure to get your copy of this NEW magazine by applying to the nearest Pictorial Review agent or by sending the coupon direct.

Get Your Copy To-day

P. R. 4-25
THE HOME DECORATOR,
Pictorial Review Building,
7th Avenue and 39th Street, New York.

Please mail me, post free, a copy of The Home Decorator for which I enclose 25 cents with this coupon.

Name.................................
Street................................
City.....................State.................

Free Trial Bottle
Read Special Offer

**Gray Hair—
Stop It!**
—Here is the way

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer isn't a new experimental preparation. I invented it many years ago to restore my own prematurely gray hair. It is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water, which renews the perfect original color to graying hair, perfect results assured. No interference with shampooing, nothing to wash or rub off, but soft, clean, fluffy, natural hair which renews your youth.

Mail Coupon—Now

Send for free trial outfit, containing trial bottle of restorer with full directions for making test on single lock. Let me prove how easily, quickly and surely your gray hair can be renewed. Be sure to state natural color of your hair carefully. Enclose lock in letter if possible.

Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer

Please print your name and address
Mary T. Goldman, 512D Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is: Black....... dark brown....... medium brown....... auburn (dark red)...... light brown...... light auburn (light red)...... blonde......

Name ....

Address...

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $60 weekly in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph System, supply you with work and pay you cash each week. Write today for full particulars and free booklet.
WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE LIMITED
Authorized Capital $1,250,000.00
112 Colborne Building. Toronto, Can.

Sell Dresses
QUICK PROFITS!
Good commissions paid for selling my really smart frocks, at half usual prices. Miss Gray, Room 861, 525 Broadway, New York City.

Catarrh—Head Colds

With Sterizol, you pay for nothing but Antiseptic. Add the water yourself. Makes reliable antiseptic solution. $1.00 jar makes 40 pints. Excellent for catarrh, head colds and hundreds of other uses. Booklet mailed FREE. Of your druggist or by mail enclosing $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. The Sterizol Co., 124 Water Street, Ossining, N. Y.

STERIZOL
THE ANTISEPTIC

Learn Stenography at Home
EARN $25 TO $40 A WEEK
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
SHORTHAND, TYPEWRITING, BOOKKEEPING taught by our advanced home study method, makes you expert in short time. Fits you for private secretary. Earn while you learn. Practice in spare time. We furnish typewriter. Enormous demand for operators. Free employment service. Hundreds successful graduates. Don't start any business course until you get our free scholarship plan. Send for book today.
National Business Institute Dept. 103 3902 Sheridan Road, Chicago

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

always attracted him. Slender palms, a concave thumb held close to the first finger, long-pointed fingers with oval nails. Unconsciously her gestures were few and simple, which had made them seem quite eloquent.

After Mrs. Lowell's lessons in table manners, he observed the first change in Minnie's hands. In their attempt to be at ease in those conventional relationships with knives and forks, they lost the charm of simple movements. Minnie strained them to ridiculous awkwardness until the fingers sprayed from her palms like the petals of honeysuckle, her little finger bent back and crooked like a trellis. Deane laughed when he saw the movement of her hands in her new rôle. The beauty of Minnie's hands was gone.

Deane had a feeling that he was seeing Minnie being slowly dissected. Ghoulish thought! It made him look around at the other women in the profession and study them more appraisingly. A few were growing, but could they ever go beyond a certain point? They came to the screen bringing their youth. But there were only a few instances where physical youth had been preserved beyond the normal rush of years. In the sophisticated atmosphere of the studios; each contact took its toll.

BEAUREGARD was thrown into a panic by the failure of the picture, and he communicated this terror to the Flynn family. Feverishly they read the biting criticisms of Minnie's acting and saw their house of cards tumbling upon them. The production, which had gone into one of the big theaters for a three weeks' run, was taken off at the end of the first week. This was a news item, universally read.

Tradespeople, landlords, the Broadway jeweler to whom Minnie had made only a few payments on her diamond ring, saw Minnie's collapse. They clamored around her. The photographer, whose studio was filled with her pictures, threatened suit. She had paid eight hundred dollars on a new roadster and, not able to make the second payment, the car was held by the company.

Pete tried frantically to see the president of the Ideal Film Corporation, but Wright sent out word that he was no longer interested in Miss Day. But he was. He sat back and watched her every move. A much more sensible and far-sighted man than Beauregard, he knew that one poor vehicle would not destroy her with the public.

Wright was certain that Minnie would be chastened by the experience. He knew Beauregard wanted no further contracts with her. Wright was too clever to set a trap, so he just sat by, quietly biding his time.

IT WAS the policy of some of the other companies to beat down the actor or actress to the lowest salary figure; but Wright wanted the best out of them. So the day that the High Grade Film Organization sent its representative to see Minnie, Wright offered her seven hundred dollars a week for the first six months, and one thousand dollars a week for the last six months—a full year's contract.

Minnie's relief was electrical. Wright, exactly calculating this reaction, was ready. He had bought two comedy dramas, popular, frothy stage successes perfectly suited to Minnie and her present frame of mind, and she proved the keenness of Wright's judgment by playing both rôles with brilliant spirit. Never had she displayed such utter self-confidence; her inner happiness was projected upon the silver sheet.

Summer, Autumn, Christmas holidays came and passed by. Minnie had released herself to an orgy of buying extravagant gifts for her family and Gilbert.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

Warner's

Correct Weight Distribution

The expansion of the waistline, the snug, smooth swathing of hips, thighs and diaphragm—this is the secret of Warner designing. A Warner Wrap-Around* does not—cannot—push out of place. There is a Warner Wrap-Around* which will give smart lines to every woman, irrespective of her age or weight.

*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

This model, 0420, in figured cloth is
$3.50

This Warner Brassiere of velour crepe is designed in the new French manner.
No. 2980
$2.00

IN CORSET DEPARTMENTS

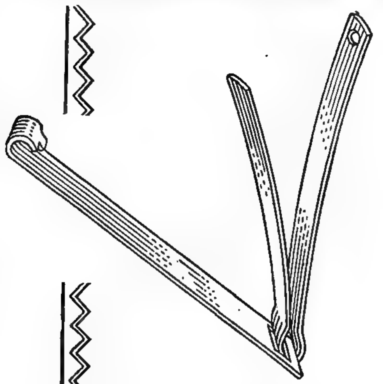
Send for Booklet P-2

THE WARNER BROTHERS COMPANY

347 Madison Avenue
New York

367 West Adams Street
Chicago

28 Geary Street
San Francisco



Not to be confused with the new improved West Electric Waver for longer hair. Patented and other patents pending.

The only curler you can remove from the hair *without* disturbing the curl

***the new* West Electric . .
BOBBED HAIR CURLER**

THE professional hairdresser knows the advantage of the curler that can be removed from the hair without disturbing the curl. It means real *curls* (not frizzes), exactly the kind of curls you want, and curls that stay in twice as long.

The New West Electric Bobbed Hair Curler is the only curler that does this. And it's the simplest, quickest curler in the world. Just dampen your hair, roll it up in the curler, and lock the curler. When the hair is dry, slide out the curler, and you'll see the prettiest curl you ever had.

And this new curler is so absolutely safe! No heat. No sticky lotions. Nothing to break or tear the hair. Note, too, that it curls even the very short hair at the back of the neck—something no other curler can do.

Try these new West Electric Bobbed Hair Curlers. They cost only 25 cents for a card of 5, or 10 cents for a card of 2. If your dealer hasn't them, fill out and mail the coupon below. The West Electric Hair Curler Co., Philadelphia, Pa. The West Electric Hair Curler Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal.

THE WEST ELECTRIC HAIR CURLER CO.
172 Columbia Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.
Enclosed find 25 cents for five West Electric Bobbed Hair Curlers.

Name..

Street..

City..State..........................

Dealer's Name..

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129

She drove to church on Christmas morning in her new limousine.

After church she wanted to do some fine, generous thing for the poor. She felt noble, pleasantly conscious of a spiritual uplift. After a rather unhappy scene with Carlton she had let him go to Hartford to spend Christmas with his baby. The wife's lawyer had made it clear to Carlton that if he and Minnie were to marry, both must secure their divorces. Billy had been convinced that Minnie's happiness depended upon it, but Minnie's conscience troubled her.

AS THE limousine rolled through lower Ninth Avenue over the corrugated streets, Minnie laid her hand caressingly upon her father's. "It gives me the queerest feeling when I think that we actually lived in a rotten neighborhood like this. It's more like a dream than a reality. Ugh!" she shuddered.

Michael Flynn did not answer. He was peering out of the plate-glass window. Now they were passing the old familiar landmarks. Sullivan's saloon. Hesselman's butcher-shop. Wasn't that Billy MacNally's name on the sign over the door? Around the corner the plumbing-shop! His heart was pounding with irregular beats against his body. A fine mist seemed blown upon the pane of glass—or was it his eyes?

It had been eight months since Minnie had moved them away from there. Uprooted them, that's what she had done. She said she wanted to make them more comfortable, so she had rented a flat on Ninetieth Street, with an elevator. Thirty-five years in one neighborhood. It had become a personal, almost a living thing to Michael Flynn. The old sagging wooden houses leaning against each other for support. The dingy brick. The stained and cracking plaster ones. He had known them when they were new, vigorous, upright, and stood like young men with shoulders erect.

Now yesterday's children were today's men and women. Now yesterday's men and women were withered like apples left upon the trees of a forgotten orchard. Michael Flynn's eyes could always see his own children playing on this street.

There were memories for Mrs. Flynn, too. But she enjoyed them chiefly because they permitted her to dwell upon her own martyrdom. She thought of them as years of patient toil, child-bearing, child-nursing, cooking and sewing and washing. Now she was free from it. What would the Melowonskys say when she told them she had a servant and that she didn't even have to make her own bed if she didn't want to?

THE limousine rolled down the street. The colored chauffeur, at a signal from Minnie, shut off the engine. Children surrounded the car. Like muffled reports came the banging open of windows. Heads and shoulders shot out. Cat-calls, whistles, hellos. Voices rising shrilly to advise the neighbors who had not seen the car that Minnie Flynn was on the street. Minnie was sweet and friendly to them all, but her eyes kept shifting to the colored chauffeur. She knew from Pete how they gossiped at the studio, so she told him pointedly that she was on a little slumming-party to take Christmas presents to the poor.

Michael Flynn carried all the packages into the parlor of the McCarthys' flat. No fire had ever brought out the crowds like Minnie's triumphant return. Her former girl friends stood in awed, giggling, flushed groups. Their eyes saw the diamond rings sparkling on Minnie's hands, the sleeves of real lace, the jeweled pendant hung on a slender chain. They noticed also that she wore sheer-silk stockings and real patent-leather pumps.

They told Michael Flynn he was as dressy as the undertaker, and were delighted to hear that Mrs. Flynn had had her hair "done up" by a regular hairdresser. Her nose was powdered, and she wore white-kid gloves like Minnie's. When she spoke it was with a peculiar hesitancy. Whenever she faltered she glanced nervously toward Minnie, but none of them guessed that it was because she was trying to guard against any mistakes in her grammar. "I done" and "you was" seemed as natural to her as these old, familiar faces. Why was Minnie so particular?

There were toys for the children; handkerchiefs, silk stockings for the ex-girl friends; money for the old people. And their tearful gratitude gave Minnie a floating sensation.

Now she must walk down the street to the Minkses' flat, and see old lady Minks, who was bedridden. The neighbors in turn drew her into their homes. Horrible places, Minnie was thinking—low, damp walls—they made her ill.

The Central. Where she had lived! Michael Flynn walked through the dingy old flat. All the old furniture—Minnie had made them leave that dreadful stuff there; she had sold it to the O'Briens, who had moved in—that red tablecloth!

"Papa, you're walking as if you were drunk," said Minnie. "I don't blame you. Doesn't it give you the creeps to come through this hole in the wall, and to think we used to live here? Oh, darling, I'm thankful I got you and mama away from it!"

OUT in the crowded street again, Minnie made a farewell speech. She mouthed prettily, saying, "It may be some while before I see you all again. Papa and mama will probably drive down, but, as you know, I'm awfully busy with my pictures, and you have probably read in the papers that I signed a contract with the biggest organization in the industry."

"Hooray!" shouted Isidore Ginsberg, who hadn't understood what Minnie had said, but had caught from her rising inflection a triumph worthy of salute.

Minnie silenced the clamor that followed. "I am not used to making speeches—that is, if they're not written for me. I guess you've all read in the papers that I made quite a big hit making a speech at the De Luxe Theater, where my latest picture was shown—the one called 'The Slavey'; but I must be truthful and say that somebody had to write it out for me; and I do want you to know from the bottom of my heart that I or the folks will never forget you, even when we are clear out to Hollywood, where we are going next Spring when I start on my new contract. Furthermore, I'm going to send you all tickets when my latest picture, 'The Slavey,' is playing in the lower Broadway theater. Everybody says it's by far the best thing that I've done—in fact, if you get up past Forty-second Street you'll see my name is over the theater in electric lights.

"Yes, and you'll be happy to know that Nettie is going to have a part in my next picture. She's gone on a pineapple-and-lamb diet. You can imagine the improvement. It has just changed her entire personnel." She paused, wondering if she hadn't made a mistake in the use of the word, but caring little—they wouldn't know the difference. She would look it up when she got home.

The men began to think that Minnie was getting a little silly. They were all talking about her. "Can you imagine? She says she's gonna get two thousand dollars a week with this new movie joint she's working for! Do you think it's a lie?"

"Sure."

"But it ain't all a lie. What d'ya say she paid for that bus she rides around in?"

"Two thou?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

Your Daughter

How much of *her* life must be spent in filling oil lamps, scrubbing clothes and pumping water?

None.

For our generation has made a great contribution to human progress: it has transferred to electricity the burdensome work that women used to do. Your daughter entered the world at a fortunate time.

On many of the motors that make hard housework easy you find this monogram. It stands for General Electric Company, a nation-wide organization which produces apparatus and machines that have made electricity into a servant that works for all.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Buy Direct from Factory

Combination Ranges $59.80 Up

Get manufacturer's prices. Save 1-4 to 1-2 on stoves, ranges, furnaces and household goods during the greatest sale in our 25 years' history. Cash or easy payments—terms as low as $3 monthly. Money-back guarantee. 24-hour shipments. 30 days' trial in your home. 530,000 customers endorse Kalamazoo quality.

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs. 631 Rochester Ave. Kalamazoo, Mich.

Send for FREE BOOK

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You" Trade Mark Registered

Kalamazoo's Gigantic 25th Anniversary Bargain Sale $9.75

Table by day—Bed by night

The patented Ta-Bed is both a superb mahogany or walnut finished Library Table and a full length luxurious bed combined—a wonderful saver of space and money. Saves rent of one room. Absolutely guaranteed. On easy terms from our dealers. Write for special offer.

Ta-Bed Corp., Dept. 301, Amer. Furn. Mart., Chicago, Ill.

Learn INTERIOR DECORATING at Home

Make $5000 and more a year

Easy to establish business for yourself, or take high-salaried position. Prominent New York decorators teach you practical, professional methods through simple new system, by mail. No special ability needed.

NEW BOOK FREE Beautifully illustrated. Explains wonderful opportunities and shows how you can quickly enter this fascinating field in easy new way. Write today. No obligation.

National School of Interior Decoration
2 West 47th St. N. Y. C.
Dept. 44

I Want 700 Agents At $90.00 a week

Men and Women! Write me today and by this time next week I can place you in a position to make $2.00 to $5.00 an hour in your spare time, up to $15.00 a day full time. Thousands of our representatives are making that and more with our **New Plans.** Simply introduce and take orders for famous **World's Star Hosiery and Underwear** sold direct from mill to home—a complete line for whole family. Permanent customers and repeat orders make you steady, big income. No delivering or collecting. No capital required.

Write Quick It's a chance to make thousands of dollars. Your profits begin at once. Exclusive territory. No experience needed. Write today and I'll send all facts and tell how to start **Free.** (*Established 29 years.*)

World's Star Knitting Co.
194 Lake Street Bay City, Mich.

Flawless Cheeks and Other Beauty Secrets

By Mme. Maree

To have the skin of fine texture so as to erase the crows feet, lines and wrinkles and tighten up the pores, get two ounces of eptol from the drug store. The usual price is 65 cents. Mix it with a tablespoon of glycerine and a pint of water. It thickens at once to a rich, heavy cream. Spread a thin coating around the eyes, temples and on the forehead, then over the cheeks; rub it in until absorbed. Instantly it begins work on the pores, tightens them, the outer dead skin disappears, new skin comes at once, the lines, crows feet, wrinkles fade out, the cheeks become smooth, look plump with the appearance of real, girlish health. Eptol is certainly the daintiest of skin beautifiers and mixed as above lasts for months.

For Beautiful Hair

If you will get from the drug store an ounce of beta-quinol costing but 65 cents and mix it with a half pint of rubbing alcohol and a half pint of water, you will have a hair treatment to reward you beyond price.

Each time it is used you just simply revel in the beauty it imparts to the hair. It is colorless and yet you can take blonde, brunette or titian hair that is coarse, straight and dead-like, apply a little beta-quinol to the scalp, when lo! each hair freshens. It takes on a glint or shimmer, it stands out alone, and whether cut short or hangs in great masses, it becomes as hair should, light, feathery and fluffy, or will keep curl, wave or straight as you prefer to wear it. Beta-quinol is a wonder and is very inexpensive.

Banish the Blackheads

I have found that sprinkling powdered neroxin on a cloth dipped in hot water is the quickest and best way to remove blackheads. Gently pat over the skin where the blackheads are, then rub briskly and every last blackhead, big and little, will be dissolved without leaving a trace. You can get neroxin at any drug store. An ounce, costing 65 cents.

When Skin is Muddy

If it is freckles, muddiness, red spots, sallowness and the shining, oily skin that makes you think you look like a fright, just mix an ounce of zintone and two tablespoons of your ordinary glycerine and a half pint of water. Rub this on your face, arms, neck and shoulders and I will wager you will hardly know yourself. The effect is magical. You can get the zintone at any drug store for 65 cents and thus have your skin as clear and dainty as the lily.

To Cleanse Scalp

Twenty-five centsworth of eggol, at any drug store, will give you enough for a dozen creamiest, frothiest shampoos you ever had. It dries right away, fluffs out beautifully and makes your head feel fine.

For the Week-end

I am so anxious for you to try my beauty secrets that I have had prepared one of each ready for use all put up in a neat package, enough of each article to last several days. Send me 25 cents and I will send you a package by mail.

Madame Maree, 757 Thompson Bldg., Chicago

Milder Musterole for Small Children

Thousands of mothers tell us they would not be without *Children's Musterole,* the new and milder form of good old Musterole especially prepared for use on babies and small children.

In the dead of night when they are awakened by the warning, croupy cough, they rub the clean, white ointment gently over the child's throat and chest and then go back to bed.

Children's Musterole, like regular Musterole, penetrates the skin with a warming tingle and goes quickly to the seat of the trouble.

It does not blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster and it is not messy to apply.

Made from pure oil of mustard, it takes the kink out of stiff necks, makes sore throats well, stops croupy coughs and colds. In jars, 35c.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE WILL NOT BLISTER MILD

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

"Two thousand, my foot! More like four!"

"Maybe she only rents it."

"To come down here and show off?"

"Yeh! You seen the way she acted when she drove off? Threw a kiss to us like she was French, and we was manure!"

"Aw! Cut that, Louie! You'd knock the block off a guy in any other neighborhood that pulled anything against her."

"Sure, but ain't we gotta right to knock her? She belonged to our gang, didn't she?"

"Yeh, she did!"

"Say, if she gets two thou a week you'd 'a' thought she wouldn't have had the nerve to only hand us out silk stockin's marked down to one-ninety-eight a pair, and only one measly pair apiece, now, would you, Madge?"

Madge Connors's throat relaxed. It had been clutched in painful tension. Minnie hadn't seen her standing in the shadows of the bakery-shop watching the crowd gathering around the limousine. Madge was terrified. What was Minnie MacNally doing down there if it wasn't to try to see Billy again? Madge had a date with him. He was going to eat lunch at her flat. She had made doughnuts and cranberry pie. Billy had told her that Minnie wanted a divorce from him. He would be free again, and she had always loved him.

ON THEIR way home Minnie hummed a little ragtime tune. "I'm so happy!" she kept saying over and over. "I shudder every time I think of that terrible neighborhood. Isn't it wonderful, Papa, to think all that I've accomplished in the last two years? You remember how Nettie used to say I was born with a gold horseshoe in my mouth?" She pulled down the shade to shut out the ugly buildings. "I wonder what California is like. I'm crazy to see Hollywood. Gilbert says he would rather live out there than Italy. He's never been to Italy, but he goes with an ultra class that have traveled all over the world. We'll be going to Paris ourselves, maybe, on a honeymoon."

Michael Flynn winced and crossed himself.

"Oh, Papa! You're such a fool about a little simple thing like a divorce."

"It's against your religion."

Minnie interrupted him, annoyed. "As Gilbert says, Papa, one creed is as good as another. If you're a Christian at heart, that's all that is necessary."

Mrs. Flynn was uneasy. "Alicia Adams's mother was tellin' me the other day that a divorce almost ruined the career of one of the biggest movie stars, the public's gettin' so particular."

"It's none of their business!"

"They helped to make you," ventured Mr. Flynn.

"Oh, Papa! You read that somewhere. That drives me almost crazy. We don't ask them to make idols of us, do we? False idols they've got to fall down before and worship—totem-poles, as Gilbert says. We're human, aren't we? As long as we amuse them and give them pleasure, what business is it of theirs what our private life is? Private life! That's the laugh—public life, I'd call it."

"Mrs. Adams says this star lost all of her church following, and the mothers' clubs wouldn't let their kids go to see her, even in her purest pictures," Mrs. Flynn said.

"Mrs. Adams should talk, with everybody knowing how Alicia got to be a star!"

"They might suspect it, Minnie, but they give her the benefit of the doubt. They ain't sure of it. It ain't somethin' you can put your finger on like you can a divorce."

Minnie looked contemptuously at her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

All that the scalp requires CLEANING *and* FEEDING

A combination treatment at the cost of a shampoo

WILDROOT TAROLEUM HAIR-WASH

KEEPING the scalp clean is a bit of personal hygiene practiced by all well-informed people. Those same people know that their scalps need food. But, week after week, they neglect this equally important measure—just because scalp-foods, such as crude-oil, have always been difficult to apply.

At last—*scalp-cleaning* and *scalp-feeding* have been combined in one efficient treatment—called Taroleum.

Stimulating food makes healthy hair

Taroleum cleans thoroughly—easily removes dangerous, unhealthy dirt. Besides this, Taroleum supplies the hair-roots with life-giving crude-oil, in a new, clean form. The soothing, healing pine-tar, in Taroleum, tones your scalp, and is one of Nature's best dandruff removers.

The first part of a Taroleum shampoo consists in gently rubbing Taroleum into the scalp, with the finger tips. This massage opens the pores of the scalp, and allows the healthful crude-oil to soak through to the hungry roots of the hair. Only a minute, or so, of rubbing is necessary. And only a tablespoonful of Taroleum does the trick.

Snowy lather quickly absorbs dirt

Now, for the second thing that every scalp requires—*cleaning.* After the brief Taroleum massage—a wetting with warm water produces an abundant, creamy lather. These snowy suds make a clean sweep of all the dust, grime, and dandruff that accumulate in the average scalp. After you rinse your head, your hair is fresh and light—full of the vigor that only Taroleum can give.

Cleans antiseptically —no odor or stain

The mild ingredients, combined in Taroleum, are antiseptic enough to actually protect the scalp from unhealthy conditions. This makes Taroleum ideal for home use—especially for children.

Taroleum has no odor—other than the sweet smell of cleanliness. It cannot stain or discolor, either hair or linen.

Splendid for fair hair

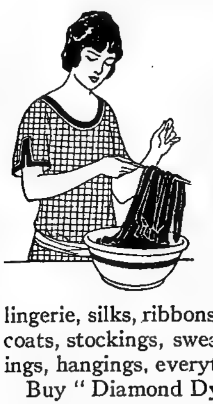
Delicate snow-white, or golden hair is especially in need of a thorough cleanser like Taroleum, that in no way changes the hair's natural beauty.

Guaranteed to please —or your money back

You need not risk even the price of a bottle—because we guarantee you will like Taroleum—or we'll return your money—*every cent.*

Get a bottle from your druggist, today. Wildroot Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

BEAUTIFY IT WITH "DIAMOND DYES"



Perfect home dyeing and tinting are guaranteed with Diamond Dyes. Just dip in cold water to tint soft, delicate shades, or boil to dye rich, permanent colors. Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings, everything new.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—and tell druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods.

VANTINE'S *The House of the Orient*

39th St. New York JUST WEST OF FIFTH AVE.

Chinese Rattan Furniture

Most durable summer, porch or sun parlor furniture in the world. If washed occasionally it will last a life time. An illustrated booklet describing in detail, designs, sizes and prices mailed FREE on request. Ask for Booklet F 1.

Preserved Ginger

This delicious Oriental confection is a specialty of Vantine's. We import it direct. Crystallized ginger, 3 ozs., 25c.; ½ lb., 50c.; Stem ginger, ½ lb., 75c.

Other Oriental Merchandise

including Chinese Brasses, Japanese Pottery, Kimonos, Oriental delicacies, Oriental objects of art, rare and unique wares from the Far East, all fully described in our illustrated catalogue sent FREE on request to

VANTINE'S, Dept. 52, 1 West 39th St., New York.

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR SPARE TIME?

We can put you in the way of earning $10, $20, $50, or more a month. And all we ask for is your *spare time.* Your profits begin as soon as you start work. No experience necessary. Free outfit and instructions. Write today to Department A, Personal Effort Division

THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY, 7th Avenue and 39th St., New York City

Another Beautiful Full-Page Picture in Colors Free

In the April issue of Excella—Stories of Real Life—is a beautiful reproduction of the greatest picture Henner ever painted. The marvelous flesh tints, the exquisite modeling of the figure and the glory of the coloring make a veritable masterpiece. You'd gladly pay $1.50 in an art store. In Excella you get it *free*.

$1000.00 in Cash Prizes Given Away

$1000.00 in cash will be given away for the best letters on Love and Jealousy. Must they go together? Anybody may enter this contest. You don't have to be a professional writer. Grammar, spelling and literary ability will not count so much as your ideas. Before you write your letter it might be a good idea to read the article on "Love and Jealousy" on page 34 of Excella for April (out March 3), but this is not compulsory. There are 52 prizes amounting to $1000.00. Write what you think and mail before April 15.

Special April Features

Beach White
The story of a girl who could not be crushed by her surroundings.

Bought
The danger of marrying a man met through a matrimonial advertisement.

Hidden Romances of Hollywood
The first of a series of true but disguised stories of the intimate lives of famous motion picture stars.

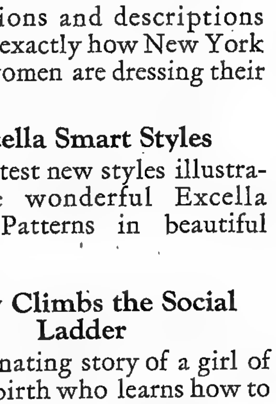
For Her Husband's Sake
Should a woman sacrifice her child for her husband?

Nine New Ways To Dress Your Hair
Illustrations and descriptions showing exactly how New York Society women are dressing their hair.

Excella Smart Styles
The smartest new styles illustrating the wonderful Excella Printed Patterns in beautiful colors.

Peggy Climbs the Social Ladder
The fascinating story of a girl of humble birth who learns how to master the rigid etiquette of exclusive Society.

This new Excella Magazine has proved a tremendous success all over the country. It gives you vivid stories of real life that grip your attention. It shows you page after page of society women, fashionable beauties, stage and screen stars and others in the public eye.



Excella
Stories of Real Life
25c a Copy
For April—On Sale Now

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131

mother. "Mama, you've got a queer mind! Your idea of virtue is keeping the blinds down."

"Shame on you, Minnie, talkin' to your own mother that way! I never done——"

"Did!"

Mrs. Flynn clicked her false teeth and sank back against the velour upholstery.

Michael Flynn looked unhappily at Minnie. "Little girl, mama don't mean to butt into your business—only to help you. We like Gilbert Carlton a whole lot, mama and I—he sort of scares us, he knows so much about everything, and I guess we're kind of old-fashioned folks to him. But he's a sensible fellow, I hope, and if he thought that your life is gonna be ruined by a divorce he'd give you up and forget you, and maybe marry some nice girl who wasn't already married."

Minnie would rather give up her career, all the comfort that the money brought, all the promises of her future, than lose Carlton. She smiled tolerantly upon her father. "I love you, Papa," she said, nestling close to him, "in spite of the fact that you're a funny old fussbuttons." But she hoped it would be a long time before he found out that Carlton was married, too.

The concluding instalment of "The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published April 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

But one day I was up there and I says, "Oh, Mrs. Clemens! I don't see why you have to come way up these stairs every morning just to dust that table; I could do that, I think." She said, "I know you could, Katy, but Mr. Clemens is so fussy about his manuscripts." "Well," I says, "you just tell him I didn't *actually* dust them—I just dust *around* them," and so Mrs. Clemens said I might try.

Well, I had been doing the dusting for a year almost, when he caught me one morning. He come up quite sudden and said, "Katy, what are you doing up here?" I was so startled I could hardly speak, because I never wanted him to catch me around that precious table. I said, "I am dusting this table." "*You* don't dust that table," he says. "I have for about a year," I said. "Oh, no," says Mr. Clemens, "Mrs. Clemens takes care of that"; "but I thought it was kind of hard for her," I says. "I could help her that much anyway, and then she wouldn't have to walk up them three flights of stairs every morning."

That was enough for him, as he never wanted any trouble put on her, because anything he thought would tire Mrs. Clemens or bother her, he didn't want. But of course he didn't think of that at the time, while she was doing it, you know, till I brought it to his mind.

Well, after that, of course, if there was anything missing, I was called, and he'd say very fierce, "Katy, what did you do with all that manuscript I left on the table last night?" "I didn't do anything with it. I didn't touch it. Isn't it where you left it?" "No," he'd answer; "I suppose it's burned! *You* burned it this morning." "Well," I said, "I'll look on the table." It wasn't there this morning when I come up. There was no manuscript on that table, only them few letters." "Well, it was on that table when I left last night, Katy!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 133

How to Restore the Original Shade to Gray Hair

If your hair is gray, do what thousands of others have done—use the wonderful, clean, colorless liquid known as Kolor-Bak and see the original shade quickly return.

No matter what the cause of grayness—age, shock, illness, scalp disease—this remarkable liquid restores the exact former shade, gives the hair a beautiful silky texture, and keeps it from becoming brittle and from falling out. Also cleanses scalp and hair, banishes dandruff, and stops itching of the scalp. As easy to use as water.

No need to furnish a sample of your hair—no tests to make—as the one clean, colorless liquid is for all gray hair regardless of former shade. Kolor-Bak is the best known substitute for the natural hair pigmentation.

"My Hair Was Quite Gray"
"Only a short time ago my hair was quite gray. It was falling out. My scalp itched and dandruff appeared. Kolor-Bak stopped the itching, dandruff and falling. Most wonderful of all, however, is that my hair is its original shade. I look 10 years younger."
(A typical letter)

Ask Your Dealer

So popular is Kolor-Bak because of its merit that it is sold everywhere. Ask any druggist or toilet supply dealer. If Kolor-Bak does not bring the desired results, your money will be instantly refunded.

Kolor-Bak
Banishes Gray Hair
Dealers Everywhere Sell Kolor-Bak with Money-Back Guarantee

Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath that soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon.

Mercolized Wax

gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexion of true naturalness. Have you tried it? 95c Box
Send for "Beauty Secrets Revealed."

Dearborn Supply Co., 2358 Clybourn Ave., Chicago
All Drug Stores

House Cleaning is Easy
if you use ★ NIBCO TRADE MARK BRUSHES MOPS and DUSTERS
Endorsed by Good Housekeeping Institute.
Write for booklet: "Keeping the House Beautiful."
Silver-Chamberlin Co. Box PR Clayton, New Jersey

Art Corner Your Pictures—in an Album
where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.
Engel
5 Styles "Art Corners" 5 Colors
are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic, No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dime brings 100 and samples to try. Write
ENGEL MFG. CO.
Dept. 3R, 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago
10¢ Buys 100

Hotels Need Trained Women
Nation-wide demand for trained women; all departments, hotels, clubs, apartment houses; uncrowded field, fine living, quick advancement. Our methods endorsed by leading hotels everywhere. Write for FREE BOOK, *"Your Big Opportunity"*
LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Room P-2313 Washington, D. C.

A Garden Full Of Enchanting Flowers for 75 cts

Our Surprise 1925 Offer

Send only 75 cts (stamps or money order) for One Dollar and Twenty Cents' worth of costly seeds—**grown by California's flower-wizard!**

11 BIG Packets: 6 of NEW Spencer Sweet Peas—2 of IMPROVED Zinnias (including best Dahlia-Flowered Zinnia) and 3 of immense GIANT COMET ASTERS (6 times as large as illustrations above.)

Order Direct From This Ad—and we guarantee that you will be delighted. At least, send your Name and Address for

Unique 1925 Seed Catalog FREE

88 Pages—over 100 4-color pictures of finest Vegetables and Flowers—and 5 seeds of famous Stark's BLIGHT-RESISTER tomato FREE.

Address Box 202

Stark Bro's

Seedsmen and Nurserymen—at

Louisiana, Mo.

For 109 Years

5 Seeds of Stark's "BLIGHT-RESISTER" Tomato FREE

Stark Bro's, Box 202, Louisiana, Mo.

Send me FREE Copy 1925 Seed Catalog and 5 "Blight-Resister" Tomato Seeds FREE.

☐ I enclose 75 cts for $1.20 Worth of Flower Seeds. ☐ I want FREE Copy Your Fruit Tree Book.

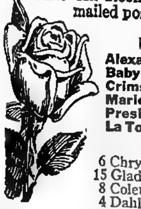
Name ....

St. or R. R. No. ....

P. O. .... State ....

6 Splendid ROSES

Everblooming. Guaranteed True to Name. All bloom this summer mailed postpaid for **50c**



BARGAIN COLLECTION

Alexander Hill Gray, yellow
Baby Doll, cream and pink
Crimson Queen, red
Marie Guillot, white
President Taft, salmon pink
La Tosca, silver pink

Special Bargains

6 Chrysanthemums, giant flowered	50c
15 Gladioli, assorted colors	50c
8 Coleus, splendid sorts	50c
4 Dahlias, fine assortment	50c
4 Iris, different colors	50c

Any 3 collections for $1.25. The Entire 6 Collections Postpaid for $2.25. Send your order today.

COMPLETE NEW CATALOG FREE

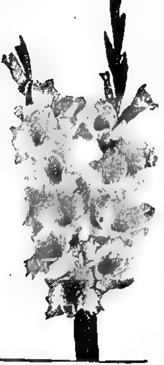
Lists 400 roses, all the newest and best. Dahlias, Ferns, Plants and everything for the house and garden. Send for it.

Great Western Plant Co., Dept. 314, Springfield, Ohio

New varieties of Gladioli Order NOW

Gladiolus lovers will find my 1925 catalog invaluable for successful selection and growing of gladioli. It contains many new Kunderd originations. Also my complete instructions. Write for a copy and make selections now.

A. E. KUNDERD
Box 26-D Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.
The Originator of the Ruffled and the Laciniated Gladioli



Kunderd STAND SUPREME *Gladioli* TRADE-MARK

6 Monthly Blooming ROSES 50¢

All Will Bloom This Summer!

Milady, red; Madison, white; Betty, pink; Melody, yellow; Ophelia, variegated; Hadley, crimson.

BARGAINS IN PLANTS

12 Pansies 39c 6 Salvias 44c
3 Ferns 34c 3 Dahlias 36c
6 Ruffled Petunias . 48c
4 Chrysanthemums . 32c
6 Hardy Perennials . 49c
3 Fine Geraniums . 28c
3 Giant Cannas . . 32c
3 Flowering Begonias 48c

Free—One Rose free with every $1 purchase.

Safe arrival guaranteed. *1925 Catalogue Free*

THE McGREGOR BROS. CO., BOX 105 SPRINGFIELD, O.

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

"It wasn't there this morning anyway," I said; and after that I'd get so worried over us contradicting each other, I'd kind of start to go away, and he'd call out, "Well, you burned it—I know you did! It's gone, anyway. It's lost—burned!"

Well, he'd come around perhaps at dinner-time; he'd go down-stairs to the bathroom and wash his hands for dinner (he always washed his hands for dinner). I used to be combing Mrs. Clemens's hair. She set in front of the mirror, where she could see him as he'd come out of the bathroom (he'd have a towel wiping his hands, maybe), and he'd look at me in the glass over her head (I was standing behind her, fixing her hair), and I'd look at him, and I used to know by his wink that he *found* the manuscript himself!

Then he'd say kind of sheepish, "I found it, Katy"; and I'd say, "Well, I knew you would," and Mrs. Clemens would start up and say, "What is it? What is it?" "Oh, nothing!" he says, careless-like. "I was just telling Katy something." "Oh, this is nothing new to me, Mrs. Clemens, but it *was* something—it was a great deal," I says. "No," said Mr. Clemens, "it's nothing. Don't make such a fuss about it, Katy. I just kind of thought you destroyed some of my manuscript, that's all." "Oh, Mrs. Clemens," I said, "if it wasn't for you I'd be on my way to Elmira to-night, because he accused me of taking his manuscript, burning his manuscript and destroying it! I told him I knew he'd find it, and he has. He's all the time scolding me for burning his manuscript."

"Oh, Youth dear," Mrs. Clemens said, "you mustn't scold Katy. Why do you scold her like that when she wouldn't destroy any of your manuscripts for anything in the world? She knows what it is, and she's very careful about it." "Well," he said, "I couldn't find it. Anyway I can never find anything after she's been dusting my table." "But you did find it," I said. "Well, yes," says he, kind of sheepish again, "I found it in a pigeonhole just now," and then he'd turn away and go pretty quick before anything else could be said to him.

Well, by and by he'd come back all smoothed down, and then Mrs. Clemens said, "I suppose I'll have to go up there and dust that table myself again." "No, no," he said. "That's all right. Katy's all right as long as she doesn't *touch* anything!" So he used to make with his foot how near I could go to his precious table and he'd put a mark about a foot away from it. "Do you see that? Don't you dare go inside that mark, Katy, never!" "All right," I says, but I'd go there just the same!

BUT that precious manuscript was always a trouble between us, and sometimes he would use swear-words when he thought anything was lost, but I don't want to say the words he used. Oh, he'd say anything! Sometimes he'd say, "I know it's a —— lie," when I told him I hadn't touched any of his writings; then I'd say, "Oh, Mr. Clemens, you told me I was a liar!" But I didn't say what *kind* of a liar he called me. You couldn't say it before Mrs. Clemens, oh, no! You couldn't make a swear-word before her, tho he did sometimes if he thought she didn't hear him! But he always found the manuscript in the end after all the swearing and fighting.

Finally I says to him one morning, "Mr. Clemens, I want to say that I never destroyed one item of paper that you ever have a sign of writing on. I never destroy it—never—I put it away." I says, "When I first began to dust your table I made a great big bag and it's in there in the closet, and I put every little scrap in it, every scrap you ever write anything on, from the first time I began

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

SHE—"*I beg your pardon. What did you say?*"

HE—*(inwardly)* "*Poor girl! She's as deaf as a post.*"

DEAF? A post-card will bring the joy of good hearing again

FREE Ten Days' Trial of the New Radio-Built Hearing Aid

Never imagine that deaf folks do not sense the silent pity of others. The humiliation of knowing the inconvenience that one's poor hearing causes to others is one of the severest penalties of deafness.

But in this wonderful age, why should anyone accept the hardships of deafness. Science has made this hardship unnecessary.

For Radio Engineers have recently perfected a powerful little personal hearing aid—worn practically concealed—which immediately restores good hearing, even to the poorest ears.

This device, called the radio-built ACOUSTICON, is based upon the same sound-sending, reproducing and amplifying principles of the radio itself, with the deaf person as his own receiving and sending station.

Like the radio, the ACOUSTICON has a transmitter and a receiver. But sensitive to a pin drop. So powerful they pick up any sound the human ear can hear and deliver it clearly, distinctly and resonantly to the impaired auditory nerve.

FREE 10 DAYS' TRIAL

The new radio-built ACOUSTICON is a marvel of lightness, comfort and inconspicuousness. A joy to wear and use. We are so sure it will delight you, regardless of what other device you are now using, that we invite you to try it 10 days without a penny of risk. No red tape to go through. No deposit or payment of any kind. Just send your name, address and free trial request to the DICTOGRAPH PRODUCTS CORPORATION, Dept. 1321, 220 W. 42nd St., New York City.

The *The Radio-Built Hearing Aid* Acousticon

TRY IT TEN DAYS FREE

The Chef's flavoring for home cooking

Gives the **Master Touch** *of the Chef*

KITCHEN BOUQUET

Makes home cooking taste like the creation of an expert French chef. Just a dash of Kitchen Bouquet—and soups, stews, gravies and sauces take on a new and appetizing flavor and color. A remarkable liquid flavoring prepared from the aromatic juices of choice garden vegetables.

Booklet containing many new recipes sent free.

If your grocer can't supply you send 10 cents for generous size sample bottle.

KITCHEN BOUQUET, Inc.
522 Fifth Avenue New York City

Easy to make and sell Crispettes, the delicious popcorn confection. Popular with everybody. Simple to make. I furnish everything. Raw materials cheap, easy to get. Immense profit.

SUCCESS comes easy anywhere—cities, small towns, parks, etc. Open a retail store of your own. Sell wholesale to groceries, drug stores, etc. No experience needed. Little capital starts you on the road to wealth. Hundreds of men and women making fortunes. George Alexander, Pennsylvania, writes: "cleared over $3000 profits in 4 months." Jacob Gordon, New Jersey, made over $4000 in 2 months! Others making almost as much. You can do it, too.

Act! I'll Help You! Start Today!

The start in Crispette business is easy. I'll gladly give it. Furnish complete outfit—machine, materials, secret formula, full directions, wrappers, etc. Send postal for illustrated Book of Facts. Tells how to be successful. Sent FREE. Write Today.

LONG EAKINS COMPANY
472 High Street Springfield, Ohio

Get Utmost Value

For Your "New Home" Money

Because Bennett Home material is guaranteed one quality only—the best; one price only—the lowest, due to (1st) tremendous bulk buying facilities; (2nd) complete time and labor-saving mill equipment; (3rd) quality mill-built sash, doors, cabinets, mill work, trim, etc. This means (4th) easy for unskilled labor to build from (5th) our complete and clear plans with (6th) saving of building time up to three months.

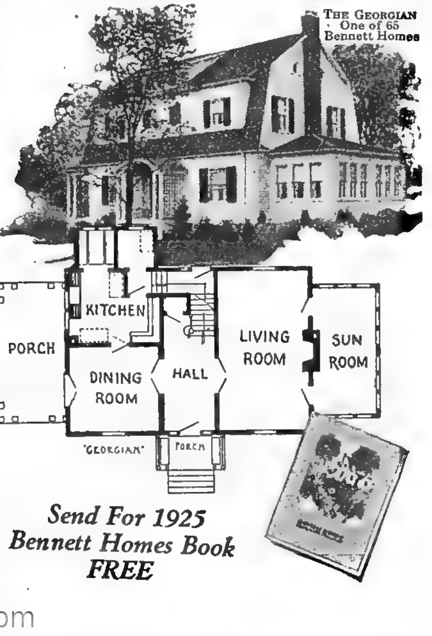
Bennett home builders are satisfied—*without exception!* Ask for names of those living near you. Talk with them all about quality and treatment received.

Save $300 to $1100

Send for the new Bennett Homes Book with photo illustrations of over 65 charming permanent homes; also 10 styles of garages—free in U. S. east of Indiana and north of Ohio River; elsewhere sent on receipt of $1.00.

RAY H. BENNETT LUMBER CO., Inc.
92 Main St., North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Bennett Homes Better-Built Ready-Cut


THE GEORGIAN One of 65 Bennett Homes
KITCHEN
PORCH
DINING ROOM
HALL
LIVING ROOM
SUN ROOM
"GEORGIAN"
PORCH
Send For 1925 Bennett Homes Book FREE

Now a *new* way to

Remove Cold Cream

FOR years stage stars have known this secret of clear, radiant complexions. It is part of their stock-in-trade. Who ever saw an actress whose skin had infections, blackheads, pimples? Yet actresses *make-up* several times a day. Their skin is constantly exposed to hard use—yet remains charming.

Now you, too, may know this secret of famous stage beauties. It is simply the use of Kleenex in removing cold cream and cosmetics each night. This soft velvety absorbent is made of Cellucotton.

Towels often cause infections; they are expensive. Kleenex, at all drug and department stores, costs but 25c. A box contains about 200 sheets (size 6 by 7 in.) and lasts about a month. Use it once, throw it away. It's cheaper, better, safer. Beauty experts advise its use.

Today get a box of Kleenex and find out why it's so popular.

CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

KLEENEX

The Sanitary Cold Cream Remover

To Bob or Not To Bob When Gray Hair Comes

"IF I ONLY DARED." Many women hesitate because of doubt as to how it will look. Certainly it is convenient and comfortable. If the contour of face and head permit, the short hair vogue is charming and youthful. But gray, faded, or bleached hair, unfortunately, is emphasized by the bob, shingle or pompadour. Brownatone overcomes the handicap. In a moment's time, with no troublesome mixing, no day-after-day treatment, those shorn locks can be becomingly tinted in natural shades from lighest blonde to deep brown or black.

Brownatone has brought the look of youth to millions. You can prove it to your own satisfaction. Send for Trial Bottle and test it on the tip ends of your hair. You'll be pleasantly amazed at the result. Specify shade wanted—"Light blonde to medium brown," or "Dark brown to black." All dealers sell Brownatone in two sizes—50c and $1.50—under the guarantee of the manufacturer. Harmless—uniform—permanent—quick—satisfactory. Hesitate no longer. Tint away those gray locks that make you unhappy.

The KENTON PHARMACAL CO.
1061 Coppin Bldg., Covington, Ky.
Canada Address: Windsor, Ont.

GUARANTEED HARMLESS
BROWNATONE
TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

SPECIAL OFFER! Trial bottle for testing will be sent anywhere in plain package (no publicity) on receipt of 10c to cover cost of packing and postage.

We recommend NaTone Lemonated Shampoo for washing the hair. At dealers or direct, 50c a bottle

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133

to dust your table. I know how valuable it is and how disturbed you get for fear your manuscript might be lost or destroyed. I am very particular about it," I says.

Well, of course, we had a good many tough fights, but after a while he didn't say anything more to me. He had to trust me, and I can prove it, too, because when he wrote "Tom Sawyer" (he wrote part of it up at Quarry Farm) he sent it home in a trunk to Hartford, sent it to me and wrote me that he was sending this precious trunk in my name and I didn't need to open it because there was manuscript in it.

Well, by that time them manuscripts was something wonderful to me! Oh, I think I had six or seven letters he wrote me about the trunk with the manuscript in. Well, you know, it came safe and sound and nobody opened it until he arrived. I opened it the day he came; had it up in the billiard-room all ready for him.

"Now, Mr. Clemens," I says, "your manuscript is all right and safe here; it's up in the billiard-room. I opened the trunk a little while ago so's you can see it when you go up."

"Oh!" he said very politely, "thank you, thank you very much, Katy. I knew if I sent it to *you* it would be all right." Just think of that! After all the scolding he give me about them manuscripts, he did depend on me a little bit (he had to) finally.

If he thought of anything in the middle of the night, you know, he would jump right up out of bed and go straight upstairs and write it—write sometimes two and three hours up there. He always gave Mrs. Clemens the manuscript to read first. She always had a pile of manuscript right by her bed. Every night he laid them there. I think she read everything as fast as he wrote it; and when he was writing he had plenty for her, I can tell you. She looked it all over and scratched some out and then gave it back to him to fix up again, because what she scratched out would sometimes spoil as much as two or three pages.

He always listened to everything she said. She always made every plan and did everything, you know. He would often say to her, "Well, I think it would be nice maybe if we give a dinner-party (there were so many wonderful gentlemen he liked to invite, and their wives too); and so she planned it and fixed it all up, and made it a very elegant dinner for him. Oh, she was a wonderful, wonderful woman to get up anything like that, you know.

They used to have the most beautiful dinners that I ever heard of before or since, and she had a colored butler, George, to top it all off; and I used to help the butler some in those days. That is, take the extra dishes off anyway, that first Winter I was there. To those dinners we always had a fillet of beef and ducks, as a rule; canvasback, they called them. Oh, and this is the one thing that I must tell you!

IT WAS when we were having that old *chestnut* joke. Well, I used to pass the vegetables, and one night we had mashed chestnuts, and when I passed the dish to Mr. Clemens he looked in it and whispered, "What is that?" "Chestnuts," says I. But he looked at me and said, "Katy, I asked you *what* was in that dish?" and I said, "Chestnuts" again; told him to take some because they were *good* chestnuts. But he didn't; he thought I was just playing a joke on him.

Oh, yes, they had soup and then the beef, and then we'd have wine with our cigars, and we'd have sherry, claret, and champagne (now what else?). Oh, yes, we'd always have crème de menthe, and most always charlotte russe, too. Then we'd have Nesselrode pudding, and sometimes, very often, ice-cream. No, never common ice-cream; we always had it put up in some wonderful shapes like cherubs, little angels, all different kinds and different flavors and colors, everything lovely!

Well, after they'd eat up all the little ice-cream angels, the ladies would depart into the living-room and the gentlemen would sit—"lounge" they called it—round the table—have a little more champagne, maybe—while we passed coffee to the ladies in the drawing-room, where they'd drink it and then sit down and gossip.

Wonderful people come, like Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Warner; also there was W. D. Howells and his wife come up from Boston, and Mr. and Mrs. Cheney from West Hartford, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder, of the *Century Magazine*, and Dr. and Mrs. Twitchell—he was a minister—the children called him Uncle Joe. Oh, it is so hard for me to remember all the names!

WELL, I must tell you about Lawrence Barrett. He was an actor, Irish—a gallant Irishman. He come to call one day and they didn't ask him—they didn't recognize him or something—they didn't ask him to dinner; so he just had to call and go away and was very much disappointed. When Mr. Clemens heard how bad he felt he went and asked him would he be in town the next day, and Barrett said he didn't know—maybe; he'd see. So then Mr. Clemens said, "We'd like to have you stay over to-morrow night and perhaps you could meet some of our friends."

"Oh, I'd be glad to," he says, very pleased. So he stayed, and they gave a grand dinner for him.

Lawrence Barrett was a very fine actor; he used to act with Booth, I believe, who was very famous then. He was a very nice gentleman, Barrett was—Irish, tho he sounded quite English when he talked. I suppose that's because he was on the stage and used very elegant language. I don't think anybody extra come to this dinner they gave him—just the family—but they told lots of stories and had a grand time.

You know, Mr. Clemens used to tell a story about "My golden arm." He used to tell it at almost every dinner. I can't tell it very good. I only remember it was a story about a man whose wife had her arm cut off, and they gave her a nice gold one in its place. When she died her husband couldn't stand the idea, I guess, of that gold arm being buried. So he sneaked off in the night and dug her up—took away the golden arm and put it under his coat and rode off quick with it.

It was an awful stormy, windy night, and as he was rushing along he kept hearing a voice—like a ghost or something—whispering right in his ear through the wind, "*Who's got my golden arm? Who's got my golden arm?*" The faster he went, the louder the voice whispered, "*Who's got my golden arm? Who's got my golden arm?*" Oh, it is a terrible story! It is in Mr. Clemens's biography.

Well, when Mr. Clemens come to that part where the voice kept whispering, "*Who's got my golden arm? Who's got my golden arm?*" he began very soft and then come out louder and louder, then very loud and hard toward the end, when he used to rise right up in his chair and lean forward over the table quite sudden, and point with his finger at somebody, and say, "YOU'VE *got my golden arm!*" in the most blood-curdling tones—the kind he always used for that story.

Oh, my, it would frighten any one almost to death, the way he said it. When Mr. Clemens told that story he would frighten everybody stiff. It made what you call a sensation!

There was another story that he used to tell about a little baby that was born in England. He was invited there to the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 135

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

christening, and the minister, he came to the pulpit and said (the baby laid in the minister's arms; it was so little he could blow it from one hand to the other):

"Well," said the minister, "it's a little mite of a thing, but it may be wonderful; it may grow up to be a great Member of Parliament; it may be a great Congressman; it may be"—oh, he told all the great things it might be—then he turned to the mother, and he said very polite, "What is his name?" And she said, "Mary Ann." My goodness! that just took the wind out of his sails! He didn't say anything about it growing up to be a wonderful *woman*. Oh, no! He didn't make any more remarks after that splurge! He quieted right down.

Then we had Henry Irving there in Hartford when he was playing at the theater. We had lots of famous people in those days. He was playing in Hartford, and stayed with us three nights; but Ellen Terry didn't come to us—she had to stay at the hotel—she wasn't invited. And then we had Elsie Leslie too. She stayed with us all the time she acted in "The Prince and the Pauper"—Mr. Clemens's play. She took the part of the *Prince* and the *Pauper* too, as I understand. Henry Irving, he used to tell wonderful stories, you know. He was very entertaining—good company to be with.

Well, Mrs. Clemens always had a new dress for every dinner. She wore brown a good deal—silks and velvets. She had one dinner-dress that was wonderful. Madam Fogarty made all her dresses—made her wedding-dress and made her dresses right up to the time she died. She made the dress she was buried in too; but, oh, I can't speak of that! Oh! Well, she had this beautiful brown satin and velvet, and the satin was all puffed out and made fringy, you know; the skirts had panels to it—oh, beautiful they was—they trailed to the ground. She used always to wear high collars—never wore low-neck.

Mr. Clemens never appeared in his famous white suit in those days; that come afterward. His hair never was red in my time. No, he always had gray hair. He was married ten years when I went there, and he had gray hair then. He used to have a feeling that if his hair was massaged every day it would stay in; that he wouldn't ever get bald. He had a horror of being bald-headed.

I went to Boston with Miss Clara once, and I studied massaging the head there, because she said, "Father'll like this, Katy, when we get home, because then you can massage his head." So I used to massage his head every morning. He'd ring for me at a certain time to massage his head—even up to the time he died. He used to think it helped his hair to stay in—and it did! And nobody had more beautiful hair than he had.

MR. CLEMENS was a very good-looking man—oh, very good-looking indeed. He had nice eyes, and he was lovely and kind and very much—well, he looked like a person very much devoted to his wife, which I found out afterward he was. It struck me that way the first time I saw him. You can always tell. He looked just like all his pictures, too, and he had such interesting eyes. Somebody asked me one time what kind of eyes Mr. Clemens had. Well, I thought for a moment, and then I said, "Now, really, I can't tell."

So I was talking to Mrs. Clemens one morning, and I asked, "What kind of eyes has Mr. Clemens?" She says, "Why, Katy, don't you know?" "No, I don't," I says, "because sometimes when Mr. Clemens is very jolly and happy his eyes are blue to me, but when he gets angry or upset at anything like losing his wonderful manuscript his eyes are very fierce and black"; and Mrs. Clemens laughed and laughed, and said, "I guess that's true, Katy, but his eyes are really blue." I couldn't tell actually because he had two kinds of eyes—to me.

He always dressed very nice. He used to wear a Prince Albert when he was dressed up good, and he had gray-striped trousers; but I don't know what kind of a waistcoat he wore. I guess it was black like his coat, and he wore nice little low collars with a pretty little black tie—a bow like in his picture—and, oh, he didn't wear shirts buttoned in front like they used to wear in those days. He didn't like those shirts, so he had a man in Hartford make his shirts special for him with the buttons on the back, but he wanted the collar on the shirt, sewed on half-way, one of those little collars turned over, so that it was easy for him to get into—without swearing, I guess!

IT WAS while they was living in Hartford they put "The Prince and the Pauper" on the stage—that was Mr. Clemens's play from his book. Mrs. Clemens did it herself; got it up all herself for the children. Well, we had a wonderful house in Hartford in those days, with a conservatory. In the back end was a living-room, and Mrs. Clemens thought it would be nice to have it there. Mr. Clemens was away, and she thought it would be nice to surprize him with this play when he come home, so she got everything ready.

She got the actors and actresses together, and Susie was the *Prince*, and Daisy Warner—she was Charles W. Warner's niece—William Gillette's niece, too; he was a great friend—came over every day when he was in Hartford—well, Daisy Warner was the *Pauper*, and Clara was *Lady Jane Grey*—and she was wonderful! Jean was one of *Lady Jane's* maids, and I was in it, too. They had beautiful costumes, made exactly to picture the thing, and Carl Gerhart, the artist, painted the scenery. But I'll tell you about him later on.

Well, the play was done in the drawing-room and the conservatory was the palace garden, and it looked just like a real palace; oh, it looked brilliant and lovely!

All the audience set in the living-room and dining-room. Mr. Clemens was so funny—just his walk was funny. He made out he was quite lame when he was walking out in the play! He was *Miles Hendon*. Then he rang the bell for me to bring the pitcher of water in, and he poured it out the wrong way, and of course that took down the house! They roared at him!

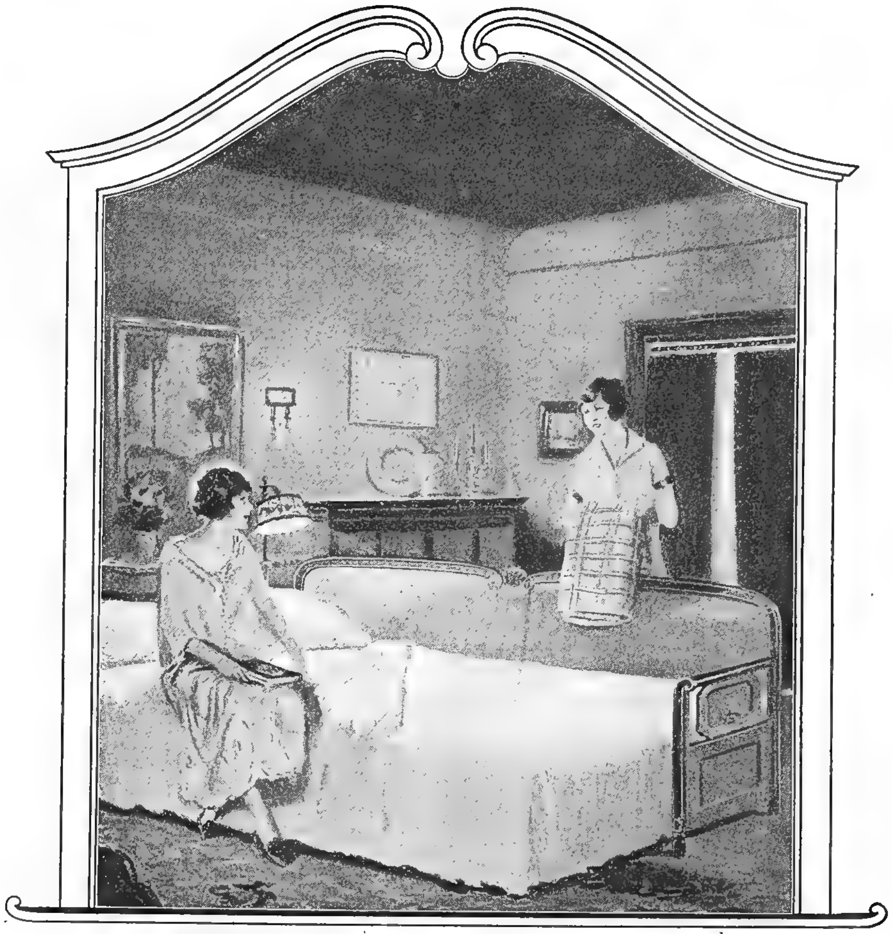
Then he made a few remarks telling how his wife got up this thing to surprize him, and it did surprize him because it was the most wonderfully gotten up thing he'd ever seen. It couldn't have been gotten up better by a regular artist in the theater, and that was so; and Mrs. Clemens was so happy after all her hard work just 'cause he was pleased.

Funny things was always happening in that household. One day some of the picture wires got loose and was falling off the walls; so Mrs. Clemens told George to put new wires on. So we took the pictures down and laid them all on the floor, when a gentleman come to call on Mr. Clemens. That morning Mr. Clemens said to George not to disturb him under any circumstances. So when this man appeared George didn't know what to do. He took the card to Mrs. Clemens. She looked at it and said, "Take it up to Mr. Clemens and he'll come down—tell him those are my wishes." So George told Mr. Clemens there was a nice gentleman in the parlor and would he come right down?

"No," Mr. Clemens says, "no, I won't see anybody—it's some book agent, I suppose. I won't see him!"

Well, it seems the gentleman was wonderful to them up in Onteora one Summer

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136



YOU SLEEP ON A BED, NOT ON THE UPHOLSTERY

WHEN you sit on the Davenport Bed, you find it is a good davenport—comfortable, luxurious, easy. When you look at it as a part of the furnishing of your room, you may well be proud of it. And when you use it as a bed, or offer it to a guest as a bed, it's comfortable to sleep on.

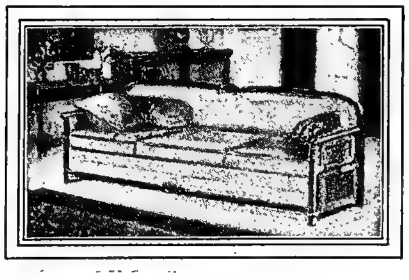
It isn't like a sleeping car; the bedsprings are wholly separate from the seat springs; you sleep on a bed, not on the upholstery. You use a regulation mattress, which can be taken out and aired just as with any bed.

You can buy a Davenport Bed in almost any design you want; chairs to match if you wish. There are period styles, in many beautiful woods, with upholstery as simple or as luxurious as you choose to pay for.

"The Home in Good Taste" is an interesting booklet showing nearly a hundred styles of Davenport Beds. Give the name of your furniture store when you write for it.

DAVENPORT BED MAKERS OF AMERICA
More than 80
individual manufacturers
1133 Standard Oil Building ∾ Chicago

The Davenport Bed
SERVES BY DAY AND BY NIGHT



© 1925 DBMA

"Your Hair is Your Fortune"

A woman can have no greater legacy than a wealth of luxuriant hair, but the basis of its beauty lies in the care bestowed upon it.

Whether you shampoo your own hair or have it done, there is nothing that brings out its natural beauty, texture, evenness and lustre like

Canthrox SHAMPOO

Simple to use—a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water is ample. Quickly effective—it dissolves and removes dandruff, dirt and excessive oil, cleanses and invigorates the scalp, dries quickly and never leaves the hair streaky. Costs but a trifle—a Canthrox shampoo may be had for about three cents. You will be charmed with the soft, fluffy appearance of your hair after use.

Ask any druggist to supply you.

Free Trial Offer

To prove that Canthrox is the most delightful shampoo in the world as well as the most beneficial for your hair, we will gladly send one perfect shampoo free to any address upon receipt of two cents for postage.

H. S. PETERSON & CO.
214 W. Kinzie St. Dept. 560
CHICAGO, ILL.

FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength

This preparation for the removal of freckles is so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold by all drug and department stores with a guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil or waste time on lemon juice or cucumbers; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

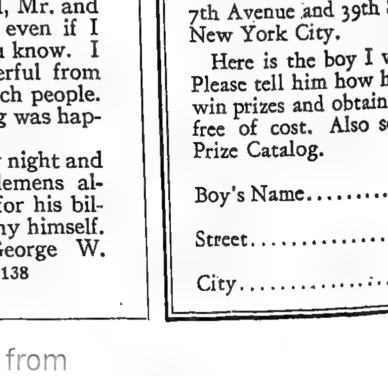
Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine; it is this that is sold on money-back guarantee.

We recommend Othine Complexion Soap for use with Othine, also as a shampoo—it's wonderful for bobbed hair—25c a cake at all drug or department stores or by mail. Othine Laboratories, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

Silk Hosiery FREE and Money Too

If You Write Me Quick

WEAR—at OUR expense—silk hosiery which looks, fits and wears better than any other kind. Holds its shape and appearance of "newness" longer than ordinary kinds. Is so distinctive that your friends will want to know where to buy them. We pay you for telling them. You can make $15 a Week and get your own hosiery free. We can only make this amazing offer to one woman in each locality, so write me for full details today. Mrs. Mary MacDonald, care of Wearplus Co., 168 Wearplus Ave., Bay City, Michigan.



Beautiful Silk Hosiery FREE if you act quickly

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

and did everything for them. That's why Mrs. Clemens wanted Mr. Clemens to see him, but of course Mr. Clemens didn't know this was the same man. But when he heard Mrs. Clemens wanted him to come down he said he'd go, but he'd be —— if he'd buy anything! So he hurried down.

He didn't even look at the man, for the first thing his eye lit on was them pictures lying on the floor, and he says before he could speak a single word, "No, no, we don't want any of your —— old truck! We've got more than we can take care of now—take it away!" Well, the poor man didn't know what to do, so he says, very polite, he did hope Mrs. Clemens was well.

Mr. Clemens thought that was pretty fresh, and says, very cross, "Oh, yes, she's well enough." Then this gentleman didn't know what to think, not knowing he was taken for a picture agent! So he picked up a picture, careless like, and set down on the edge of a chair. Oh, my, when Mr. Clemens seen that, he went into a terrible rampage! He says, "No—I tell you—no! We've got that one! We don't want any of your pictures—none of the —— old stuff!"

By this time the poor man (his name was Martin) didn't know what was coming next, so he jumped up and hurried right off. Well, when Mrs. Clemens come in and seen he wasn't there, she called George.

"Did Mr. Clemens see that gentleman?" "Yes," George said, "and he insulted him terrible! Told him to take the pictures and get out! He thought they were his."

So she sent for Mr. Clemens right away and says, "Oh, Youth dear, did you know who that was?"

"No," he said; "who was it?"

Then she told him who it was, and he felt terrible. He said, "George, I heard him ask you for some house—Warner's. Has he gone over there?"

"Yes," George said, "he has." Well, Mr. Clemens just had on his slippers, but he ran over to the Warners' house as fast as he could, and brought the gentleman home and gave him a wonderful dinner that night to make up for it all.

AND another afternoon Mr. Dickens—old Dickens's son—and wife appeared there. Well, they gave another wonderful dinner for them. They got it up right that night, so it was a hurried dinner. There was a Mrs. Perkins—she was a Beecher, sister of the lady that wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin." And she was at that dinner and she told some wonderful stories and so did Mr. Dickens.

John McCullough, too, he was a famous actor. He used to come to our house in those days. He come one night and acted kind of queer, and Mr. Clemens asked him what it was that made him feel so bad—thought there must be something troubling him, you know. He had a wife and he got rid of her, and that was what was troubling him. He was losing his mind—that was the amount of it. He wasn't himself at all at that time, didn't have anything to say, and before that he was always very jolly, told stories, and made everybody laugh, and laughed loud himself too; but this time he didn't—he felt very bad. It was a sad affair, for he was a very good actor.

It was in New Haven, I think, the last time he acted, that he came right out on the stage and he began sneezing on the stage—instead of acting—and that was the first the audience thought there must be something wrong. Well, he couldn't finish his act; he went right back behind the curtain and never come out again. It sounds funny, the sneezing part, but it was really very sad, for he was a great actor in the old days, and everybody liked him very much, including Mr. Clemens.

Henry Irving, as I told you, he used to come to the house a lot. He always seemed like one of those old Quakers to me, with his long hair and long face. He was, well, Quaker-like, don't you know—very quiet. He seemed very nice and pleasant always. He played billiards a good deal, and Mr. Clemens would keep him all the day playing billiards, and he never said a word—quite different from Mr. Howells, who used to laugh all the time.

Yes, we used to have all kinds of famous people in Hartford in the old days and dinner-parties all the time. Mr. Howells used to come very often, and they would all laugh from the time he come in till he went out. He used to come from Boston in those days. He was a writer himself and very famous. Well, you couldn't hear a thing from the billiard-room but peals of laughter from them two men when he was visiting there.

MR. HOWELLS was a very nice man, a nice, fatherly kind of a man, and he had a wonderful smart daughter. "Pilla," they called her, but her name was really Mildred; and they had a son too, John. But Mr. Howells was just a nice, fatherly man. He and Mr. Clemens loved each other very dearly, and Mrs. Clemens was a great friend of Mrs. Howells too.

Charles Dudley Warner, he was there all the time. He was a neighbor and he was asked to every dinner-party, and Mrs. Warner was a great friend of Mrs. Clemens and they were always together. All those wonderful people were at everything that happened in Hartford.

One Winter they had a reading-class of Dickens. Mr. Clemens used to read every Wednesday morning to a lot of ladies that come there. The ladies were Mrs. Trumble—Ann Trumble—and Mrs. Warner—both the Warners—and, oh, yes, Mrs. Twitchell. She was there a great deal and was always a great help to Mrs. Clemens entertaining the people. Mrs. Robinson, too, and she was kind and sensible, and Mrs. Whitmore was another one. Oh, lots of ladies in Hartford come. Mr. Clemens read to them about an hour or so every morning, and they all was so delighted.

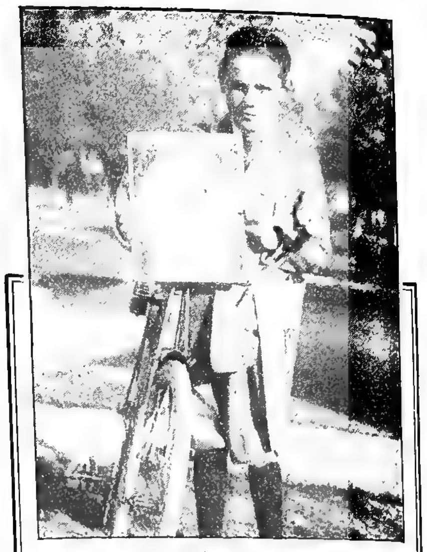
Then they used to have what they called a Saturday Morning Club, too, when they'd go to different people's houses. They had a big party once, a lot of women in Hartford, and one Saturday morning they had their lunch at our house. We served it out in the arbor—a great big place on the lawn—and Mrs. Clemens gave the luncheon out there. It was a very nice affair, and Mr. Clemens he come along while they were eating and stopped at every table and made a few remarks. I remember one table he stopped at he said:

"Now, ladies, look here! This won't do! I don't believe you are eating all these nice things; you are leaving too many good things on your plates. I want you to eat up everything, because if you don't, why, I'll have to eat all of the stuff myself! I'll have to eat cold food for the rest of the week, so I want you to eat up every scrap yourselves to save me from that terrible fate!" Of course they all roared at it, then eat up every single thing in the house to please him—as a kind of joke.

Oh, those was happy times! It seemed so wonderful to me the things they did. It was a wonderful life they led, Mr. and Mrs. Clemens. I realized it, even if I hadn't any life before that, you know. I always thought it was wonderful from the beginning—to live with such people. Why, just to hear them talking was happiness to me.

I must tell you about Friday night and the billiard-playing. Mr. Clemens always reserved Friday nights for his billiards. He invited the company himself. Mr. Whitmore and Mr. George W.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138



Don Terry with the bicycle he won

No Wonder Mrs. Terry Is Proud of Don

Read Her Letter

ACCEPT our thanks and appreciation for the benefits our son Don has received. He began a very backward and self-conscious boy and has met and overcome many difficulties that he would some time have to meet before reaching manhood. When his Pictorial Reviews first arrive, he looks through a copy, so that he might acquaint his customers with the contents. This, together with his way of presenting himself, has made many friends.

A mother of another Hustler asked me recently: "Why does Don meet with such success? Is he extra smart, good looking, witty or what?" Before I could reply, one of his faithful customers answered her: "I'll tell you how he got me for a regular customer. He made me see why I couldn't get along without Pictorial Review!" An attorney told Don he was doing just what he would have his own son do, if he had one. A prominent business man told him: "If you keep that talk up, son, you will be selling railroads soon."

Don has met turn-downs in almost every form of speech, and he can meet almost any rebuff now. The Young Hustlers Division has been a wonderful help to him. We are thoroughly appreciative of the financial aid the commissions have brought to him and the prizes he has received from you are the envy of the entire neighborhood.

Gratefully yours,
(signed) Mrs. H. Terry,
Utah.

Here you have the word of a Mother and of several business men on the benefits a boy can obtain as a member of our Young Hustlers Division.

Your own boy—or perhaps some boy you are interested in—can enjoy these advantages. Sending his name and address to us on the coupon below will place you or the boy under no obligation. At least give yourself and the boy a chance to find out further details by mailing the coupon immediately.

Let us help train your boy

Young Hustlers Division,
The Pictorial Review Company,
7th Avenue and 39th Street,
New York City.

Here is the boy I would like to help. Please tell him how he can earn money, win prizes and obtain a business training free of cost. Also send him your new Prize Catalog.

Boy's Name........................
Street........................
City........................State......

Let Me Tell You How I Got Rid of Superfluous Hair

Here's the Method

I had become utterly discouraged with a heavy growth of hair on my face and lip. I tried many ways to get rid of it but all were disappointments. I thought my case was hopeless until I found a simple but effective method which has brought great relief and joy to me and to other women.

When you use this simple method yourself you will realize how you can remove even the most persistent growth of superfluous hair, and you do it in the privacy of your own room. No expense for beauty treatments. It is harmless and painless.

This method of mine is different from anything you have ever used. It is not a powder, paste, wax or liquid, not a razor, not electricity. It causes no burning or itching and leaves no scars. It removes superfluous hair and makes the skin more attractive.

Thousands of other women who also had despaired of ever being free from superfluous hair have found relief through this method. Letter after letter like the following come to me:

"Your method is the best I have ever used for superfluous hair."

Send for My Free Book

In order to make this method clear, I have written a book about it, and if you write at once I will send you a copy of it free. No other book like this has ever been written. Don't send me a penny. Just a letter or post-card while this offer holds good and you will receive the book by return mail. Address Annette Lanzette, 68 West Washington Street, Dept. 1353, Chicago, Ill.

MRS. EVANS EARNS

$20.00 a Week

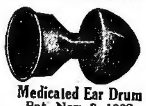
And all she does is to devote her spare time to easy and pleasant work. She actually gets $20.00 a week for the time she used to waste. Let us pay *YOU* $20.00 a week for *YOUR* spare time. Write to

Personal Effort Division
THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY
Seventh Avenue and 39th Street
New York City, N. Y.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That

I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address



Medicated Ear Drum
Pat. Nov. 3. 1908

GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
10 Hoffman Bldg., 9539 Woodward Av., Detroit, Mich.

ARTIST'S OUTFIT FREE

Write quick for our remarkable offer. Learn **NOW** at home in spare time, by our new instruction method, Commercial Art, Cartooning, Illustrating, Designing. Delightful, fascinating work in big demand. $50.00 paid for one drawing. Handsome book free explains everything.
SEND FOR IT TODAY

Washington School of Art, Inc., Rm. 454C, 1115-15th St., N. W. Washington, D. C.

Be a Hotel Hostess

Enjoy Your Work! Hundreds of openings in big hotels for women to act as Hostess. Fascinating, uncrowded field that develops charm and personality. One student writes: "I am hostess and manager of an apartment house in a fashionable section—salary $3,600 per year, with beautiful apartment for my girls and self." Write for FREE BOOK.

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Sta. P-2301 Washington, D. C.

From the Season's Output of Books

Ma Jong Scoring Made Easy, by Casey B. Morgan (Brentano). People who play Ma Jong will appreciate this book, which simplifies the scoring-rules, and from our personal observation this seems to be the hardest part of the game.

Common Sense in Auction Bridge, by J. C. H. Macbeth (Dutton). Now that it is no longer wicked to play cards, this book by Mr. Macbeth will be welcome. There is opportunity for a bit more common sense in most everybody's bridge game.

The Mystery Woman, by Alice MacGowan and Perry Newberry (Stokes). This is a good detective story. You don't know how it is coming out until you get to the very end of it.

The Garden of Peril, by Cynthia Stockley (Putnam). We wish Miss Stockley would write another book like "Poppy." To our mind this is a bit thin in interest.

A Man in the Zoo, by David Garnett (Knopf). The second book of the author of that most curious volume, "Lady Into Fox"—quaint and curious, sure enough.

The Child at Home, by Cynthia Asquith (Scribner). Lady Cynthia Asquith writes a book about children for parents to read. There is good common sense in it at that.

Lazy Laughter, by Woodward Boyd (Scribner). And this is by a woman too. A light, nicely done story of a lazy girl's career.

Fiction Writers on Fiction Writing, by Arthur Sullivant Hoffman (Bobbs-Merrill). It would not be amiss for all the multitude of young girls who are sending stories to magazine editors to read this book, in which many famous writers tell how they first came to write.

From Immigrant to Inventor, by Michael Pupin (Scribner). Professor Pupin, the great electrical inventor, tells the story of his life; how he came to America and won his way. It is a good book to give to the young boy of the family.

Holiday, by Waldo Frank (Boni, Liveright). We really don't see just what Mr. Frank is driving at in this black-and-white story. We are sure it won't have much of a sale down South.

The Hope of Happiness, by Meredith Nicholson (Scribner). Another story of the Middle West by the author of "Broken Barriers."

A Publisher's Confession, by Walter H. Page (Doubleday, Page). Dr. Page was an inspiration to many of us in the past and will be an inspiration to many of us in the future. He was not only a great editor and a great diplomat, but a great man.

A Conqueror Passes, by Larry Barretto (Little, Brown). Mr. Barretto tells the story of the return of a hero and how he strives to adjust himself to the new conditions after the War. He has written a story that is very apropos at the present time.

The Steadfast Heart, by Clarence Budington Kelland (Harper). The best thing about this book is the author's delineation of his characters. It is the story of the making of a man who goes through all sorts of hardships and bitter experiences to win his way.

The Sea, by Bernard Kellermann (McBride). Mr. Kellermann is said to be most highly regarded among German novelists. If that is so, we are quite sure this is not the best thing he ever did.

Country People, by Ruth Suckow (Knopf). Miss Suckow is a product of Iowa. Some of the most mighty highbrow critics regard her as a most promising young writer of the day. She certainly is entertaining and interesting.

The Interpreter's House, by Struthers Burt (Scribner). This is Mr. Burt's first novel. He is well known to our readers and to all magazine readers as a short-story writer.

Crazy Man, by Maxwell Bodenheim (Harcourt, Brace). It must be interesting to know Mr. Bodenheim. "Crazy Man" is a perplexing and most unusual book.

Mother of Gold, by Emerson Hough (Appleton). The author of "The Covered Wagon" tells another Western story, and there was no one who could write a Western story better than he.

Are Parents People? by Alice Duer Miller (Dodd, Mead). A collection of short stories by a favorite author, which the discriminating reader will find interesting and well done.

Bunk, by W. E. Woodward (Harper). We see this book acclaimed as "an event in American satire." A story of America's business life.

You Too, by Roger Burlingame (Scribner.) While you are reading "Bunk" you had better read "You Too." It is much along the same line and is very interesting.

The Last Frontier, by Courtney Ryley Cooper (Little, Brown). Mr. Cooper is better known as the author of some delightful stories of the circus, but in this book he tells the story of the passing of the old West, along about 1868, after the Civil War, when they were building the railroad across the country. It is good stuff.

The Red Gods, by Jean D'Esme (Dutton). At last here is a weird mystery-story that will be read with interest by young and old. Full of thrills.

Riceyman Steps, by Arnold Bennett (Doran). Lovers of Arnold Bennett will enjoy this new novel, which has a Dickens touch and rambles around nicely. Nothing much happens, but you just have to like the characters.

Man and Mystery in Asia, by Ferdinand Ossendowski (Dutton). This is another striking book by the author of "Beasts, Men and Gods," which latter was extraordinary in its interest. The new book is not quite so entrancing, but well worth reading, just the same.

Inner Darkness, by Ethelda Daggett Hesser (Harper). This is the author's first novel. It has much of the dramatic flavor of Thomas Hardy's stories of old England, tho in this case the scene is laid in Indiana. We will watch the future work of this author.

The House by the Road, by Charles J. Dutton (Dodd, Mead). Another perplexing detective story. The author is an expert on criminal psychology.

Seven Times Seven, by Maria Thompson Daviess (Dodd, Mead). Miss Daviess's story, which ran serially in Pictorial Review, brought great response from our readers, all of whom we know will be glad to see the story in book form.

Great Waters, by Vere Hutchinson (Century). Miss Hutchinson has written several really worth-while books. "Great Waters" is her latest. It is an exceptionally good story of the sea.

This X-Ray shows tooth socket destruction by pyorrhea

Teeth that gleam

are often threatened by an unseen danger

TEETH that gleam with pearly whiteness are not safe from pyorrhea's attack unless the gums are firm and healthy. The danger is unseen because it starts *under* the gums. But an X-Ray would reveal how quickly the infection spreads to the root sockets which support the teeth. The only way to check it is to ward off pyorrhea.

Tender, bleeding gums

warn you of pyorrhea's attack

DENTAL clinics since 1908 have proved that Pyorrhocide Powder is a most effective dentifrice for checking, as well as preventing, pyorrhea. Its tonic and stimulating qualities correct bleeding gums, strengthen tender gums, harden soft gums.

It keeps the teeth white and clean. It is medicated with Dentinol, a gum-tissue healing agent used by dentists in the treatment of pyorrhea.

PYORRHOCIDE
POWDER
PYORRHEA
SOFT-BLEEDING SPONGY RECEDING GUMS
THE DENTINOL & PYORRHOCIDE CO
NEW YORK U.S.A.

Use Pyorrhocide Powder daily—see your dentist regularly—and you can avoid pyorrhea. The economical dollar package contains six months' supply. At all druggists. Send for free sample and booklet on causes and prevention of pyorrhea.

FREE Sample

THE DENTINOL & PYORRHOCIDE CO., Inc.
(Sole Distributors)
Dept. M-2, 1480 Broadway, New York City

Send me free sample of Pyorrhocide Powder and booklet.

*Name*________________

*Address*________________

HUNDREDS of women have not tried to sew because they are not "handy" with the needle.

American Dressmaking Step by Step

By

Mme. Lydia Trattles Coates

overcomes this handicap and develops clever dressmakers out of the most inexperienced sewers. The lessons are arranged in logical sequence, each preceding one laying a foundation for the one that follows. With the aid of this remarkable book, hundreds of women are making two or three dresses for the price formerly paid for one.

Purchase a copy from any Pictorial Review Pattern Agency in your city.

Price, $1.50

(Or direct from us Postage Prepaid)
Price in Great Britain 7/6

The Pictorial Review Company
Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street
New York, N. Y.

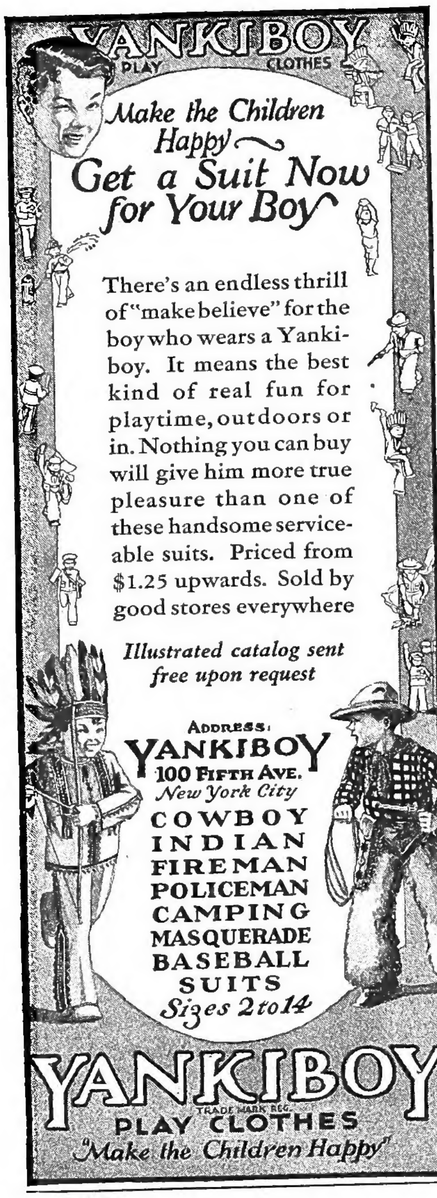
KREMOLA

for the Perfection of Your Complexion

This pure snow-white cream removes all discolorations, blemishes, patches, pimples, etc., and produces a soft skin and creamy complexion. At your drug or department store or by mail prepaid, $1.25. Send for free Beauty Booklet.

Dr. C. H. BERRY CO., 2975 Michigan Ave., Chicago

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



YANKIBOY PLAY CLOTHES

Make the Children Happy

Get a Suit Now for Your Boy

There's an endless thrill of "make believe" for the boy who wears a Yankiboy. It means the best kind of real fun for playtime, outdoors or in. Nothing you can buy will give him more true pleasure than one of these handsome serviceable suits. Priced from $1.25 upwards. Sold by good stores everywhere

Illustrated catalog sent free upon request

ADDRESS:
YANKIBOY
100 FIFTH AVE.
New York City

COWBOY
INDIAN
FIREMAN
POLICEMAN
CAMPING
MASQUERADE
BASEBALL
SUITS
Sizes 2 to 14

YANKIBOY
TRADE MARK REG.
PLAY CLOTHES
"Make the Children Happy"

Corns

Lift Off – No Pain!

Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

EARN MONEY selling our silk and woolen fabrics in full or part time, men or women, storekeepers or dressmakers. Write today for our attractive offer. FASHION TRADING COMPANY, 661 Bergenline Ave., West New York, N. J.

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

Robinson—he was Governor then—and Edward Bunce—he was quite prominent too—and lots of others I can't remember, and sometimes there'd be a few ladies.

Mr. Clemens often invited the wives to come too and keep Mrs. Clemens company down in the library, and Mrs. Clemens would have tea there, and Mr. Clemens would have beer and hardtack in the billiard-room—that's what he treated his friends to—and played billiards till about ten o'clock, and laughed and told stories, and you could hear them all over the house, laughing, you know, and having such a good old time coming down-stairs. Little Jean used to hear them coming down—her room was right on the landing—it always used to wake her up.

I'LL tell the story now about Jean and her praying. She was about six years old, I should say, and for everything she wanted this is the prayer that she began with. I listened to her for, oh, a month almost; then I thought it was too good to listen to alone any longer, so I called the family. She used to sleep in the nursery. Her bed was right near the fireplace, and I think she used to talk up the fireplace; it sounded like it, anyway. She'd begin:

"Dear Jesus and dear God, I wish You'd bring me a pair of ponies and a nice cart and a harness and everything that goes with it, and get it here—oh, You needn't get it here so very early in the morning, but if You get it here about nine o'clock that would do, and I could help my mother a great deal. She could get the rugs from the rugman's, and if they didn't fit I could take them back in my little cart. So, dear Jesus and dear God, I hope You won't forget it." Then she'd say, "I know You're far away, but mama says You can hear everything, so if You'd bring the ponies and the cart around in the morning, why, of course, that'd be all right. Don't forget, please. Good night, dear Jesus and dear God."

There was a lady there this night I called Mr. Clemens up to listen to that prayer. He listened for a long time and was very much, well, you know, depressed and affected by it. I don't know what you'd call it—he was almost crying. "The little darling," he says, "the little darling." The faith she had so touched him.

This lady that was visiting there said when she went back down-stairs, she says, "Why, if I had to hunt all over Hartford, all over New York, I would get those ponies and that cart and have them here some morning."

Mr. Clemens says, "I think I'll go and get them in the morning."

But Mrs. Clemens said, "No, Youth dear, don't do that," she said. "I would be glad if she could have them, but I don't want to give them to her just because we could afford to get the ponies and the cart, for," she says, "if they were down-stairs in the morning, then Jean would ask for something else that we couldn't get, maybe, and then she'd lose the faith she had—that if God could give her one thing, He ought to give her everything."

Wasn't that sensible? Whoever 'twas there visiting I don't remember, but she didn't have such good sense as Mrs. Clemens.

Jean never got the ponies, but she just kept on praying. She'd pray for everything and anything. I heard her say once, "Dear Jesus and dear God, couldn't You make it so's I could eat corn beef hash with potatoes in it?" She kept it up, praying all that Winter. I always used to listen, and it used to make me cry sometimes.

The children were always up to something, especially Clara. We had a coachman—Patrick; he was a funny man and Irish. He had a cow that had a calf, and the calf Clara named Jumbo. Now, Clara wanted a pony at that time. She wasn't more than six or seven years old, but she wanted a pony terrible bad, but her mother wouldn't get her one; she was afraid she'd get killed on it. So Patrick said:

"Now, Miss Clara, I'll tell you what we'll do. If you do just as I tell you, we'll make this little calf turn straight into a pony! It will grow right into a pony and then you'll have a nice little one all your own."

"Oh, what must we do, Patrick?" said Clara.

"Well, in the first place," says Patrick, "you must curry it every day yourself, like I do the horse. You must also be very careful about his feet, to wash them thoroughly every day and keep him very nice and clean, just like I do the horse."

"Oh, all right!" said Clara, and she began to work on Jumbo and cleaned him up good every morning.

Then Patrick said to her, "You will have to have a suit made to work in."

"What kind of a suit?" says Clara.

"Well," says he, "perhaps your mother could buy you a hat and a pair of trousers so you can come out every morning and clean the stable too when you clean Jumbo."

Well, she got the suit somewhere or other, and every morning she'd take off her clothes on the porch under the little laundry, and put on that suit and steal out to the stable and curry off Jumbo. She'd wash his feet good and thorough and then, well, there was always something new that Patrick was putting her up to.

The next thing Patrick said she must have a blanket for the calf. Of course she couldn't buy these things—couldn't ask for anything because she was keeping it secret—that the calf was going to turn into a pony!

So she come to me and said, "Have you got anything that I could make a blanket for my calf?"

I thought for a minute. I says:

"Well, I'll tell you. There's a cover in the storehouse, an old cover to a billiard-table, a green cloth that's all torn and dirty; you can have that, I guess."

So she went and looked at it, and said, "Oh, Katy! That will be just the thing! Will you help me make it?"

So I took the measures and we got the blanket fixed, and then Patrick got her a halter to lead him and, oh, it made him look funny, for Jumbo was a red calf and she put a green blanket on him!

EVERY day she took him out for a run in the lane, and her father and mother used to watch her from the house. And Mrs. Clemens used to say, "Oh, that calf will certainly throw Clara into the river."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Clemens, laughing; "no, he won't. I'll trust her with Jumbo!" Clara kept doing that to get Jumbo used to running with the halter.

Well, the days went on and she got pretty anxious to know when he was going to turn into a pony. "Patrick," she says, "we ought to get him a saddle now, don't you think, just to try him? It will frighten him if he gets much older and don't know how a saddle feels on his back."

So Patrick kept up the joke. He had an old army saddle, all in tatters, but Patrick fixed it up and made a saddle small enough to fit that calf's back—half fit, anyway. Well, he had the saddle fixed, and one morning Clara started to take a ride. She got the calf up to the front door of the stable, and Patrick helped her on his back. There was a road near the stable and a row of evergreens growing there, and suddenly, without any warning, Jumbo kicked up his hind feet, and he throwed her right into that bunch of evergreens. She hurt her arm and scratched her hands and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 139

School Days Are Pay Days For Nancy

Nancy Campagna wanted to be independent. She wanted her own spending money for the little luxuries that every girl wants—for silk stockings, perfume, gloves, slippers, and what not.

But how to gain that independence was a problem. Her only spare time came in the afternoon after school and on Saturdays. Could it be possible that the little spare time she had was worth anything to anybody?

She soon found out that it was.

Through a friend she learned of Pictorial Review's special money-making plan for school girls, school boys, busy housewives, or anyone with the urge for extra money.

To make a long story short, Nancy accepted the Pictorial Review plan. She is now independent. She has work for her spare time that is easy and congenial, that does not interfere in any way with her school duties, and that *pays her well*.

Wouldn't *you* like to be independent, too? You can be! You may not have as much spare time as Nancy, and you may have more. But whatever spare time you have we will gladly pay for.

Don't hesitate because you've had no business experience. You need none. We'll give you full instructions and help you to get started.

Take the first step to financial independence by signing and mailing the coupon below. Do it today.

Box 500
Personal Effort Division
THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY
7th Avenue and 39th Street
New York City, N. Y.

Tell me how Nancy does it. I want to be independent, too.

My Name________________

My Address________________

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

legs; but she never said a word, nor cried, nor anything.

She didn't lose faith even then in him turning into a horse. Then she tried it again and got on his back, and we had a great big jardinière setting in front of the driveway, and Jumbo, when he seen that, he went right up to it and dumped her down in that thing, and almost smashed her head this time. After that mess she didn't get on his back any more. Then suddenly he began to show signs of having horns!

Patrick come in that morning when she was currying and washing, and she said, "Oh, Patrick! Jumbo, my horse, is going to have horns! What does that mean, Patrick?"

"Oh, no," he says, "why, no! That doesn't amount to nothing! After they get a little mite longer I'll just cut 'em off!"

Finally her mother said one morning when she come in to breakfast, "Oh, Clara, I can't stand this awful smell of the stable when you come into the room."

"Why," said Clara, "what do you mean, Mama? Do I smell of the stable? Oh, Mama, I think it is delicious!"

Well, this went on for some time. Then Patrick lost interest in the joke, and one day a man came along that wanted a nice little calf, and Patrick just up and sold Jumbo, and the man took it away.

Clara used to go every night to say "Good night" to Jumbo, and that evening she went out and didn't find him. She called Patrick. "Oh, Patrick, where's my Jumbo?"

"Oh, Miss Clara," said Patrick, kind of cross and sick of the joke, "I sold him. I had so many cows I couldn't take care of him, so I sold him."

"You sold my Jumbo?" says she, and she screamed and screamed, and cried so loud Mr. Clemens came running down, and says: "What's the matter?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

Prices of Patterns

Including the Free Pictograf or Cutting and Construction Guides

These patterns can be had at any Pictorial Review agency, or they will be mailed at the price mentioned, postage free, if you write to the Company at any of the addresses mentioned below:

No.	Prices in the United States Cts.	Prices in the United Kingdom s.d.	No.	Prices in the United States Cts.	Prices in the United Kingdom s.d.	No.	Prices in the United States Cts.	Prices in the United Kingdom s.d.
1257	30	1/–	2579	45	1/6	S.H.2651	45	1/6
1264	30	1/–	2580	45	1/6	2652	45	1/6
1636	30	1/–	2581	45	1/6	2653	45	1/6
1696	30	1/–	2583	30	1/–			
1824	35	1/–	2584	45	1/6	**Embroideries**		
2177	30	1/–	2585	45	1/6	12031	35	1/6
2211	35	1/–	2587	45	1/6	(Each initial)		
2236	30	1/–	2591	45	1/6	12254	30	1/6
2274	30	1/–	2592	30	1/–	12577	20	1/–
2293	25	1/–	2594	45	1/6	12672	25	1/3
2399	30	1/–	2595	45	1/6	12755	60	3/–
2404	25	1/–	2598	45	1/6	12765	40	2/–
2405	25	1/–	2600	30	1/–	12785	50	2/6
2406	30	1/–	2601	45	1/6	12811	30	1/6
2416	45	1/6	2602	30	1/–	12846	25	1/3
2427	45	1/6	2605	45	1/6	12881	40	2/–
2431	45	1/6	S.H.2607	45	1/6	12894	60	3/–
2436	45	1/6	S.H.2608	45	1/6	12897	25	1/3
2441	35	1/–	L.H.2610	45	1/6	12898	25	1/3
2442	35	1/–	L.H.2611	45	1/6	12899	25	1/3
2444	35	1/–	2616	30	1/–	12901	40	2/–
2447	30	1/–	2617	30	1/–	12904	40	2/–
2454	30	1/–	L.H.2623	45	1/6	12926	30	1/–
2455	25	1/–	2624	45	1/6	12932	20	9d
2472	45	1/6	2625	30	1/–	12938	25	1/–
S.H.2475	45	1/6	2626	35	1/–	12939	30	1/–
2487	30	1/–	2627	30	1/–	12959	40	1/6
2495	30	1/–	2628	30	1/–	12961	25	1/–
2505	35	1/–	2629	25	1/–	12965	25	1/–
2516	45	1/6	2630	45	1/6	12966	30	1/–
2522	45	1/6	2631	45	1/6	12967	30	1/–
2523	45	1/6	2632	45	1/6	12970	40	1/6
2528	45	1/6	2633	45	1/6	12972	50	2/–
2536	30	1/–	2634	35	1/–	12974	50	2/–
2537	30	1/–	2635	45	1/6	12977	30	1/–
2543	45	1/6	2636	45	1/6	12978	40	1/6
2548	30	1/–	2637	30	1/–	12984	20	9d
2550	30	1/–	S.H.2638	45	1/6	12990	20	9d
2551	30	1/–	2639	35	1/–	12992	30	1/–
S.H.2559	45	1/6	2640	45	1/6	12994	30	1/–
L.H.2560	45	1/6	2642	45	1/6	12995	20	9d
2564	35	1/–	2643	45	1/6	12996	25	1/–
L.H.2571	45	1/6	2644	45	1/6	12998	40	1/6
L.H.2572	45	1/6	2645	35	1/–	12999	20	9d
2573	45	1/6	2646	45	1/6	13003	20	9d
2574	45	1/6	2647	30	1/–	13004	25	1/–
2576	45	1/6	2648	45	1/6	13005	25	1/–
2577	30	1/–	2649	35	1/–	13006	25	1/–
2578	45	1/6	S.H.2650	45	1/6	13007	25	1/–

NEW YORK, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street
CHICAGO, ILL., 200-206 South Market Street
ST. LOUIS, MO., 1627-1631 Washington Ave.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 989 Market Street
ATLANTA, GA., 82-84 North Broad Street
BOSTON 11, MASS., 116 Bedford Street
TORONTO, CANADA, 263-267 Adelaide Street, West
LONDON, W. 1, ENGLAND, 163-165 Great Portland Street

Demand

BAYER

ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN"—*Genuine*

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for

Colds
Headache
Pain
Neuralgia
Toothache
Lumbago
Neuritis
Rheumatism

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets.
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Gray Hair Banished in 15 minutes

Thousands of women of the most exacting discrimination are insisting upon INECTO RAPID NOTOX for this one reason: INECTO RAPID NOTOX created by science expressly for coloring the sensitive organism of human hair is specifically guaranteed to reclaim permanently the original color of gray, streaked or faded hair. It may be had in 18 shades, from radiant blonde to raven black; and even under the closest scrutiny its application cannot be detected. It will neither rub off nor be affected by shampooing, curling, salt water, perspiration, sunshine, Turkish or Russian Baths. It will not affect permanent waving—and permanent waving does not affect INECTO RAPID NOTOX. Contains no paraphenylene diamine.
The highest class Hairdressers from coast to coast use and endorse INECTO RAPID NOTOX as do the many thousands of American women who apply it with invariable success within the privacy of their own homes. Beware of imitations—look for NOTOX on the package. It is your protection.

SEND NO MONEY

Merely ask us to send you full particulars about INECTO RAPID NOTOX and our Beauty Analysis Chart P 20.

INECTO RAPID NOTOX

INECTO, Inc.
Laboratories and Salons
33-35 West 46th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Sold by Best Beauty Shops, Drug and Department Stores.

Kill The Hair Root

My method prevents the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture.
D. J. MAHLER, 424-A Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

What Did She Do to Win Him?

How a demure little wren of a girl was changed almost over night into an attractive Bird-of-Paradise woman—how she who had been neglected by her young men acquaintances suddenly became a center of attraction, and within a few weeks the radiant bride of the man she had loved in vain for years—this is the theme of a letter received today. Hundreds of other letters just as wonderful have come to us voluntarily from readers of our new, revolutionary book dealing not with sex, but with psychology. "Fascinating Womanhood" shows how any woman can multiply her attractiveness by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature.

SECRETS of FASCINATING WOMANHOOD

Just cut out this ad, write your name and address on the margin, and mail to us with 10c in stamps. The little book outlining these revelations will then be sent to you, postpaid, in plain wrapper. Knowledge is power. Send your dime today.

PSYCHOLOGY PRESS
Dept. 2-Q, 117 S. 14th St., St. Louis

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 139

Clara says, "Oh, what do you think, Papa? Patrick has sold my Jumbo—sold my Jumbo before he turned into a pony!" and she cried as tho her heart was broken.

Her father was very angry, and asked Patrick why he sold Jumbo without saying anything to him about it. Then he said, "Now you go right out and *buy* Jumbo back again!"

So Patrick had to go and buy Jumbo right back. By that time I guess Clara knew Jumbo would never turn into a pony, never turn into anything but a cow. It did turn into a cow, but a wonderful cow; and she kept it until they left Hartford. I've got a little picture of her and the calf. I'll give it to you. Her father got her a little pony all her own when she got a little older, but I guess she never thought as much of it as she did of Jumbo, the calf that wouldn't turn into a horse.

I thought that was terrible of Patrick to deceive Clara. I wouldn't deceive one of the children. They always seemed just like my own to me. In fact, the whole family seemed just as if they belonged to me, my own people. It was always so from the beginning, from the first day I went there. I never felt like their servant; they never made me feel like that. I always loved them just like my own, more than my own, because my life, my whole life, as it turned out, was spent with them.

WHEN I first left home to work for Mrs. Clemens and I told my mother I was going to Hartford, she didn't want me to go—didn't want me to leave home.

"Oh, I have to," I said. "This woman is perfectly wonderful. She's so lovely," I said. "I know I'll be happy with her. I want to go."

"Well," my mother said, "I'd like to see her first"; so I think I must have sent word some way to Mrs. Clemens that my mother wanted to see her, and instead of her asking my mother to come and see her, as most people would, she come to see my mother herself.

My mother told her that she didn't like me to leave home because I was too young and never was away before.

"Oh," Mrs. Clemens said, "now, Mrs. Leary, don't you worry about Katy. I'll take as good care of her as I would my own children; I'll always look after her," she said. "Nothing will happen to her, and if she is sick I'll take care of her, and when she's well I'll take care of her just the same"; which was a bad thing for me in one way when I wanted to gad around, for, of course, I had to ask her every time I wanted to go out, tell her who I was going with.

Mrs. Clemens, she was wonderful and kind; but I could have had a great deal better time going out if she didn't take quite such good care of me! But I loved her and wouldn't do anything she didn't want me to, because she was always so good to me. I told her everything—all my secrets, altho I didn't have many in those days.

Oh, yes, we used to have lovely talks every night after she got in bed. She used to get in bed right after I combed her hair, and then she'd say, "Now, tell me, Katy, what kind of books you are reading." And then she'd begin, and we'd have nice little talks—about anything; about books, about my life—and she'd ask so many questions; you know, of course, she'd select my books for me. She wouldn't let me read anything she didn't know about, or didn't give me herself. And then the next night after she had given me something I'd tell her how far I was in that book and what I thought of it. Of course I was very ignorant! She never said so, but she must have thought that I had quite a narrow life.

I didn't read anything that she didn't give me; but one time I found a book up in the billiard-room—a bad book. I can't remember the name of the man that wrote it, but it was quite a gay book. Yes, a French book, and, of course, right away I picked it up and began to read it quick. It was kind of bad—and I guess it hit me! It was in English—and I understood it—and enjoyed it too—the gay parts!

WELL, one night she took me unawares and said, "Katy, what are you reading?"

Now, I felt so guilty that I went and just told her the name of the book straight off. It just seemed to pop out!

"What?" she says. "Why, Katy, where did you get that?" And I told her I found it in a package of old books in the billiard-room. She said, "Bring that book to me at once," and I did, but with a heavy heart. She knew what it was, but I hated to give it up before I had read the whole story. But I never finished it; I couldn't when she exclaimed so. It was by a Frenchman, but I can't remember the name. Maybe it was Balzac; he was a famous writer, too. But kind of gay, I guess!

She tried to make me read the "Tale of Two Cities"—that was by Dickens—and I tried to read that book, but I couldn't get interested in it at all. I used to say to her, "Why, I can't remember what I read last night. I don't understand it at all," and she'd say: "Oh, Katy, what is it; what's the trouble?"

"No trouble," I says, "but I can't understand it. I'm sorry, but I'll try again." And then I'd try and try, but 'twas no use!

It wasn't until we went to France and seen the Tuileries and the Bastile and the things that was in that book that I wished I could have read it. Then I said, "Oh, wouldn't I like to have the 'Tale of Two Cities' now! Now I could understand it." So we got it again.

Mrs. Clemens's sister, Mrs. Crane, got it. She wanted to read it, too. She wasn't any better than I was, because she never could read it in America either; but she read it there, and I read it as soon as she was through with it. Why, I was just crazy about it then. Yes, it makes quite a difference after you have seen the places and know about the people. That's what foreign travel does for you.

I didn't have any real beaus those days, so Mrs. Clemens never talked to me about getting married, because I didn't show any signs of it then. She used to tell me to be good and kind and truthful. She would go right into your heart, right into the depths of your heart, and advise you and sympathize with you and tell you what to do.

If you were in any trouble you could always tell her. She was always ready to help everybody; even people that wasn't living with her she would help, and I think it used to worry her too sometimes—all the people that would come to her. Oh, she was wonderful—wonderful! All her friends admired her and used to come for miles, I was going to say—just to talk to her and get her views.

OH, SHE was a lovely woman, and a happier couple never lived in the world than they was. They never had a cross word; I don't think they ever spoke a cross word to one another, and she was so kind and so sweet and so true. She would teach you a lot just from being herself, you know. I never had any education, and she told me so many things that I ought to know; she used to give me what she felt would be an "inspiration"—as she called it—that is, teach me something.

Once she gave me a book called "Jane Eyre." I liked that book and read it. It was written by a woman called Charlotte Brontë. She seemed a wonderful writer to me, and when Mrs. Clemens explained she was a poor minister's daughter that never seen things or been anywheres, to be able to use the wonderful words she did (swear-words, too, to make it stronger), why, it seemed remarkable an ignorant girl like that could write such a grand book as "Jane Eyre."

IN ALL the years I was with her Mrs. Clemens never lost her patience with me once, and she was always kind and thoughtful about everything. I was with her a great deal in the early days and she was a great influence in my life, but I guess in the long run it wasn't any greater than Mr. Clemens's.

He was always lovely to me, always nice except when he fought with me about his old manuscripts; but that wasn't always and didn't last long, as I told you. Yes, he was awful nice to me, nice and funny too, and he used to argue with me about everything under the sun, and a good deal about my religion. Why, he told me one time he was very sorry for me—that I was brought up wrong from the beginning. "Of course, I appeared all right on the surface," he said, "but inside I was all wrong," and he would try and change me.

After one of our great arguments I come to him, and I says, "You know, I think we understand each other at last. I think you believe the way I do."

"Oh," he says, "have I got you at last, Katy?"

"Well," I says, "I don't know whether you got me or I got you, but I know you do believe the way I do. You believe there is a God; no matter what you say, I know it!"

"Here, here, Katy, none of that kind of talk, none of that," he says, but altho he was always arguing and joking about religion and they all said he was an unbeliever, I don't think he was. I know he wasn't. I know he wasn't, because when Jean died and we stood looking at her he says to me, "Oh, Katy, she's in heaven with her mother." Now, if he hadn't believed in Heaven or a hereafter, he wouldn't say that, would he? Oh, I think—I am sure he believed in the hereafter.

But he was pretty serious in arguing about religion. It interested him very much to argue, and one day he said, "Well, Katy, what will Father Hardy say to me if he knows that I was talking to you the way I am?"

I said, "Well, Mr. Clemens, he would say something you wouldn't want to hear."

And then, of course, he laughed hearty, and said, "Well, I wouldn't like that because I like *him!*" and that ended the argument—for that day anyway.

He was very charitable, too, you know. He gave away everything, and the Christmases they used to have was something wonderful. Baskets and packages all over the place. Mrs. Clemens would be fixing baskets in the billiard-room off the library, and she used to do up about fifty baskets herself.

The second instalment of "A Lifetime with 'Mark Twain'" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published April 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

Contents for April, 1925

Art

		PAGE
Cover Design	*Earl Christy*	
"The Way to Emmaus"	*Otto Mengelberg*	17
The Ten Commandments (Sixth)	*M. Leone Bracker*	19

Fiction

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn (Serial—Third Instalment)	*Frances Marion*	21
Miss Mary Pask	*Edith Wharton*	8
Tzagan	*Clement Wood*	10
"When a Man Marries" .	*Morris Gilbert*	12
The Fair Girl of Wu . .	*Donn Byrne*	14
Sleeping Secrets	*Violet Quirk*	28

Special Articles

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain" (Part One)	*Mary Lawton*	5
Don't Try to "Find Yourself" by the Touch System . . .	*Ida Clyde Clarke*	2
Steadying the New Generation	*James Gordon Gilkey*	20
A Young King on an Old Throne	*Genevieve Parkhurst*	26
Homes from Coast to Coast	*John Lynne Grey*	32
Your Job and Your Manners	*Anna Steese Richardson*	36
The Travel Club's Program	*May Lamberton Becker*	38
Books		137

Home-Making

Art and Common Sense in Furnishing the Child's Room . . .	*Winnifred Fales*	34
Jack Sprat Spreads .	*Edna Sibley Tipton*	43
Round and Round the Beef-Bone	*Grace Viall Gray*	44

Home-Making—Continued

		PAGE
Tools for Women		46
When the Store Is Your Cook	*Nell B. Nichols*	48
The Babies' Health Department	*Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge*	50
Housecleaning by "Air"	*Nena Wilson Badenoch*	55

For the Children

An Easter Eggs-ploit .	*Percy Waxman*	51

Embroidery

New Embroideries for Scarfs, Frocks, and a Laundry Bag	93
Clever Designs in Panels, Borders, and Motifs for the Spring Frock	101

Fashions of the Month

Modèle Parisien	97
Frocks with Embroidery Designs to Fit Each Size	109
An Important Rôle is Played by the Jabot	110
The Suspender Frock Vies with the Tunic	111
Suspender Frocks Are Favorites	112
Beaded Borders Trim Lovely Bridal Gowns	113
New Spring Clothes for the Little Folks .	114
Looking Forward to Styles for Graduation	115
April Fashions Reveal Charming Variety in Evening Frocks and Clothes for Street Wear	116-117
Spring Frocks for Women of Slender Hips	120
Individual Modes for Larger-Hip Figures	121
Modish Skirts, Lingerie, and Costume Details	122

PICTORIAL REVIEW is printed in the U. S. A., and published monthly by The Pictorial Review Company, Seventh Ave. and Thirty-ninth St., New York, N. Y., and 163-165 Great Portland Street, London, W. 1, England